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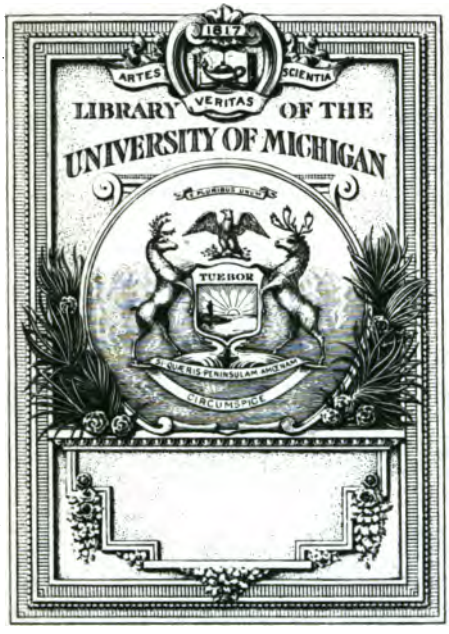
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EARLY FRENCH POETS.

By the same Author,

LIVES OF ENGLISH POETS,

FROM JOHNSON TO KIRKE WHITE,

DESIGNED AS A CONTINUATION OF JOHNSON'S LIVES.

LONDON: HENRY G. BOHN.

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THE

EARLY FRENCH POETS,

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A SERIES OF

NOTICES AND TRANSLATIONS,

BY THE LATE

REV. HENRY FRANCIS CARY, M.A.

TRANSLATOR OF DANTE.

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY
SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF FRENCH POETRY,

BY HIS SON

THE REV. HENRY CARY, M.A.

WORCESTER COLLEGE, OXFORD.

LONDON:

HENRY G. BOHN, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

MDCCCXLVI.

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CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

OF

FRENCH POETS.*

	Birth.	Death.
Grain d'Or de Douay		
Robert Wace	12th century.	
Chrestien de Troyes		
Aubien de Sezane		
Thibaut King of Navarre	1201	1253.
Charles of Anjou		
Henry Duke of Brabant		
Pierre Mauclerc Earl of Britany		
Jean de Dreux	cotemporary with Thibaut.	
Thibault de Blazon		
Jaques de Chison		
Gace Brulé		
Eustache the Painter		

* The poets are placed according to the date of their death, where that is known, otherwise according to their birth. Those printed in Italics are noticed only in the Introduction.

	Birth.	Death.
Guillaume de Lorris	—	1260
Jean de Meun	1279	1322
Guillaume de Deguilleville	1295	1360
Gaston de Foix	1331	1391
Jean Froissart	1337	1410
Olivier Basselin	—	1418
Christine de Pisan	1363	—
Alain Chartier	1386	1458
Charles Duke of Orleans	1391	1466
François Villon	1431	—
Philippe de Victroy	end of the 15th century.	
Pierre Michault		
Olivier de la Marche		
Guillaume Coquillart		
George Chastelain		
Jean de Vertoc		
Arnoul Grebert		
Octavien de Saint Gelais	1466	1502
Jean Molinet	—	1507
Martial d'Auvergne	—	1508
Jean Marot	1457	1517
Jean le Maire de Belges	1473	1524
Guillaume Cretin	—	1525
Clement Marot	1484	1544
Pierre Gringore	—	1545
Marguerite de Valois	1492	1549
Jean Bouchet	1476	1555

	Birth.	Death.
Jacques Tahureau	1525	1555
Jan de la Peruse	—	1555
Hugues Salel	1508	1558
Mellin de Saint Gelais	1491	1559
Joachim Du Bellay	1524	1560
Olivier de Magny	—	1560
Maurice Sceve	—	1564
Antoine Heroet	—	1568
Estienne Jodelle	1532	1573
Remy Belleau	1528	1577
Amadis Jamyn	1538	1578
Guillaume des Autels	1529	1580
Pierre de Ronsard	1524	1585
Jean Dorat	1508	1588
Robert Garnier	1534	1590
Guillaume Salluste du Bartas	1544	1590
Jan Antoine de Baïf	1532	1592
Théodore de Bèze	1519	1605
Pontus de Thyard	1521	1605
Fresnaie Vauquelin	1535	1606
Philippe Desportes	1546	1606
Jean Bertaut	1552	1611
Mathurin Regnier	1573	1613
Estienne Pasquier	1529	1615
François Malherbe	1555	1628

INTRODUCTORY SKETCH

OF THE

HISTORY OF FRENCH POETRY.

THE papers of which this volume is composed, were originally published in various numbers of the London Magazine, between the years 1821 and 1825, at which time that periodical could reckon among its contributors names of no less note than those of Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, De Quincy, Allan Cunningham, Thomas Hood, Thomas Carlyle, and the author's highly valued friend George Darley. The contributions of many of these have long since been published in a separate form, and their works occupy no mean place in our standard literature. Their success, added to a conviction of the merit of the work itself, has induced me to collect together the following papers, and to offer them to the public under their author's name.

In doing this, one difficulty presented itself: the notices of the several French poets should properly stand in their chronological order, so that the reader might be enabled to see the progress made in the

art at the several periods in which the different schools of poetry flourished. But this was impracticable, without frequent alterations of the text, for that the later written papers contain references to former ones, though these may happen to carry us further forward in the history. The papers themselves, though doubtless written with a view of being afterwards published in a separate form, were composed and printed as at the time best suited the author's mood or convenience. That on Thibaut, King of Navarre, which appears second in this volume for the reason stated in the note at the beginning of that article, was sent out first as a specimen; its success warranted the subsequent series.

To obviate the defect in the chronological arrangement, I have prefixed a table, in which all are placed according to their dates, a guide that will probably content most readers, without their having recourse to the more tedious process of following me through a hasty review of the History of French Poetry, from its first beginnings to the time of Malherbe, wherein I propose not only to connect historically the several authors, of whom we have an account in this work, but also to fill up the interstices or gaps in the history, by notices of such others as either in their day produced an influence on their country's literature, or still retain a prominent place in its annals.

By way of introduction a few words must be said

of the origin of the French language, and of the earliest French poets, the Trouvères.

The French language was originally formed from a mixture of the ancient Gallic with the Latin, on which was afterwards engrafted the Tudesque or language of the Franks, consequent on their occupation of the country. Each province had its separate dialect, but the most marked and comprehensive distinction is that which is made between the *langue d'oc* and the *langue d'oil*,* the former used in the parts south, the latter in the parts north of the river Loire: the principal difference consists in the terminations of words, the former or *langue d'oc* being in that respect very similar to the Latin, the latter or the *langue d'oil* approaching nearer to the Tudesque. The former again was the language of the Provençal troubadours, the latter of their imitators and successors the trouvères, who may be considered as the first parents of the French language and poetry in all the various changes they have successively undergone from that time to the present. With them, therefore, our account properly begins.

Towards the latter part of the twelfth century the trouvères, successors of the Provençal troubadours,†

* *Oc* and *oil* are the affirmative particles of the respective dialects, both meaning "yes."

† The troubadours cannot properly be considered as the fathers of French poetry, except so far as they

first begun to write poems in the French, or, more correctly speaking, the Romance language. The subjects of these early rhymers were drawn from three chief sources,* namely, traditions derived from the ancients, whence the romances of Alexander, of Philip of Macedon, Æneas, and the like; secondly, from the traditions of the Britons, whence the romances of which Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table are the heroes; lastly, from their own national traditions, whence those poems of which the deeds of Charlemagne and the Twelve Peers of France form the subject.

Many, who may properly be called Chroniclers, contented themselves with putting into rhyme the history of their times and country. Thus Grain d'Or de Douay wrote an account of the first crusade,

---

were imitated by the trouvères. The languages are so distinct, that it is quite possible to understand the one and not the other. Thus the first half of the first volume of *Les Poètes François depuis le XII^e^ siècle par M. Auguis, Paris*, 1824, consists of selections from the troubadours, the latter half of selections from the trouvères; the latter may be easily understood by a moderate French scholar, the former I confess myself unable to make out for many consecutive lines, even with the help of a dictionary and the glossary that accompanies the work itself.

* See the Dissertation prefixed to *Li Romans de Berte aus grans piés, par M. Paulin Pâris*, published at Paris, 1832.

and Robert Wace, an Anglo-Norman, the Wars of the Conquest of England by William of Normandy. Numbers of fables were intermingled with these accounts, and the writers of chronicles drew from the same sources as the writers of romances.

In the thirteenth century this class of writers increased to such an extent, that no fewer than two hundred rhymers are reckoned of that æra.

But it is in vain to look for any thing approaching to poetical taste in these romances. All appears formed in the same mould; everywhere the same personages, the same incidents are met with. If therefore we would form a favourable opinion of the poetical productions of this period, we must have recourse to their *fabliaux*, tales in verse, the subjects of which were chiefly drawn from the manners of the times; their Serventes, originally songs,* composed in honour of the deity, or in praise of some great man,

* This appears to have been the original design of the Serventes, whence the name as expressing *service* or *worship*. Roquefort so describes it in his dictionary v. "Servantois," and adds "Borel is mistaken in saying they were satires." Yet this same Roquefort, without noticing the inconsistency, says in a subsequent work (De la Poésie Françoise dans les XII^e^ et XIII^e^ siècles, p. 221, 222) that they were generally satirical, but often contained a mixture of satire and praise. Goujet says Serventes were satires against all sorts of people. Bibliothèque Françoise, x. 42, 43.

which usually ended in a petition for some boon; their *tensons*, short poems in dialogue, chiefly amorous, the most free and unconstrained of all their styles of poetry, and in which the most boundless satire was indulged.

Among the writers who flourished before the race of trouvères was extinct, but who was not of them, the most worthy of notice is Thibaut, King of Navarre. I have but little to add to the notice given of him in this work.* But we can form a better opinion of the rank to which he is entitled among the poets of his country, if we contrast the condition of the art as he found it, with his improvements. His chief merit is in the introduction or adoption of a new system of metres and disposure of the rhymes.

I need not stop to inquire into the various theories as to the origin of rhymes, whether, as one thinks, they were known in Gaul seven hundred years before the siege of Troy,† or, as another, were imported from the north by the Goths,‡ or from the south by the Arabs.§ It is almost beyond doubt that the French poets, properly so called, derived their whole knowledge of the art from the Provençal troubadours, who in their turn, probably, from the difficulty of adapt-

* Page 21.

† Jan le Maire de Belges. *Massieu Histoire de la Poésie Françoise, p. 73.*

‡ *Idem, p. 77.* § *Idem, p. 78.*

ing the rules of quantity to their language, had borrowed the use of rhymes from the later Latin writers, in whom frequent traces of it are to be found.*

The troubadours had employed a great variety of metre, had introduced lines of different lengths, and intermingled their rhymes, so as to obviate that monotony which arises from the constant recurrence of similar terminations in lines of an equal and measured length. The earlier trouvères for the most part only employed verses of eight syllables, and those *à rime plate*, as they are called, that is, the two lines of every couplet rhyming with each other. The author, who goes under the name of the Recluse of Moliens,† seems to have been the first to imitate the troubadours in intermingling the rhymes, and Chrestien de Troyes and Aubien de Sezane ‡ to make use of varied metres. Thibaut adopted all these improvements, and established a more free and tuneful system of versification, which was thenceforth cultivated by his successors. He was the first to alternate the masculine and feminine rhymes, which at a later period became a settled rule and one of the chief charms of French poetry. It is remarkable that Dante§ should fix on the first of Thibaut's poems, the sixth *chanson*, in which this

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* See *Roquefort de la Poésie Françoise, p.* 32.

† *Idem, p.* 69. ‡ *Idem, p.* 61.

§ Massieu, p. 141.

rule is partially introduced, as a model of poetical excellence.

Nor did Thibaut content himself with setting the example of cultivating a taste for poetry, he used his influence and employed his patronage in encouraging it. His court was constantly frequented by the followers of the Muses, whatever their station in life might be, and he established a sort of academy under his own roof, at which meetings were held on stated days in every week, and the productions of different authors read aloud. Among the aspirants to literary fame of that day may be reckoned Charles of Anjou, brother to king Louis, and himself afterwards king of Naples and Sicily; Henry duke of Brabant; Pierre Mauclerc earl of Britany; his son Jean de Dreux, who married Thibaut's daughter Blanche; Thibault de Blazon, a gentleman in the king of Navarre's service, and in whose poems may be found several sayings that have passed into proverbs; Jaques de Chison; Gace Brulé; Eustache the painter, one of the most celebrated of his time, but of whose writings little now remains; and a host of others too numerous to mention in detail. All these were writers of chansons, and in most of them is to be discerned the improved method of versification which Thibaut of Navarre has the credit of having introduced.

Meanwhile the race of romance-writers was by no means extinct, and shortly after the time of which I

have been speaking there appeared a poem of this class that bore away the palm from all its predecessors. This was the Romance of the Rose, the joint work of Guillaume de Lorris and Jean de Meun, of which the former wrote upwards of four thousand verses, the latter eighteen thousand.

Guillaume de Lorris, whom Marot calls the Ennius of France, "Notre Ennius Guillaume de Lorris," is supposed to have died about the year 1260; Jean de Meun was born about the year 1279, and is supposed to have died about the year 1322, so that upwards of forty years must have elapsed between the commencement of the poem by Guillaume de Lorris and its continuation by Jean de Meun.

As this is the earliest poem which now retains any share of popularity, I might almost say of notice, among the French, it may not be out of place to give a brief sketch of its plan.

Most of the old romances describe the adventures of a lover in quest of the object of his love, varied with every species of incident that in times of chivalry might be supposed to impede his progress. In the Romance of the Rose the object of search is not a lady but a rose; this rose, however, is meant to represent a lady, and the other allegorical personages, who aid or thwart the lover in his quest, represent the various incidents with which a lover would meet. The whole, it should be observed, is represented to occur in a dream.

The poet or lover fancies himself introduced by by dame Oyseuse, "Idleness," to the palace of Déduyt, "Pleasure." He there meets with Love attended by his train, his squire Doux-Regard, "Sweet-Looks," Richesse, "Riches," Jolyveté, "Jollity," Courtoisie, "Courtesy," Franchise, "Liberality," Jeunesse, "Youth," and the like; these form themselves into pairs and give themselves up to the delights of dancing and walking. The poet, as he is walking in their company, comes to a bed of roses fenced by a hedge, he singles out a bud and attempts to pluck it, when an arrow from the bow of Love stretches him fainting on the ground. On his recovery he confesses himself vanquished, and swears allegiance to the God of Love, with whom he leaves his heart in pledge.

The poet, as soon as he finds himself alone, is anxious to return to his rose-bud. Bel-Accueil, "Good Reception," accompanies him. But Dangier, "Danger," armed with a wand of thornbush, Honte, "Shamefacedness," Peur, "Fear," and Malebouche, "Calumny," prevent his reaching the prize. Reason advises him to give up the pursuit; but he resists her influence, and by the aid of Pitié, "Pity," and Franchise, "Liberality," succeeds in appeasing Danger, and Venus allows him to put his lips to the bud. But Malebouche had denounced him to Jalousie, "Jealousy;" she has a strong castle built, in a tower of which she shuts up Bel-Accueil, and gives the

keys to an old woman: Honte, Peur, Malebouche, and Dangier, guard the four principal doors. The poet, deprived of the aid of Bel-Accueil, can only grieve over the price he has had to pay for the first favours of love.

At this point Guillaume de Lorris's portion of the poem ends.

Brief as the above sketch is, to follow Jean de Meun's continuation of the poem at the same length would occupy far too much space; it must suffice therefore to keep to the mere skeleton of the story.

We left the lover lamenting at the foot of the tower in which Bel-Accueil is confined: when he is in despair of success the God of Love comes to his aid, and summons his barons to assist; these are dames Oyseuse, Noblesse de Cœur, "Nobleness of Heart," Simplesse, "Simplicity," Pitié, Largesse, "Bounty," Hardiesse, "Courage," Honneur, Courtoisie, Déduyt, Sureté, Jeunesse, Patience, Humilité, Bien-Celer, "Secrecy," these bring with them two new personages, Faux-Semblant, "False-Semblance or Guile," and Contrainte-Abstinence, "Constrained Abstinence." Love is unwilling to admit these two strangers into his train; but is persuaded to do so on the intercession of the others, and Faux-Semblant is appointed leader of the troop.

The attack on the castle commences. The chief, Faux-Semblant, and his companion, Contrainte-Abstinence, equipped in their proper costume; the latter,

wrapped in a hair-garment, her head covered with a nun's hood, carries her psalter and pater-nosters; Faux-Semblant, in the habit of a mendicant friar, wears a bible round his neck, and supports himself by a gibbet for a staff. Thus accoutred, they approach Malebouche, one of the guardians of the castle. He, affected by a pious discourse from Faux-Semblant, kneels down to confess; but while he is stooping his head, his confessor, Faux-Semblant, seizes him by the throat, strangles him, and cuts out his tongue with a razor that he had concealed under his sleeve. The soldiers who supported Malebouche meet with no better fate, Faux-Semblant makes his way into the castle, the lover again gets sight of Bel-Accueil, and with his aid is just about to pluck the rose, when a cry uttered by Dangier, brings Honte and Peur to the rescue. Bel-Accueil and the lover are once more defeated.

After another fruitless attempt by the army of the God of Love, the aid of Venus is called in; she is soon followed by another ally in the shape of Genius, the chaplain of dame Nature; he, dressed in a magnificent cope, wearing on his finger the pastoral ring, and on his head a mitre, ascends a pulpit, and haranguing the defeated army, inspires it with new courage. The siege is renewed, Venus throws a burning brand into the castle, Bel-Accueil is released, and the lover is enabled to pluck the rose-bud without terms.

In the original plan of this poem, as drawn by

Guillaume de Lorris, we can discover little more than a simple allegory, such as a trouvère of his time might employ in describing the incidents that would befal a lover in the chaste pursuit of his love, though expressed in a far more flowing and purer language than had till then been used. Jean de Meun has made his continuation the vehicle not only of a less chaste morality, but of a display of learning considerable for those times, and of the most unsparing satire on the clergy and on the female sex, of which we have above slight specimens in the conclusion of the story, and in the characters of Faux-Semblant and Contrainte-Abstinence.

The only originality to which Guillaume de Lorris can lay claim is that of telling his story under the form of an allegory; Jean de Meun is in that respect only his follower; but he is entitled to a far higher meed of praise, in that he not only possessed, but made use of, for the advantage of the literature of his time, a store of learning then common to but few, and by those few never before employed to adorn the national literature, which till then had made little improvement on the primitive songs, ballads, and versified stories, which are ever the first poetical efforts of a rude and illiterate people.

Diffuse and unconnected as it was, this application of learning, borrowed from the ancients to the popular literature of the age, was doubtless a great step in

advance, but save in that it earned for its author immediate popularity and a lasting renown, it produced no visible effect on the writings of his successors, who contented themselves with imitating him so far only as to adopt his allegorical instead of the usual real personages of romance, and to reiterate his sarcasms against the clergy and the female sex.

For two centuries and upwards the Romance of the Rose was the Iliad of France.

To pass over the Romance of Pilgrimages by Guillaume de Deguilleville,* a work comprising three Dreams, the first of Human Life, the second of the Soul separated from the Body, the third of Jesus Christ; the metrical work on the Chase by Gaston de Foix;† the rondeaux and ballads of the historian Jean Froissart;‡ the joyous drinking songs of Olivier Basselin,§ supposed to be the inventor of Vaux-de-Vires; and others of still less note:—passing over these we must pause a moment to pay a tribute of respect to Christine de Pisan.

She was born at Venice about the year 1363, and at the age of five years was removed to Paris by her father, who in the character of an astronomer was

* Born 1295, died about 1360.

† Born 1331, died 1391.

‡ Born 1337, died after the beginning of the following century.

§ Died about 1418.

taken into the service of Charles the Fifth. At the age of fifteen she married the king's secretary, Etienne du Castel, but shortly afterwards had the misfortune to lose her father, and to this grief was added that of being left a widow with three children at the early age of twenty-five. To the consolation which the education of her children would afford, she added that of a taste for polite literature, which a collection of books, left her by her father and her husband, enabled her to indulge: the fruit of her studies soon shewed itself in the production of a number of little pieces called *dictiez*, consisting of ballads, lais, *lessus* or complaints, virelays, and rondeaux; these soon attracted notice, and gained her no inconsiderable reputation. The Earl of Salisbury, favourite of Richard the Second, took her eldest son to be educated with his own; Henry the Fourth invited Christine herself to the English court; and the great and good of her own country paid no less homage to her virtues and her talents.

Her writings are numerous, as well in prose as in verse: among the latter, besides many ballads, may be mentioned Le Debat des deux Amants, Le Chemin de longue Etude, and Les Dicts Moraux, or "Moral Sayings," addressed to her son: throughout, these poems breathe a spirit of refinement, purity and plaintive sweetness, which will be sought in vain among the writings of any of her cotemporaries.

The most interesting of all is perhaps that last mentioned, Moral Sayings, addressed to her son. In it she gives him advice how to act in the different relations of life, and in a variety of circumstances of honour or abasement in which he may be placed; in a word, she gives him such advice, and in such sweet and gentle manner, as a mother alone knows how to give it. A few stanzas, while they serve to shew her poetical powers, will also evidence the qualities of her heart and understanding: her instructions as to his conduct towards her own sex, may be taken as a fair specimen of the whole.

She begins—

" Fils, je n'ai mie grand trésor
Pour t'enrichir. Mais au lieu d'or,
Aucuns enseignemens montrer,
Te veuil, si les veuilles noter.

* * * * *
* * * * *

Ne soyes decepueur de femmes,
Honoure les, ne les diffames,
Souffise toi d'en amer une,
Et ne prends cointance à chacune.

N'ayes en dedain nul chastoy.
Ne desprises moindre que toy.
Car il est de tels mal vestus,
Ou plus qu'en toy a de vertus.

Se tu prends femme acorte et sage,
Croy la du fait de ton mesnage;
Adjoutes foi à sa parole,
Mais ne te confesse à la folle.

Souuent ne menasse de battre,
Des teste rompre ou bras abbattre,
Car c'est signe de couardie,
Personne ou folle ou pou hardie.

Se tu veulx fouir le dangier,
D'amour et du tout l'estrangier,
Esloigne toi de la personne
A qui ton cueur le plus s'adonne.

Se bien veulx et chastement viure,
De la Rose ne lis le liure,
Ne Ovide de l'Art d'amer,
Dont l'exemple sert à blasmer."

I have quoted this last stanza because Christine de Pisan is often referred to as one of the many assailants of Jean le Meun. It was no jealousy, as was the case with many who did the like; it was no want of appreciation of the poetical powers of the principal author of the Romance of the Rose, for she elsewhere calls him un moult grand clerc subtil, "a very great and subtle scholar;" it was no wish to protect her own sex from deserved satire, which induced her to enter the lists against the greatest genius of her day; but it was the consciousness that in that poem her sex had been done wrong, and that a work in which no

distinction was made between virtue and vice, was calculated to extend the evil, which it professed only to expose.

Want of space, as well as of ability to add anything worthy of notice to the account given in the body of this work of Alain Chartier, Charles Duke of Orleans, and François Villon, compels me merely to assign them their proper place in the chronology of French poetry, and to pass on to others their cotemporaries or immediate followers. The first that claims our attention is Martial d'Auvergne.

The date of this author's birth is not known; he died in 1508. His epitaph informs us that he practised as a lawyer for fifty years. His first work was Les Arrêts d'Amours, a collection of decisions pronounced by the Courts of Love. Of these the introduction and conclusion only are in verse, the remainder in prose. The work which gained him most reputation was Les Vigiles de la Mort du Roy Charles VII. They are called Vigiles from the circumstance of their being composed in the form of the office of the church bearing that name. The Psalms consist of historical accounts of the misfortunes and glorious events of the king's life, and the Lessons are lamentations on his death and the record of his virtues.

The following strophes very simply and naturally express the sorrow of the rustics for the loss of a good king. One may well believe Colletet, when he

tells us that the labourers used to sing them at their work. The shepherds are the speakers—

Depuis quarante ans
L'en ne vist les champs
Tellement fleurir,
Regner si bon temps
Entre toutes gens,
Qu'on a veu avoir
Sans moins de périr
Jusques au mourir
Du roy trespassé,
Qui pour réjoüir
Et nous secourir
A maint mal passé.

Se pour peine prendre,
Beufs et brebis vendre,
Ravoir je povoye
Le feu roy de cendre,
Et sur pied le rendre,
Tout le mien vendroye,
Et ne cesseroye,
Jusques luj auroye
La vie retournée,
Pour la doulce voye,
Le bien et la joye
Qu'il nous a donnée.

Another poem is attributed to the same author, entitled L'Amant rendu Cordelier. This, to my

taste, is one of the most delightful little romances of the time. The following is an outline of the story :

The author finds himself, ever in a dream, in the forest of Despair, and conducted by Love to the gate of a vast abbey, which is no other than a convent of Cordeliers or Franciscan Friars. The author enters, and after mass, meets a poor disconsolate lover, banished from his mistress's presence, who is come to seek the Prior's advice. A long dialogue ensues between the Prior and the Lover, in which the latter expresses his despair of succeeding in overcoming the obduracy of the object of his affection, and expresses his desire to take the vows of celibacy, and enter into the holy order of Franciscans; the Prior endeavours to dissuade him from his purpose, and urges him not to despair, shewing throughout an intimate acquaintance with the female heart, which stands in droll contrast with the naiveté and simplicity of the Lover.

His arguments in favour of the prosecution of the suit proving ineffectual, the Prior next endeavours to deter the Lover from taking the vows, by representing to him in strong colours the rigours of the cloistered life. But all in vain; so the poor Lover is admitted to his noviciate. At the end of his year of probation he proceeds to make his profession; the author, with a multitude of the Lover's relatives and friends, is present; among the rest he observes a lady

dressed in deep mourning, who from her behaviour he doubts not is the sad but now repentant cause of the youth's unhappiness.

The Prior, after a judicious discourse on the world's vanity, offers the youthful Lover the choice between his former habit and that of a professed Friar: during the discourse the eye of the Lover had wandered, and fallen on his sorrowing mistress; but even this does not change his purpose, he resolves on taking the vows, the lady faints, the noviciate rushes to her aid, and "works a miracle" by bringing her to herself again: still he remains firm to his purpose, the rules of the order are read, the usual contributions are made, the ceremony is just concluded, when the author awakes from his dream.

In addition to the interest of the story itself, as giving a lively picture of the manners of the times, the truthfulness with which the different characters are drawn; above all, that of the Prior, abounding in wisdom and true piety, and free from the bigotry of that period, form a pleasing contrast with other works of the kind, in which all the professors of religion, especially the monks, were the common mark at which the most popular poets were used to level their sarcasms.

I have only to add in excuse for this long notice of Martial d'Auvergne, that, little as he is now

esteemed, he was once designated as "le poëte le plus spirituel de son temps."

The names of Philip de Victroy, bishop of Meaux, Pierre Michault, Olivier de la Marche, Guillaume Coquillart, and George Chastelain, all poets who flourished towards the close of the fifteenth century, are scarcely deserving of notice. The last of the number wrote a poem with prose intermingled, which from the strangeness of the subject may arrest our attention for a moment.

Chastelain, from reading Homer's Iliad, had contracted such an affection for the character of Hector, that he could not bear the thought of his having been slain by Achilles, and his corpse afterwards treated with indignity. He therefore introduces the two heroes, pleading their cause in the presence of Alexander the Great, who having heard both parties, succeeds in persuading Achilles that his rage had carried him too far, and that he owes an apology to Hector for his conduct; this is given, and the contending parties are reconciled. The following is the title of the poem: "Les Epitaphes d'Hector fils de Priam, Roy de Troye et d'Achilles fils de Peleus, Roy de Myrmidoine: et est contenu ou procès de cestuy traictié les complaintes d'iceux Chevaliers, présent Alexandre le Grant." The whole is a curious specimen of the *Esprit François*, of which their

modern authors say so much, but of which I confess myself unable to form a definite notion.*

During the latter part of this, the fifteenth century, France was inundated by the productions of a new race of rhymers, who scarcely deserve the name of poets, and whom Rabelais has fitly compared to chimers of bells, *carilloneurs de cloches*. Their whole talent, such as it was, was employed in inventing new forms of verse and rhyme, so as very much to add to the difficulties of verse-making, without in

* M. St. Marc Girardin, in his Tableau de la Littérature Française, au xvie siécle, 1829; and M. Nisard, in his Histoire de la Littérature Française, now in course of publication, and of which two volumes have appeared, make the *Esprit François* the text of their works, which pervades the history of the nation from the time of the ancient Gauls, and meets you at every turn. M. Nisard defines it to be l'esprit pratique par excellence, which may be freely translated "the perfection of practical wisdom." Overlooking this piece of national vanity, which is itself an illustration of the *Esprit François*, in another point of view, and overlooking another grave error that results from it, and which is that the French language has attained perfection, and is incapable of further advance, it must be owned that M. Nisard's work is a great accession to the literature of his country. The first-named work shared a prize given by the Academy in 1828, with an Essay on the same subject by M. Ph. Chasles. While the latter is full of interest, the former gives one little more than endless exemplifications of the Esprit François.

the least increasing its charm. The inventors and chief promoters of these novelties were Jean de Vertoc, Arnoul Grebert, Jean Molinet, and his friend Guillaume Cretin, whom Marot calls,

"Le bon Cretin au vers équivoque,"

and elsewhere

"Souverain Poëte Francois,"

and whom Rabelais has immortalized in his Pantagruel, under the character of the ridiculous poet Rominagrobis. These all delighted themselves with writing verses in every conceivable variety of metre, and with rhymes, single, double, echoing, equivocal, and the like. The following are a few of the different kinds:

The rhyme *batelée*,* in which the last syllable of a verse rhymed with the pause in the next verse.

The rhyme *fraternisée*, in which the last word in a line was repeated in sound, though not in signification, at the beginning of the following line.

The rhyme *retrograde*, in which the poem or stanza might be read backwards, and the sense, metre and rhyme, still retained.†

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* So called, I suppose, from the Greek word *βαττολογία*, "babbling."

† Jean Meschinot, who died in 1509, wrote at the head of a huitain, an epigram in eight lines (for the designation of epigram was subsequently introduced

The rhyme *enchaînée,* n which every succeeding line contained a word that had been used in the preceding, so that as well the sound as the sense was carried on from line to line.

The rhyme *brisée,* in which every line might be broken in two at its pause, and the half lines, whether the first half or the last, being read consecutively, would form a poem both in rhyme and meaning.

The rhyme *équivoque,* in which the whole word at the end of one line was repeated in a different sense, and generally in more words than one, at the end of the other line of the couplet.

The rhyme *sénée,** in which all the words in each verse began with the same letter.

The rhyme *couronnée,* in which the two last syllables in each line rhymed with each other, and with the corresponding syllables of the other verse of the couplet.

Lastly, the rhyme *émperiére,* "the imperial," the most difficult, and therefore that which only the greatest geniuses could cultivate, and which bore the

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by Lazare de Baif), Les huit vers ci-dessous êcrits se peuvent lire et retourner en trente-huit maniéres; "the eight following verses may be read and transposed in thirty-eight different manners."—*Sainte-Beuve de la Poésie Française, p.* 18.

* So called, I suppose, from the old French word *sené,* "a synod" of the clergy of a diocese.

same relation to the couronnée, as an imperial is said to bear to a kingly crown, was that in which the same sound was repeated thrice at the end of each verse.

The curious reader may find specimens of all these sorts of rhymes in the Abbé Massieu's short history of French poetry, from whence the foregoing account has been taken. To any who may wish to pursue the study further, to revive this branch of the art, or to import it into our own country, I cannot do better than recommend a very learned work, written by Henri de Croy, and published by Anthoine Vérard in 1493. It has, I believe, been republished in Paris not many years since. Here is its old title;

"C'ensuit l'art et science de rhétorique pour congnoïstre tous les termes, formes, et patrons, exemples, couleurs et figures de dictiers, tailles modernes, qui maintenant sont en usage. C'est assavoir, comme lignes doublettes, vers sisains, vers septains, vers huitains, vers alexandrins, rigme batelée, rigme brisée, rigme enchaînée, rigme à double queue, rigme en forme de complainte amoureuse, rondeaulx simplex de une, de deux, de trois, de quatre et de cinq syllables, rondeaulx jumeaux et rondeaulx doubles, simples virlais, doubles virlais et responce, fatras simples et fatras doubles, ballades communes, ballade ballavante, ballade fratrisée, simple lay, lay renforcé, champt

royal, servantois, ricquerac et baguenaude. De laquelle rhétorique ensuivent les exemples."

M. Roquefort* has taken some pains to relieve Clement Marot, (for he was to some extent caught by the infection) and his cotemporaries, from the ridicule which such an invention would deservedly bring on its authors; and he would lay all at the door of the old troubadours. But the only instances he gives, or even alleges, are of the intermingling of long and short verses, and the double or echoing rhymes, which correspond most nearly with those called *fraternisées*. He would find it a hard task to discover among the troubadours examples of one fourth part of the fantastical rhymes and metres in vogue just before the time of Marot, and of which the above-mentioned work of Henri de Croy professes to treat.

Before quitting this century two poets, who flourished at its close, claim a passing notice; these are Jean, father of Clement Marot, and Octavien, reputed father of Mellin de Saint-Gelais.

Jean Marot was born of an obscure family at Mathieu, a village near Caen in Normandy, in the year 1463. His education seems not to have extended much beyond the limits of his own language;

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* De l'Etat de la Poésie Françoise dans les XII^e^ et XIII^e^ siècles, p. 71, &c.

and in that the Romance of the Rose formed his chief study and delight. He early displayed a natural talent for poetry, and had the good fortune to attract the notice of Anne, Duchess of Britany, who attached him to her suite, and on her marriage with Louis the Twelfth provided him with a place in the king's service. Marot attended Louis in his expeditions to Genoa and Venice, and wrote a detailed metrical acconnt of both; the ordinary dry detail of royal progresses is much relieved by the picturesque liveliness of his descriptions. In his journey to Genoa, instead of the usual allegorical personages, after the manner of Lorris and Le Meun, he introduces Mars, Bellona, Neptune, Eolus, and others from ancient mythology. In addition to the above he wrote a number of rondeaux, epistles, and songs, of which the most celebrated is Le Doctrinal des Princesses et nobles Dame, this is a rule of conduct for Princesses, in which each feminine virtue and excellence, to the number of twenty-four, is set forth in a separate rondeau. It would be no bad handbook for our modern ladies of fashion. The following is a fair specimen of the whole:

Qui a ces deux, chasteté et beauté,
Vanter se peut qu'en toute loyauté,
Toute autre dame elle surmonte et passe,
Vu que beauté oncque jour ne fut lasse
De faire guerre à dame chasteté.

Mais quand ensemble elles font unité,
C'est don divin joint à l'humanité,
Qui rend la dame accomplie de grace,
Qui a ces deux.

Mieux vaut laideur gardant honnesteté,
Que beauté folle en chassant netteté :
Toi donc, qui as gent corps et belle face,
Prens chasteté, tu seras l'outre-passe :
Car Meun nous dit que peu en a été
Qui a ces deux.

Not only is Octavien Saint-Gelais deserving of notice as the reputed father of Mellin, and as the most learned of the early French poets, but I feel myself more especially bound to give a fuller account of him than his merits as a poet would have entitled him to, from a conviction that injustice has been inadvertently done to his memory in the following pages; a wrong which no one more than the writer himself would have been anxious to repair. When one reads that he was bishop of Angoulême, and that "his profession did not restrain him from freedom both in his life and writings,"* the obvious impression is that he retained in old age the vices of his youth, or at all events that when he put on the mitre, he did not put off his freedom of living.

* Page 38.

He was born at Cognac, about the year 1466, and was the son of the Marquis de Monthieu and Saint-Aulaye. He received his education at the college of Sainte-Barbe, under the celebrated Martin Lemaître, and having completed his studies at the Sorbonne, was admitted into holy orders. But his time seems still to have been devoted to ancient literature and poetry; and all that he has left of the latter serves to prove that his leisure was given up to dissipation. The fruits of his learned studies were a translation of Homer's Odyssey, of Virgil's Æneid, and Ovid's Epistles. The latter, which he says himself was the first labour of his pen, is remarkable as maintaining almost throughout the regular alternation of masculine and feminine rhymes, an elegance till then unknown, which he did not himself maintain in his subsequent poems, and which remained unnoticed till Jean Bouchet, as we shall presently see, remarked and recommended it for general observance.

A ballad, in honour of Charles the Eighth, aided probably by his high connections, obtained him the favour of that prince; and at the very early age of twenty-eight, that is in 1494, he was promoted to the bishopric of Angoulême. Before this period, as we learn from some passages in his poems, the infirmities of a premature old age, the result of an irregular life, had come on him. His reputed son Mellin was born in 1491. From the time of his exaltation

to the episcopate all the accounts we have of him report him to have been attentive to the duties of his station, and to have applied himself to the study of the Holy Scriptures and the writings of the Fathers. He died at the early age of thirty-six.

We are now approaching that period of the history of French literature, to which French authors have given the very questionable name of La Renaissance, "The Revival."*

The remote causes of the new direction at this period given to the literature of the time are to be traced to the successive victories gained over the Italians by Charles the Eighth, Louis the Twelfth, and Francis the First; these not only possessed the victors of a large portion of the treasures of ancient learning, till then almost confined to Italy, but by the intercourse that necessarily took place between the two people, made them acquainted with the vast progress made by the Italians, by the aid of these treasures, in improving and bringing to perfection their own language and literature. The more immediate causes are to be found in the recently discovered art of printing, and the reformation in religion, which was then shaking all Europe to its centre, and which

* La Renaissance a donc paru à nos pères une sorte de resurrection de l'esprit Français.—*Nisard I.* 201.

compelled those who had hitherto been almost the sole depositaries of their country's learning, to have recourse to the same stores whence their enemies were drawing their weapons of offence. One of their preachers had said, "A new language that they call Greek has lately been discovered. You must scrupulously avoid it. This language is the parent of all heresies."* But the influence of the pulpit, as hitherto employed in the maintenance of ignorance and darkness, was fast yielding to the newly-born spirit of philosophical inquiry and the love of truth.

Among the favourers of the new, or rather the old learning, Marguerite de Valois, sister of Francis the First, and wife of Henri d'Albret king of Navarre, herself a poetess, must not be forgotten. To the qualities that make the ornament of her sex she added a very extensive knowledge of literature, a sincere love for learning, and a regard for learned men that was never affected by any differences of religious opinion. Her court was ever open to them, it was her constant endeavour to protect and encourage them, and the occasions were not few in which she was called on to use her influence to protect them from the persecutions to which freedom of inquiry too often exposed them. Among others we find Clement Marot taking refuge at her court.

* *Nisard I.* 209. *Græcum est, non legitur*, was a familiar saying.

Her talents and her beauty, for she had this latter grace withal, acquired for her the exaggerated appellation of "the tenth Muse" and "the fourth Grace." The poets also, with a more allowable sentiment, from the French signification of her name, which is "daisy," called the daisy the queen of flowers, and from its Latin signification, that of "pearl," called her "the pearl of pearls." Her poems then and since have borne the title of Marguerites de la Marguerite des Princesses tres illustre royne de Navarre; "The Pearls of the Pearl of Princesses, the most illustrious queen of Navarre."

Her poems are for the most part on religious subjects, and among them we meet the strange titles of "La comedie de la Nativité de Jesus-Christ," "La comedie de l'adoration des trois roys à Jesus-Christ," "La comedie des Innocents." But all are not of this class. The most pleasing is that entitled "La Coche," evidently modelled on the "Livre des quatre dames" of Alain Chartier, of which a brief notice is given in the body of this work.* In Marguerite's poem she represents herself as in the act of conversing with a labourer in the fields about his household, his wife, his children, and his toil, when of a sudden she sees three ladies approaching her from a wood; all appear downcast and weeping; as

* Page 214.

they draw nearer she recognizes in them three of the friends whom she loves best, so with the view of consoling them she entreats them to confide their misfortunes to her. The four recline together in a meadow; of the three friends two had been abandoned by their respective lovers; the third, for friendship's sake, had deserted her own, who was faithful, that she might share the others' affliction. Each strives to shew that her own case is the hardest: while they are talking night overtakes them, so all four enter the queen's carriage (whence the poem has its name) to finish their stories. Marguerite ends by advising them to appeal to the king her brother.

Under the auspices of this princess, whom in early youth he served in the capacity of page, arose Clement Marot, who may be regarded as almost the last representative of the old school of poetry. His writings, as will be observed from the account and from the specimens given of them in the body of this work, differ only from those of his predecessors in the greater degree of ease and elegance with which they are composed. In other respects he adheres to all the then acknowledged forms, as well in the choice of his subjects, as in his mode of handling them. The materials that he has, however, he uses as a perfect master. In his versification he seems to endeavour to make the asperities of the French language bend to his own perception of metrical harmony, and

dreams of no rules of metre which shall of themselves produce that harmony. The only improvement of this kind that he introduced is a greater distinctness in the pause in the middle of each line, by exploding the use of the *e mute* in that position: this improvement he acknowledges to have learnt from his friend and tutor Jean le Maire de Belges, a poet of the same period, but more distinguished as a prose writer and historian.

Cotemporary with Marot flourished Jean Bouchet,* one of the most prolific but indifferent writers of the time, who is no otherwise deserving of mention than as being the first to attract the notice of his brother poets to the charm arising from the alternation of masculine and feminine rhymes.

In a poetical epistle published in 1537, he says,

> Je trouve beau mettre deux féminins
> En rime platte avec deux masculins,
> Semblablement quand on les entrelasse
> En vers croisés.

And in one of his epistles† in prose he remarks that Octavien de Saint-Gelais had generally followed this rule in his translation of Ovid's Epistles.

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* Born at Poitiers in 1476, died in 1555.

† I am not able to refer to this Epistle in Bouchet's works, having only seen a long extract from it given by *Goujet*, xi. 249.

But in another poetical epistle addressed to his friend Louis Roussart, and prefixed to "Les Triomphes de la noble et amoureuse Dame," published by Guillaume de Bossozel in 1536,* he appears to me, if I understand him right, to have the candour to acknowledge himself indebted to his friend Roussart for the discovery.† He did not, however, adhere to the rule which he wished to have introduced.

We are now come to the most eventful and interesting period of the history of French poetry, commencing with the reign of Henry the Second. Francis the First died in 1547; in the following year Thomas Sebilet published his Art Poétique in two books, in the first of which he treats of the art of poetry in general, and in the second of the various kinds of poetry in use among the French: in this latter he passes in review those whom he deemed most worthy of notice, and among the old classical poets of France signalizes

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* The first edition of this work was printed at Poitiers 1530, without the Epistle to Roussart.

† It is a very remarkable circumstance that the Louis Roussart here spoken of is no other than the father of Pierre Ronsard, who shortly afterwards established this as a law, which his father had remarked as an elegance of versification. The little interest the French take in such matters has probably prevented modern writers from noticing the fact. I have only seen it mentioned in Goujet, *Bibliothèque Françoise*, xi. 288, *and* xii. 192.

Alain Chartier and Jean le Meun; among the moderns, Marot, Mellin de Saint-Gelais, Salel, Heroet, and Maurice Sceve, of whom the last four were still living. From about this period we may date the rise of the new school, that of Ronsard and the Pleiad. Sebilet, in 1548, little dreaming of the revolution that was just at hand, sums up as it were all that the old and then modern schools had done. In the following year, 1549, appears Joachim du Bellay's Illustration de la Langue Françoise, declaring war on all that was past, and all that then was, threatening and demanding a total change in the whole system.

The causes of this movement are to be traced on the one hand in the progress made in the study of ancient literature, and on the other in the little learning possessed by the popular poets of the day.

I have already cursorily noticed what is called La Renaissance, "The Revival," and the causes that led to and promoted it. Hitherto, however, the study of ancient literature had produced but little influence on the vernacular poetry: the poets were, for the most part, brought up in the houses of the great, or in the retirement of monasteries; no sooner was a taste for poetry and a capacity for rhyming manifested, than the possessor of these qualities became an attendant on the court, or the protégé of some great personage, and while sound learning was elsewhere making rapid advances, the use of the French, instead of the Latin

language, was, by an ordinance of Francis the First, substituted in all legal proceedings and other public acts. The ultimate effect of this change would doubtless be a more careful study of, and consequent improvement in the language of the country, but its more immediate effect was to dispense with the acquirement of the little Latin that had been hitherto requisite for the common purposes of life in all above the lower orders. And though among the poets of the day there were some who had a considerable knowledge of Greek, as Jean le Maire de Belges and Mellin de Saint-Gelais, and others who, though inferior scholars, had given some proofs of a more polite learning, as Hugues Salel in his metrical version of the first eleven books of the Iliad, and Antoine Heroet in his metrical translation of the Androgynon of Plato, yet none of them had applied their learning to the improvement of their native tongue, or the introduction of a higher order of poetry. Le Meun and his allegories were still their great exemplars; Marot, less learned than Le Meun, could only be so far called the founder of a new school, in that he adapted himself to the popular taste of the times.

Meanwhile there was in France a host of men who were spending their lives in digging deep into those treasures of ancient learning, which their intercourse with Italy during the past century had brought within their reach, and by the aid of which the

Italians had already perfected their language, and raised their own literature almost to a rivalry with that of Athens and Rome. So great was the fondness of these scholars for classical learning, that in its pursuit they forgot the claims of their native tongue, and if there were any poets among them, their *vis poetica* expressed itself in Greek or Latin: they looked down with contempt on the frivolous trifles that were the delight as well of the court as of the people.

Under this state of things, any attempt to infuse a more refined spirit into the national literature, if it proceeded from the court-poets, would probably be slow, and almost imperceptible; on the other hand, if from the class of the learned, it would probably be violent and overstrained. And so it proved. According to the forcible image of Du Verdier, "One saw a troop of poets rush from the school of Jean Dorat,* as if from the Trojan horse." Joachim du Bellay roused and cheered them on to the combat.

He sets out in his Illustration de la langue Françoise, apparently with the design of quarrelling with the learned men of his day, whom he charges with arrogance in despising and rejecting everything written

* Jean Dorat was the classical instructor of Jan Antoine de Baïf, Ronsard, Remy Belleau, and Du Bellay, all, with Dorat himself, members of the Pleiad.

in French. True it is, he allows, the French language is poorer than the Greek and Latin; but this is owing to the ignorance of their predecessors; they must, therefore, imitate the ancients, and as the Romans had done with the Greeks, must convert their literature into their own blood and nutriment. He condemns translations. He would do away with the old rondeaux, ballads, virelays, songs, and other such trifles. Instead of them he would have pleasant epigrams in imitation of Martial; mournful elegies after the pattern of Ovid, Tibullus and Propertius; he would have beautiful sonnets after the learned invention of the Italians; odes for songs; satires for fables; tragedies and comedies for farces and moralities.

"There, Frenchmen," he adds, "march boldly towards that proud Roman city, and, as you have done more than once, adorn your temples and your altars with her servile spoils. Fear not again those clamorous geese, that haughty Manlius, and that traitor Camillus, who, under pretence of good faith, surprised you unarmed as you were counting the ransom of the Capitol. Assault that lying Greece, and plant there once again the famous nation of the Gallo-Greeks. Pillage without scruple the sacred treasures of that Delphic temple, as you have done aforetime; and fear no more that dumb Apollo, his false oracles or his blunted arrows. Call to mind

your ancient Marseilles, a second Athens, and your Gallic Hercules, dragging the people after him by their ears, with a chain attached to his tongue."

The war of learning against ignorance forthwith commenced.

"The brigade," as it was called in accordance with the high-flown language of Du Bellay, was immediately formed, consisting of Ronsard, Du Bellay, Pontus de Thyard, Jan Antoine de Baïf, Estienne Jodelle, Remy Belleau, and Jean Dorat. These seven afterwards assumed the more lofty title of the Pleiad; the other, to use an expression which Ronsard himself would approve, being too *mundane* for so brilliant a constellation.

Almost all the poets of the day, old and young, hastened to enlist under their banners. Sebilet, the expounder of the old school of poetry, Jacques Tahureau, Guillaume des Autels, Maurice Sceve, Olivier de Magny, Jan de la Peruse, and even Theodore Beza, with a host of others of more or less note, declare themselves on their side. The refined and elegant Mellin de Saint-Gelais, the poet of the court and the people, makes a feeble effort at resistance; the court in the plenitude of its ignorance pronounces in favour of the new school, and Saint-Gelais is forced to submit. However, he will not Latinize his mother tongue, so has nothing left for it but to

amuse the evening of his days in writing unadulterated Latin verse.

There was one, however, more learned and mightier than them all, who would not submit. This was Rabelais, the lineal, but gigantic and Pantagruelian ancestor of our own Swift, Sterne, and Fielding. Dry controversy was not his delight; so he assails them with his own peculiar inimitable wit and pungent satire. As it would take me too much out of my way to dwell on Rabelais with the care he merits, I must content myself with referring the reader to his sketch of the character of the Limosin scholar,* "le grand excoriateur de la langue Latiale," who comes "de l'alme, inclyte et celebre Academie que l'on vocite Lutéce;" and who "transfrete la Sequane au dilucule et crepuscule; et deambule par les compites et quadrivies de l'urbe." And now I may very properly say, "revenons à nos moutons," for in Rabelais "les moutons de Panurge" are no other than the servile imitators of the ancients.

Du Bellay, we have seen, recommended the use of a more classical language, an imitation of the ancient forms of poetry and the more modern Italian sonnet.

In carrying out this plan he kept clear from those

* See the Pantagruel, l. ii. c. 6. and L'Epistre du Limousin de Pantagruel.

excesses which were so justly blamed in Ronsard. Nor were his efforts without fruit. The French language acquired a vast number of new words and expressions, which have added much to its strength and beauty, and which even the purists did not reject.

Du Bellay's writings consist principally of sonnets, a few odes, and some poems in the Alexandrine measure. Ronsard has the credit of having introduced the ode. Du Bellay brought the Alexandrine to a high degree of perfection, and gave popularity to the sonnet. I must say a few words on each of these. His Alexandrine verses, especially in his "Hymn to Deafness," and "Le Poète Courtisan," have a peculiar majesty and ease. He varied the position and emphasis of the cæsura, so as to give the utmost force to the sentiment he had to express, and did not hesitate to run one line into another, to which the French have given the name of *enjambement*. Malherbe, and after him Boileau, condemned both these licences, and insisted on an invariable pause in the middle of each verse, and at its end, so that the sense must terminate with the line. In this instance, however, the decision of these great authorities has not met with the universal sanction of posterity. Moliere constantly availed himself of the same freedom with Du Bellay, and though more latitude may be allowable in a comedy, Racine has also followed his

example, and if I mistake not, the best modern poets agree in reversing Malherbe's decision.

The original of the sonnet has been a subject of much controversy; most of the old French writers attribute the invention to the Italians, and amongst them to Petrarch. Of this opinion is Jacques Pelletier, in his Art Poétique;* and Du Bellay, in his Illustration de la langue Françoise,† expressly says that it is entirely of Italian invention, and in one of his odes he says,

Par moy les Graces divines
Ont fait sonner assez bien
Sur les rives Angevines
Le Sonnet Italien.

Another opinion is, that the Italians borrowed the sonnet from the Provençal poets: but whatever may be the date of its introduction into Italy, and whether it be, as some maintain, of French, or of Provençal original, certain it is that it is much earlier than the time of Petrarch, for Thibaut King of Navarre, who flourished upwards of a century before Petrarch, speaks of the sonnet as already in use—

Et maint Sonnet et mainte recordie;

and Guillaume de Lorris, in the Romance of the Rose, mentions,

Lais d'amours et Sonnets courtois.

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* Lib. ii. c. 4. † Lib. i. c. 4.

However the sonnet was for a long time disused by the French poets, and did not come into vogue until Du Bellay published his fifty sonnets in praise of his mistress, though he tells us in the second edition of that work, 1550, that he had adopted it by persuasion of Jacques Pelletier, as a species of poem till then but little used, having been but lately imported from the Italian by Mellin de Saint-Gelais. So that to this latter is due the honour of having revived the sonnet: but as Du Bellay not only wrote more frequently in that style than Saint-Gelais, but also brought the sonnet to a high degree of perfection, he would not unnaturally have the credit of having attracted the notice of his countrymen to it.

Du Bellay, though he died young, lived long enough to modify some of his censures. In his Poète Courtisan he had unsparingly satirized the court poets, especially Antoine Heroet and Saint-Gelais; yet he afterwards called these two "les favoris des Graces et l'honneur du Parnasse François." Again, as we have seen, he condemned translations from Greek and Latin authors, yet himself afterwards translated parts of the Æneid, and in publishing his version candidly avowed, that he was not so enamoured of his own former opinions, as to refuse to change them on further reflection, and after the example of men of letters.

Ronsard, from his first appearance in the literary

world, eclipsed his colleague Du Bellay, and shone pre-eminent in the constellation of which he was the chief luminary. The supremacy that he exercised over the poetical literature of France continued for nearly half a century. His success in carrying off the prize for poetry at the Jeux Floraux of Toulouse, at the same time brought him into notice, and established his reputation. The magistrates on this occasion presented him with a Minerva made of solid silver, instead of a flower, which was the proper prize, and awarded him the title of "The French Poet." Mellin de Saint-Gelais endeavoured to prevent his favourable reception at court, but Ronsard's genius prevailed; Henry the Second declared in his favour, and from that moment his word was law.

Up to this period the utmost use that the learned had made of the recently discovered treasures of ancient learning, was to translate them; otherwise they had not been employed to enrich the French language or literature. Ronsard, with Du Bellay, determined to imitate them. As to enrich his own language he coined new words, as he says himself—

> Je fis de nouveaux mots,
> J'en condamnay les vieux,

so likewise he modelled his poetry after ancient patterns; he would have his odes (which species of poem he was the first to introduce) resemble those

of Pindar and Horace, his songs Anacreon, his elegies Tibullus, his Franciade the Æneid, his sonnets were to be after the pattern of Petrarch.

By way of criticism on the different species of poetry he attempted, I neither need nor can add any thing to the account hereafter given of him. It may suffice to observe, that beauties are there pointed out in the poems of Ronsard, which very few of his countrymen of the present day will allow him: on the other hand where he most signally failed, that is in his imitations of Pindar, they do not seem to observe how miserably short he falls of his great master in poetical conception, imagery, and grandeur of diction, but content themselves with condemning the strange words he has imported into their language, in another word, his *Grecizing*.

It must be allowed, however, that Ronsard did much towards the improvement of versification. He introduced a great variety of lyrical metres, and invented several new forms of strophe. Many of his metres were condemned by Malherbe, who probably thought them too complicated; but as in the case of Du Bellay's Alexandrines, the modern school is gradually returning to Ronsard's opinion. Again, the regular intermingling or alternating of masculine and feminine rhymes which we observed as first used by Thibaut King of Navarre, and afterwards recommended by Jean Bouchet, was insisted on as indis-

pensable by Ronsard. Du Bellay in his Illustration de la langue Françoise, had designated this rule as *superstitious*, but afterwards conformed to Ronsard's views.

Of the other members of the Pleiad only two attempted to follow a new and independent path of their own; these were Estienne Jodelle and Jan Antoine de Baïf; the former with considerable success essayed to imitate the tragedy of the ancients, the latter failed as much in attempting to imitate their heroic and lyrical measures: but of these two, and of Remy Belleau, another luminary, enough is said in the body of this work. I shall therefore content myself with adding a brief notice of the remaining two, Dorat and Thyard.

Jean Dorat was one of the most learned men of his time: but in connection with his national poetry, almost the only honour he is entitled to, is that of having been the preceptor of Ronsard, Jan Antoine de Baïf, Remy Belleau, and Du Bellay. His cotemporaries called him the French Pindar: not only, however, has he left nothing to warrant such an appellation, but the poems he has left are totally devoid of poetical merit, except such as were highly esteemed in his own day, that of being Latinized to an extent beyond any of the others.

Dorat was born at Limoges about the year 1508. He went to Paris in 1537, and the scantiness of his

means compelled him to undertake the task of educating Jan Antoine de Baïf. In 1544 he gave up this employment for the profession of arms, and served for three years under the Dauphin, afterwards Henry the Third. In 1547 he was made principal of the College of Coqueret, and there had Baïf again under his charge, with Ronsard, Belleau, and Du Bellay. In 1553 he was called to court to take charge of the education of the Duke d'Angoulême, natural son of Henry the Second, and in 1556 was made professor of Greek in the Royal College at Paris. He died in 1588.

Pontus de Thyard, the last survivor of the Pleiad, was born in the year 1521, and died in 1605.

His first publication "Erreurs Amoureuses," bears the date of 1549, the same year in which Du Bellay's Illustration de la langue Françoise appeared; it is therefore but reasonable to conclude that the difference between his style and that of his predecessors was not owing to Du Bellay's work, nor was in any way the first fruits of the league then formed against the old school of poetry, but was rather the spontaneous product of his own mind. Indeed, in a letter addressed to a young lady, to whom he dedicated his Œuvres Poetiques in 1573, he says, that "finding no French poet before him had written in a manner answering to the height of his own impassioned conceptions, he had taken pains to embellish and exalt

the style of his verses, more than any of his predecessors had done." And with all his endeavours to form a classical style he remarks, that since the period of his first publication, "the progress and advancement in the poetical language of France had been great and commendable." So that Pontus de Thyard may be regarded as the first who set the example of that change in the language of poetry, which Du Bellay at the same time inculcated by precept.

His Errours Amoureuses, amongst other poems, contain upwards of a hundred sonnets, which I the rather mention, because Ronsard has attributed to him the disputed honour of having first introduced that species of poem into the French language. It is certain that Mellin de Saint-Gelais had preceded him in that way.

Pontus de Thyard lived long enough to witness the downfal of the classical building, which so many men of genius, his fellows, had conspired to erect. But this probably did not affect him much, at all events, he made no effort to parry the assaults of Malherbe, having long forsaken the Muses, and devoted himself to the study of philosophy, mathematics, and theology. In 1578 he was made bishop of Châlon sur Saone, and lived to the advanced age of eighty-three.

It would be an endless task to enumerate the

throng of poets and rhymers that sprung up in imitation of the new school. Estienne Pasquier, one of the weakest of the swarm of sonnet-writers, but who has a better fame as author of Les Recherches, writing to Ronsard in 1555 exclaims: "In good sooth, such an abundance of poets was never yet seen in France; I fear the people will at last be weary of them. But it is a fault peculiar to us, that as soon as we see any one succeed in any thing, every one must follow his steps."

Among the throng, however, we may signalize the following, of whom an account will be found in the body of this work, Jan de la Peruse; Olivier de Magny; Amadis Jamyn, whom by a strange mistake, the accurate and learned Sainte-Beauve ranks among the Pleiad, thereby displacing Jan Antoine de Baïf; Guillaume des Autels; Robert Garnier; Philippe Desportes; Fresnaie Vauquelin; and Jean Bertaut; to these may be added Jacques Tahureau, author of some very sprightly odes; Guillaume Salluste du Bartas, whose poem of La Semaine ou Création du Monde passed through nearly thirty editions during the author's life-time, and of which or of whom Ronsard said equivocally, that "he had done more in a week than himself had throughout his whole life;" and at a later period, Mathurin Regnier, who in vain attempted by his witty satire, to uphold

Ronsard and his school against the assaults of Malherbe.

Enfin Malherbe vint!

is the emphatic expression of Boileau.

François de Malherbe was born at Caen in Normandy, in the year 1555; his father was a magistrate in that town, and it was intended that the son should succeed to the same office; but the father having embraced the Reformed religion, François took his parent's apostacy so much to heart, that at the age of nineteen he left his home, and went to Provence, where he entered the service of the Duke d'Angoulême.

At whatever period he may have established a literary reputation in the parts where he resided, it is certain that he had not attracted general notice until he was nearly fifty years of age. At the beginning of the seventeenth century, the king, Henry the Fourth, happening to ask Cardinal Du Perron if he had given over writing verses, the cardinal answered, "that no one could attempt to do so, since a gentleman named Malherbe, residing in Provence, had carried French poetry to that degree of perfection, that no one could ever approach him." About three years after this, in 1605, Malherbe had occasion to go to Paris, whereupon the king, who remembered the cardinal's remark, induced him to remain at court,

and provided him with a sufficient maintenance in the house of the Duke de Bellegarde.

At this period Ronsard's renown was as great as it had ever been; two of his avowed followers, Desportes and Bertaut, were still living; Regnier, by many years Malherbe's junior, was just rising into fame, when the latter declared open war on the whole system of the Pleiad.

As it is not my purpose to carry on the history of French poetry beyond the period during which it would serve to illustrate the following pages, I shall not enter at any length into a consideration of the changes effected by Malherbe, or the opposition they met with at the outset. It will suffice to state briefly in what those changes consisted, especially in so far as they affect the school of Ronsard.

His reforms have reference to the French language generally, and to the structure of verses.

With regard to the first of these, he would abolish all newly-imported Greek and Latin words and phrases, as well as all provincial expressions, making use only of such as a well-educated Parisian would employ without effort or pretence of learning.

This, though not in terms, I take to be the grand rule he would lay down for the perfecting of the French language. But its extent destroys its force. He did well to explode the pedantic Grecisms and Latinisms, both in words and phrases, with which

Ronsard and his followers had encumbered their poems, but he could not have failed to observe that the language had been enriched by a vast number of words from these very sources, which naturally accorded with its spirit, and which he was himself in the constant habit of using.

In the construction of verses, the following were his principal rules.

First, he forbad the meeting of vowels in a line, at the end of one word and beginning of another. This rule again is too extensive, and should have been limited to what are called *cacophonies*. The best poets since the time of Malherbe have not rigidly observed it.

Secondly, as I have before observed, he forbad *enjambements*, the running of one line into another, and completing the sense in the second.

Thirdly, he would have the cæsura always fully marked, and went so far as not to allow the governing verb to end the first half of a line, and the verb governed to begin the last half.

Fourthly, he would not allow a simple word to rhyme with its compound, or proper names with each other, or even words that have a kindred signification.

Many other rules, and even less interesting to an English reader, are to be found in the expounders of Malherbe's theory, for he left no formal code of his

own. The above, however, are all that Boileau particularizes in the following extravagant encomium of this "tyrant of words and syllables," as he was aptly called.

Enfin Malherbe vint, et le premier en France,
Fit sentir dans les vers une juste cadence,
D'un mot mis à sa place enseigna le pouvoir,
Et réduisit la Muse aux règles du devoir.
Par ce sage écrivain la langue réparée
N' offrit plus rien de rude à l'oreille épurée
Les stances avec grâce apprirent à tomber,
Et les vers sur les vers n'osa plus enjamber.
Tout reconnut ses lois, et ce guide fidèle
Aux auteurs de ce temps sert encore de modèle
Marchez donc sur ses pas; aimez sa pureté,
Et de son tour heureux imitez la clarté.

The effect of this rigid system was very much to increase the difficulty of writing verses; a difficulty which none felt more than Malherbe himself. For whether it was owing to his care to observe his own rules, or to a natural slowness of conception, certain it is, the time he is reported to have spent in composing and finishing to his mind a poem of even but a few lines, far exceeds the ordinary period of gestation. In proof of this, a pleasant story is told of his having been commissioned to write a poem on the death of the wife of the First President of Verdun;

it took him three years to complete his task, and when he delivered his work to the President, a second wife was already consoling the poor widower for his loss. Malherbe with great gravity asks, if he would like to have his wife back again. The poem consists only of nine stanzas, of six lines each.

Malherbe died in the year 1628.

THE EARLY FRENCH POETS.

CLEMENT MAROT.

In the course of this last summer, I happened to reside for some weeks in a place where I had free access to a large collection of books,* which formerly belonged to the kings of France; but, like other royal property, having been confiscated at the Revolution, still continues unreclaimed, and is now open to the use of the public. Of this occasion I gladly availed myself, to extend my acquaintance with some of their earlier writers, whose works are not commonly to be met with in our own country; and amongst these, fixed my attention principally on such of their poets as were of most note at the restoration, or more properly speaking, the general diffusion of polite learning in Europe. What the result of this inquiry has been, I invite my readers to judge.

The French of the present day, I know, set but little store on these revivers of the poetical art.

* At Versailles, where the Author spent the summer of 1821.—Ed.

Their extreme solicitude for what they call the purity of their language, makes them easily offended by phrases, the irregularities of which we should be ready to pardon, in consideration of higher excellence, or even to welcome, as so many means of aiding us in that escape from the tameness of common every-day life, which it is one great end of poetry to effect. I do not know of any other people who have set up an exclusive standard of this sort. What would the Greeks of the age of Pericles have said to a literary censor, that should have endeavoured to persuade them to throw aside the works of Homer and Hesiod, because he could have pointed out to them in every page, modes of expression that would not have passed muster in a coterie at Aspasia's? What reply should we make to a critic, that would fain put us out of conceit with some of the finest things in Spenser and Shakspeare, because they were cast in a mould utterly differing from that impressed on the language of our politer circles, though similar enough to the stamp of our country-folks' talk? Let any one take up Voltaire's commentary on the tragedies of Corneille, and he will see to what a pitch this fastidiousness has been carried in the instance of a writer comparatively modern. I am not much afraid lest the generality of my readers should be subject to any such disgust. Our ignorance is a happy security from this danger; though I trust it will not prevent us from being alive to the

many beauties that will meet us in the search we are about to engage in.

We will begin with Marot; not because his works are of very rare occurrence, (for there have been many editions of them,) but because, though frequently spoken of, and even recommended as a model of elegant "badinage" by Boileau, he is but little known amongst us; which indeed is not much to be wondered at, when his own countrymen seem to have almost lost sight of him. "Marot is much talked of, but seldom read," says one of their critics.* "We do not read with pleasure that which has need of a dictionary to explain it. Almost all his expressions are antiquated."—"Villon and Marot, and some others, are satirical poets; and their epigrams may be said to be the only titles they have to celebrity in the present day," says another.† All this may show the little taste the French now have for their elder poets. How otherwise could they have overlooked those exquisite sketches, the Temple of Cupid, and the Eclogue of Pan and Robin, by Marot; the latter of

* M. Dussault, in a review of a selection of Marot's Works, inserted in his Annales Littéraires, t. i. p. 198.

† M. Avenel, one of the writers in the Lycée Français, t. ii. p. 106, an entertaining miscellany that lasted but a short time after the decease of Charles Loyson, a young poet of considerable promise, who was a chief contributor to it. He died in the course of last year.

which is worthy the author of the Faerie Queene,* as the former is of Chaucer?

We might almost suppose ourselves to be reading an imitation of the proem to the Canterbury Tales, in the following verses with which the Temple of Cupid opens:

Sur le printemps que la belle Flora
Les champs couverts de diverse fleur a,
E son amy Zephyrus les esvente,
Quand doucement en l'air souspire e vente.

The whole poem is indeed so fanciful, and so replete with a peculiar kind of sprightly humour, that I am not without hopes of amusing my readers by an abstract of it.

In this merry spring-tide, the God commands that his eyes may be unbandaged, and looking round his celestial throne, sees all nations bending under his sway, like a scion under the wind; and the other deities themselves, submitting to his power. But observing that Marot continued still refractory, he resolves to tame the rebel; and taking an arrow out of his quiver, executes his purpose so effectually, as to render the unhappy poet an object of commiseration to all who have a heart capable of pity. In order to assuage his sufferings, Marot resolves on a far-off journey in search of the goddess Ferme-amour,

* Indeed he has closely copied it in the Shepheard's Kalendar, Ecl. 12.

a pure and chaste dame, whom Jupiter had sent upon earth, committing the government of loyal spirits to her care. A long time did the Poet compass land and sea, like a knight-errant, on this quest. Of all to whom he came he inquired whether she dwelt in their land; but of none did he gain any tidings of her. At length he determines to go to the *Temple Cupidique*, in the hopes of finding her there; and setting out early in the morning, has no difficulty in discovering his way; for many a passing pilgrim had sprinkled it with roses and branches of rosemary; and as he advanced, he fell in with other pilgrims who journeyed on, sighing and relating their sad haps. Joining their company, he arrives with them at the royal temple; where, in the enclosure that surrounded it, the sweet breath of the west-wind, and Tityrus, and the god Pan with his flocks and herds, and the sound of pipes and flageolets, and of birds answering to them, soon refreshed his wearied spirits.

Tous arbres sont en ce lieu verdoyans;
Petits ruisseaux y furent ondoyans,
Toujours faisans, au tour des prez herbus
Un doux murmure: et quand le cler Phebus
Avoit droit là ses beaux rayons espars,
Telle splendeur rendoit de toutes pars
Ce lieu divin, qu'aux humains bien sembloit
Que terre au ciel de beauté ressembloit.

His heart assured him that this was the residence of Ferme-amour; and Hope led him onward to the delightful place. It seemed as if Jove had come from heaven on purpose to frame it; and there was wanting nothing but Adam and Eve to make one believe that it was the terrestrial paradise itself.

Over the portal he observes a scutcheon with the arms of Love engraved on it; and higher up the figure of Cupid himself, with his naked bow outstretched and ready to discharge an arrow at the first comer. He now enters; and is welcomed by Bel-accueil, who takes him by his right hand, and leads him through a narrow path into the beautiful enclosure of which he was the first porter.

Le premier huis de toutes fleurs vermeilles
Estoit construiste, et de boutons yssans,
Signifiant que joyes non pareilles
Sont a jamais en ce lieu fleurissans:

The door was built up of all flowers red
And buds, that from their buttons issued,
Denoting well that joys without compare
For ever in that place y-blooming were.

This was the barrier kept by Bel-accueil in his green robe; who day and night opens to true lovers and gracious; and willingly enlists them under his banners; whilst he excludes (as reason is) all those who are such as the perfidious and disloyal Jason.

We now come to the great altar, which is a rock of

that virtue, that every lover who would flee from it is drawn nearer, like steel to the magnet. The canopy is a cedar, which stretches so wide as to cover the altar, on which body, and heart, and goods, must be given up as an offering to Venus.

De Cupido le diademe
Est de roses un chapelet,
Que Venus cuellit elle meme
Dedans son jardin verdelet;
Et sur le printemps nouvelet
Le transmit à son cher enfant
Qui de bon cœur le va coiffant;
Puis donna pour ces roses belles
A sa mere un char triomphant
Conduit par douze colombelles.
Devant l'autel deux cypres singuliers
Je vey fleurir sons odeur embasmée:
Et me dit-on que c'etoient les pilliers
Du grand autel de haulte renommée.
Lors mille oiseaux d'une longue ramée,
Vindrent voler sur ces vertes courtines,
Prestz de chanter chansonettes divines.
Si demanday pourquoi là sont venus:
Mais on me dit, amy, ce sont matines,
Qu'ilz viennent dire en l'honneur de Venus.

On Cupid's brow for crown was set
Of roses a fair chapelet,
The which within her garden green
Were gather'd by Love's gracious queen,

And by her to her infant dear
Sent in the spring-time of the year.
These he with right good-will did don;
And to his mother thereupon
A chariot gave, in triumph led
By turtles twelve all harnessed.
Before the altar saw I, blooming fair,
Two cypresses, embalm'd with odours rare.
And these, quoth they, are pillars that do bide
To stay this altar famed far and wide.
And then a thousand birds upon the wing
Amid those curtains green came fluttering,
Ready to sing their little songs divine.
And so I ask'd, why came they to that shrine?
And these, they said, are matins, friend; which they
In honour of Love's queen are come to say.

Before the image of Cupid burned the brand of Distress, "le brandon de Destresse," with which Dido, Biblis, and Helen of Greece, were inflamed. Now, however, it served as a lamp to the temple.

The saints of either sex, who are invoked here, are Beau-parler, Bien-celer, Bon-rapport, Grace, Marcy, Bien-servir, Bien-aymer, and others, without whose aid no pilgrim can succeed in overtaking the prey which he pursues in the Forest of Loves.

Chandelles flambans, ou esteintes,
Que tous amoureux pelerins
Portent devant tels saincts et sainctes,
Ce sont bouquets de romarins.

Les chantres, linotz, et serins,
Et rossignolz au gay courage,
Qui sur buissons de verd bocage
Ou branches, en lieu de pulpitres,
Chantent le joly chant ramage,
Pour versets, respons, et epistres.
Les vitres sont de clair et fin crystal,
Ou peintes sont les gestes authentiques
De ceux qui ont jadis de cœur loyal
Bien observé d'Amour les loix antiques.

Torches quench'd or flaming high,
That all loving pilgrims bear
Before the saints that list their prayer,
Are posies made of rosemary.
Many a linnet and canary,
And many a gay nightingale,
Amid the green-wood's leafy shroud,
Instead of desks on branches smale,*
For verse, response, and 'pistle loud,
Sit shrilling of their merry song.
The windows were of crystal clear,
On which old gestes depeinten are,
Of such as with true hearts did hold
The laws by Love ordain'd of old.

In secret tabernacles and little shrines are deposited necklaces, rings, crowns, (coins), ducats, and chains of gold; by which greater miracles are wrought in

* This reminds one of a line in Shakspeare's sonnets: "Bare ruin'd choirs where late the sweet birds sang."

love than even by the mighty saint Beau-parler (Fine-talk) himself.

The vaults and arches are marvellously interlaced with trellis-work of vines, from which the young buds and grapes are seen depending.

The bells are tabours, dulcimers, harps, lutes, hoboes, flageolets, trumpets, and clarions; from which, whensoever they are sounded, there issues a chime so melodious, that there is no soldier, however fond of war, who would not quit lance and sabre to become a monk in this temple.

On the sick and infirm, who are recommended for charity, the ladies bestow smiles, and kind looks, and kisses, for alms. The preachers are elderly matrons, who exhort their younger sisters not to lose the flower of their age; and many are the converts that are won over by this doctrine. The cemetery is a green wood; the walls, hedges and brakes; the crosses are fruit trees; and the De Profundis, merry songs. Ovid, Master Alain Chartier, Petrarch, and the Romant of the Rose, serve for Mass-book, Breviary, and Psalter; and the lessons chaunted are rondeaux, ballads, and virelays. Other manner of chaunts there are, that consist only of cries, wailings, and complaints. The little chapels or oratories, are leafy chambers and branching cabinets; labyrinths in woods and gardens, where one loses oneself while the green lasts; the wickets are low bushes, and the pavement all of green sward.

The eau-benite (or holy water) stood in a lake, called the lake of tears, made from the weeping of lovers. Nothing can grow near it; but every thing there is withered throughout the year. The water-sprinkle was a faded rose. As for the incense that was burned within the temple, it was composed of daisies, pinks, amaranths, roses, rosemary, red buttons, lavender, and every flower that casts a comfortable smell; but the marigold too (the flower of care, "de la soucie") was amongst them:—

Voila qui mi trouble le sens.

Genius, the arch-priest, stands ready to administer the vows to all who are desirous of professing. The altars, whereon they are sworn, are couches covered with sumptuous ornaments; no candles are used day or night; and the terms of their profession are so clear, that novices know more than the most learned clerks.

The masses for requiem are serenadings; and the solemn words repeated for the deceased, as paternosters and avemaryes, are the gossiping and prattle of women. The sacred processions are the morris-dancing, and mumming, and antic feats of amorous champions; their consolings are to talk pair by pair, or to read the Ars Amandi for gospels; and their holy relics are the lips of their ladies. On all sides, says Marot, I look round me and contemplate; and in my

life I think I never saw a temple so well fitted at all points, excepting one—and that was, that there was no pix (paix) on the altar. Joy there is, and mourning full of wrath; for one rest, ten travails; and in brief, it would be hard to say whether it were more like Hell or Paradise: I know not what to compare it to better than a rose encompassed with thorns; short pleasures and long complainings.

After some other adventures in the temple, he at last finds Ferme-amour in the choir between a great prince and an excellent lady, who were invested with the royal fleur-de-lys and ducal ermines. Bel-accueil opens for him the entrance into the choir, and he gladly enlists himself under the standard of Ferme-amour; but the play on the words, choeur and cœur, on which the conclusion turns, cannot be preserved in English.

It may be seen from this view of one of his poems how strong a resemblance Marot bears to Chaucer. He has the same liveliness of fancy; the same rapidity and distinctness of pencil; the same archness; the same disposition to satire: but he has all these generally in a less degree. His language does not approach much nearer to the modern than old Geoffrey's; though his age is so much less remote from ours. Marot was contemporary with our writers in the time of Henry VIII.; and had they left any thing equal to this piece, or to the Epistle of Maguelonne à son Amy

Pierre de Provence, or to the Hero and Leander of this writer, many a lover of antique simplicity would have risen up amongst us to shew how superior such compositions were to the nugæ canoræ of later times.

A passage in the last mentioned of these poems, descriptive of the reception Hero gives her lover, after his first swimming across the Hellespont, appears to me to be a model of ease and sweetness.

Elle embrassa d'amour et d'aise pleine
Son cher espoux quasi tout hors d'aleine,
Ayant encor ses blancs cheveux mouillez
Tous degouttans, et d'escume souillez.
Lors le mena dedans son cabinet;
Et quand son corps eut essuyé bien net,
D'huile rosat bien odorant l'oignit,
Et de la mer la senteur estainguit.*

Du Bellay, a poet who lived in Marot's time, considered his Eclogue on the Birth of the Dauphin as one of his best productions. It is little more than a translation of the Pollio of Virgil.

His tale of the Lion and Rat opened the way for La Fontaine's excellence in that species of writing.

The epigrams, for which he is so much applauded,

* It will be found on a comparison with the Greek poem of Musæus, that Marot has followed it very closely. I have not Marlow and Chapman's poem, lately re-edited with a pleasant preface, nor Mr. Elton's translation, to compare with this.

are often gross and licentious. I have selected one that is not open to this objection.

Plus ne suis ce que j'ay esté,
Et ne le sçaurois jamais estre.
Mon beau printemps et mon esté
Ont fait le sault par la fenestre.
Amour tu as esté mon maistre,
Je t'ay servi sur tous les Dieux.
O si je pouvois deux fois naistre,
Comme je te servirois mieux.

The merit of this so much depends on the delicacy and happy turn of the expression that I am loth to venture it in English.

CLEMENT MAROT, whom I have thus endeavoured to introduce to the notice of my readers, was born at Cahors, in Quercy, in 1484. His father Jean,* a Norman, was also a poet of some celebrity; as appears from an epigram addressed by his son to Hugues Salel, another writer of whom it is intended to give some account in a future paper.

De Jan de Meun s'enfle le cours de Loire.
En maistre Alain Normandie prent gloire:
Et plaint encore mon arbre paternel.

"The Loire swells with pride at the name of Jean de Meun. Normandy glories in Master Alain (Alain Chartier), and still mourns for my paternal tree."

* Jean Marot's poems were published at Paris, 1723, in two volumes; together with those of Michel, who was, I think, the son of Clement.

During the captivity of Francis I. in Spain, Clement was apprehended on a suspicion of heresy, and confined in the Châtelet at Paris, from whence he was transferred to Chartres. Having been delivered through the intercession of his friends, but still fearing a second imprisonment, he took refuge, first with Margaret of Navarre, the King's sister, and afterwards at Ferrara, with Renée, Duchess of that city, and daughter of Louis XII. To these events in his life he refers in some verses addressed to those through whose kindness he had obtained his freedom.

J'euz à Paris prison fort inhumaine:
A Chartres fuz doucement encloué:
Maintenant vois, ou mon plaisir me maine;
C'est bien et mal. Dieu soit de tout loué.

"At Paris my prison was a cruel one; in my confinement at Chartres I had milder usage. Now I go where my pleasure leads me. It is good and evil. God be praised for all."

At Ferrara, he contracted a friendship with Calvin, and is said to have embraced the opinions of that reformer. But at the solicitation of Paul III. the Duke of Ferrara determined on banishing all the wits and learned men, who were suspected of heresy, out of his territories; and the Duchess prevailed on the King of France to allow Marot to return to his court, and to restore him to favour, on condition of his again

becoming a dutiful son to the Church. Against the charge of dissension he thus defends himself:—

Point ne suis Lutheriste,
Ne Zuinglien, et moins Anabaptiste:
Je suis de Dieu par son Filz Jesus Christ.
Je suis celuy qui ay fait maint escrit,
Dont un seul vers on n'en sauroit extraire,
Qui a la loi divine soit contraire.
Je suis celuy, qui prens plaisir, et peine
A louer Christ et la mere tant pleine
De grace infuse; et pour bien l'eprouver,
On le pourra par mes escrits trouver.

A Monsieur Bouchart, Docteur en Theologie.

"I am neither Lutheran nor Zuinglian; and still less an Anabaptist: I am of God by his Son Jesus Christ. I am one that have written many a poem; from none of which a single line can be adduced contrary to the divine law. I am one whose delight and whose labour it is to exalt my Saviour and his all-gracious Mother. The best proof of this may be found in my writings."

From his verses to the King, written during his residence at Ferrara, it appears that he thought himself in danger of being put to the stake as a heretic. The argument which he uses to defend himself on account of having prohibited books in his possession, are much the same as Milton has since urged on a similar subject in his Areopagitica.

On his return to France in 1536, he employed himself in translating some of the Psalms into French

metre, from the version of Vatable, the royal professor of Hebrew, which gave so much scandal to the doctors of the Sorbonne, that they induced the King to prevent him from continuing his work.

Still however he persisted in delivering his sentiments on religion with such freedom as to keep alive the resentment of his enemies; and he at last found it necessary to remove to Geneva. Here he was accused of having committed some gross irregularities of conduct, of which I am willing to believe him innocent. He then retired to Turin, and died in poverty at the age of sixty.

THIBAUT,* KING OF NAVARRE.

WHETHER THIBAUT, King of Navarre, was or was not the favoured lover of Blanch, Queen Regent of France, and mother of Louis the Ninth, is a question that has been much debated. Those, who maintain the affirmative, rely chiefly on the hearsay evidence of

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Matthew Paris, and on the assertion of an old French chronicler, whose name and age are unknown. On the other side are to be taken into the account the total silence of Joinville, the contemporary historian on the subject, and that of several other annalists who lived at or near the time, the general good character of Blanch, and the disparity of her years, for she was nearly old enough to be the mother of Thibaut. But a scandalous report, however improbable, when it has been once broached, seldom fails to spread far and wide; and the "Fama refert" of Matthew has been eagerly caught at by a host of later writers,—amongst whom are Dufiaillan, the first of French historians, who incorporated the annals of his country into the narration; Favin, who wrote the history of Navarre; Mezerai; Rapin; and the Père Daniel.

It is well known that the curtailment of one word, which a hasty scribe had reduced to the unlucky consonants *prtbns*, has thrown the whole life and character of Petrarch's Laura into confusion and perplexity. Did he mean it for *parturitionibus?*—He did, says the Abbé de Sade, at the same time claiming for himself the honour to derive his parentage from one of these ill-omened throes; and immediately the modest nymph of the Sorga is transformed into a married coquette, with as large a litter about her as the boon goddess in Mr. Hilton's picture has, and the little biographer straining after his own bubble at the

top. Shall we substitute *perturbationibus* with Lord Woodhouselee?—It is quite another story: Laura is not only reinstated in her "single blessedness," but is rendered an object of interest and compassion by her numerous and undeserved sufferings.

Something of the same sort has happened in the case we are now considering. In the first of his songs, according to one of the manuscripts in the Royal Library at Paris,* the King of Navarre calls his mistress "*La blonde couronnée,*"—"The crowned fair." "On reading this," says the editor of the Chansons,† (to whose account of the matter I am indebted for my information,) "I had no doubt but that Thibaut was enamoured of Blanch." But the inadvertence of a transcriber had again thrown an unmerited suspicion on the innocent. On consulting other written copies of the same song, the candid inquirer owned that he had discovered reasons for altering his mind. In them, "*La blonde colorée*"‡ were the words; which, in Shakspeare's language, may be rendered, one—

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La *face* blanche colorée,
L'halcine douce et savourée.

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——— Whose red and white,
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on;

and the character of the Queen was again cleared.

It is quite lamentable to think how slight an accident may destroy or impeach the reputation of a virtuous princess in the eyes of posterity. I could wish that the old Punic language were recovered, and that some Carthaginian manuscripts could be disinterred, which should equally rescue the fame of Dido from the aspersions cast upon it by Virgil, who, it is to be feared, though a modest man on the whole, was yet, as a determined bachelor, somewhat free in his opinions on certain points, and besides much corrupted by his intimacy with Horace. The vindication which Ercilla, the *heroic* poet of Spain, (in this instance so truly deserving of the title,) has undertaken of her cause, might then be triumphantly established.

Without thus clearing the way, I could not have reconciled it to myself to say a word about the Chansons of Thibaut. But having so far satisfied my conscience, of which I hold it the duty of every critic on such occasions to be very tender, I have the less scruple in laying before my readers an imitation of one of these songs, together with the original.

First, however, I shall premise a few remarks on the origin and nature of French song-writing, which I have gleaned out of a learned dissertation by the editor before mentioned.

It appears that abusive ballads, (the first species of songs that are known to have been composed in that language,) were made as early as the expedition of Godfrey of Bouillon, on the occasion of Arnulf, chaplain to the Count of Normandy, being appointed Patriarch of Jerusalem, after he had disgraced himself by some irregularities of conduct during his march to the holy city. Gautier de Coincy, a monk of St. Medard de Soissons, composed a large number of songs, yet remaining in manuscript, together with his other poems. He was in the time of Philip Augustus. The next to Coincy, were those writers of songs contained in the manuscripts of which the King of Navarre's form a part. Of these, Chrétien de Troyes and Aubion de Sezane wrote at the end of the twelfth century. Thibaut, King of Navarre, who was born in 1201, and died in 1253, is said to have been distinguished from the rest not more by his high station than by the superior elegance and refinement of his style.

The first French songs were called *Lais*, from the Latin *lessus, a complaint;* though they had often no more pretensions to the name than the nightingale has to the title of "the melancholy bird." Like the Provençal, they have in general five stanzas, with an envoi at the end. The measure is most commonly the ten-syllable, with a pause on the fourth. The rhymes are very exact, not only to the eye, but to

the ear; but an indispensable alternation of the masculine and feminine rhymes was not adopted till the age of Marot and Ronsard; though one or two instances of it may be found in Thibaut's songs.

The following is one that was composed by him as an encouragement to the Crusaders. I had intended to entertain my readers with one of his love ditties; but the subject of this was so much more uncommon, and it seemed to bear so strongly the marks of a deep and solemn feeling, that I have selected it in preference to the rest. Thibaut was not one of those "who reck not their own rede;" for he himself served in the holy wars; and it might be for this, amongst his other worthy deeds, that the great Italian poet, who was very near his time, has given him the name of the "buon ré Tebaldo,"* "The good king Thibault." It may be supposed to have been written about the year 1236, at the time when he joined the Crusaders.

Take him, O Lord, who to that land shall go,
Where he did die and live who reigns with Thee:
But scarce shall they the road to heaven know
Who will not bear his cross beyond the sea.
By such as have compassion and kind thought
Of their dear Lord, his vengeance should be sought,
And freedom for his land and his countrie.

* Dante Inferno, c. xxii.

But yonder all the evil men will stay,
Who love not God, nor truth, nor loyalty.
"What will betide my wife?" shall each one say;
"I would not leave my friends for any fee."
Fond is the trust wherein they put their stead;
For friend is none, save him that without dread
Did hang for us upon the holy tree.

Now on shall go each valiant knight and squire,
That loves his God, and holds his honour dear,
And wisely doth the bliss of heaven desire.
But drivellers, skulking at their hearths for fear,
Keep far away: such deem I blind indeed,
That succour not their God when he hath need,
And for so little lose their glory here.

God, who for us did suffer on the tree,
To all their doom in that great day shall tell:
"Ye, who have help'd to bear the rood for me,
Ye to that place shall go where angels dwell,
Me there to view, and mine own Mother Maid:
But ye, by whom I had not ever aid,
Down shall ye sink into the deep of hell."

Whoso in weal would pass their life away,
Nor meet at all with trouble or affright,
They are his foes esteem'd; such sinners they,
As have nor sense, nor hardihood, nor might.
Our hearts, good Lord, from such vain thoughts set free,
And lead us to thy land so holily,
That we may stand before thy blessed sight.

The envoi.

Sweet lady, crowned queen above,
Pray for us, Virgin, in thy love;
So shall we guide henceforth our steps aright.

Signor, saciez,[1] ki or ne s'en ira
En cele terre, u Diex fu mors et vis,
Et ki la crois d'outre mer ne prendra,
A paines[2] mais[3] ira en paradis:
Ki a en soi pitié et ramembrance
Au haut Seignor, doit querre[4] sa venjance,
Et déliverer sa terre et son païs.

Tout il mauvais demorront[5] par deça,
Ki n'aiment Dieu, bien, ne honor, ne pris,
Et chascuns dit, Ma feme que fera?
Je ne lairoie[6] à nul fuer mes amis:
Cil sont assis en trop fole attendance,
K'il n'est amis fors, que cil sans dotance,[7]
Ki pour nos fu en la vraie crois mis.

Or s'en iront cil vaillant Bacheler,
Ki aiment Dieu, et l'onour de cest mont,
Ki sagement voelent à Dieu aler,
Et li morveus, li cendreus[8] demourront:

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[1] Saciez—sacar (Spanish) to take. [2] A paines—a peine, scarcely. [3] mais—mai (Italian) ever. [4] Querre—quærere (Latin), to seek. [5] Demorer—demeurer, to stay. [6] Lairoie—for laisserois. [7] Dotance—doubt, fear. [8] Cendreus—cineraceus (Latin) one who cowers over the embers.

Avugle sont, de ce ne dout-je mie,[9]
Ki un secours ne font Dieu en sa vie,
Et por si pot pert la gloire del mont.

Diex se laissa por nos en crois pener,
Et nous dira au jour, ou tuit[10] venront,
" Vos, ki ma crois m'aidates à porter,
Vos en irez là, ou li Angele sont,
Là me verrez, et ma Mere Marie ;
Et vos, par qui je n'oi onques aie,[11]
Descendez tuit en infer le parfont."[12]

Cascuns quide[13] demourer toz[14] haitiez,[15]
Et que jamais ne doive mal avoir,
Ainsi les tient enemis et pechiez,
Que ils n'ont sens, hardement, ne pooir :
Bian Sire Diex ostez nos tel pensée,
Et nos metez en la vostre contrée
Si saintement, que vos puisse veoir.

L'envoi.

Douce Dame, Roine coronée,
Proiez pour nos, Virge bien eurée,[16]
Et puis après ne nos puit mescheoir.[17]

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[9] Mie—a jot. [10] Tuit—all. [11] Aie—aid. [12] Parfont —profound. [13] Quide—credit (Latin) thinks. [14] Toz —all. [15] Haitiez—healthy. [16] Bien eurée—bienheureuse. [17] Mescheoir—to fall out ill.

ANTOINE HEROET.

Avia Pieridum peragro loca.

ANTOINE HEROET, how strange soever his name may now appear, in his own day was thought worthy of being put in competition with Clement Marot, who has had the better fortune of being still at least talked of. Joachim du Bellay, in his Defence and Illustration of the French Language, in which he has spoken of both more than once, informs us of the qualities by which each of them had attracted his own particular set of admirers. One man, says he, will tell you that he likes Marot, because he is easy, and not far removed from the matter of common discourse; another, that Heroet pleases him, because his verses are learned, grave, and elaborate. It has happened as might be expected—the natural vein of the one has outlasted the erudition of the other.

Heroet may properly be called a metaphysical poet. Johnson, with some latitude of expression, has given that name to Cowley, and some of the other wits in Charles the Second's time; and, with still less propriety, has considered those writers to be followers of Marino, who is very lavish in his descriptions, and much disposed, in Ovid's manner, to

play upon his words, but not at all metaphysical: for it is possible that a writer may be highly metaphysical, and yet free from conceits; as he may be full of conceits, and yet not in the least open to the charge of being metaphysical.

La Parfaite Amie, The Perfect Mistress, the first poem in Heroet's collection, is in a strain of excessive Platonic refinement throughout. But he has clothed his abstruse conceptions in language that is utterly devoid of affectation, and besides nearer to that of the present day than Marot's. I have selected an allegorical story* out of the second book, which, however mysterious the allusion in it may be, is yet, for the cleanness of the expression, (if I may be allowed such a phrase,) comparable to some of the choice passages in our dramatic writers of Elizabeth's age.

On dit que pleine est une isle de biens,
D'arbres, de fruits, de plaisante verdure,
Qu en elle ha faict son chef-d'-œuvre Nature.
Et qu' immortelz les hommes y vivans
Sont, tous plaisirs, et delices suyvans.
Là ne se rend, ny jamais n'ha esté
Froideur d'yver, ny la chaleur d'esté.
La saison est un gracieux printemps,
Ou tous les plus malheureux sont contens.

* This story is also in Bembo, *Gli Asolani*, fol. 99, Ed. Ven. 1546.

De son bon gré terre produit le bien,
On ne dit point entre eux ny tien, ny mien.
Tout est commun, sans peine, et jalousie,
Raison domine, et non pas fantaisie.
Chascun sçait bien ce, qu'il veult demander,
Chascun sçait bien ce, qu'il fault commander;
Ainsi chascun ha tout ce, qu'il demande,
Chascun sçait bien ce, qu'ha faire commande.
Cette ysle là se nomme fortunee,
Et comme on dit, par Royne est gouvernee,
Si bien parlant, si sçavante et si belle,
Que d'un rayon de la grand' beauté d'elle
Tous les païs voisins sont reluisans.
Quand elle voit arriver courtisans,
(Comme y en ha de si tres curieux,
Qu'ilz n'ont aucun danger, devant les yeux)
Et aspirer à la felicité,
Qu'elle promest à ceux de sa cité,
Les estrangers faict ensemble venir,
Lesquelz devant que vouloir retenir,
Envoye tous dormir quelque saison.
Quand assez ont dormy selon raison,
On les resveille, et viennent devant elle:
Bien ne leur sert excuse ne cautelle;
Ny beau parler, ny les importuns cris:
Dessus leurs frons sont leurs songes escrits.
Qui ha les chiens, et les oyseaux songé,
Ha promptement de la Royne congé:
On les renvoye avecques telles bestes.
Qui ha resvé d'estre rompeur de testes,
D'entretenir guerre, et sedition,

Honneurs mondains, extreme ambition,
Semblablement est de la court banny.
Qui ha le front pasle, mort, et terny,
Monstrant desir de biens, et de richesse,
De luy ne veult la Royne estre maistresse.
Bref, des dormeurs nul en l'isle retient,
Sinon celuy, quand esveillé revient,
Qui ha songé de la grand' beauté d'elle :
Tant de plaisir ha d'estre et sembler belle,
Que tel songeur en l'isle est bien venu.
Tout ce discours est pour fable tenu :
Mais qui premier l'ha faict, et recité,
Nous ha voulu dire une verité.

Opuscules d'Amour, par Heroet, La Borderie, et autres Divins Poetes. A Lyon, par Jean de Tournes, 1547, *p.* 46.

There is an isle
Full, as they say, of good things ; fruits and trees
And pleasant verdure : a very master-piece
Of Nature's ; where the men immortally
Live, following all delights and pleasures. There
Is not, nor ever hath been, winter's cold
Or summer's heat : the season still the same,
One gracious spring, where all, e'en those worst used
By Fortune, are content. Earth willingly
Pours out her blessing : the words "thine" and "mine"
Are not known 'mongst them : all is common, free
From pain and jealous grudging. Reason rules,
Not Fantasy : that every one knows well

What he would ask of other; every one,
What to command: thus every one hath that
Which he doth ask; what is commanded, does.
This island hath the name of Fortunate;
And, as they tell, is govern'd by a Queen
Well spoken, and discreet, and therewithal
So beautiful, that, with one single beam
Of her great beauty, all the country round
Is render'd shining. When she sees arrive
(As there are many so exceeding curious
They have no fear of danger 'fore their eyes)
Those who come suing to her, and aspire
After the happiness which she to each
Doth promise in her city, she doth make
The strangers come together; and forthwith,
Ere she consenteth to retain them there,
Sends for a certain season all to sleep.
When they have slept so much as there is need,
Then wake they them again; and summon them
Into her presence. There avails them not
Excuse or caution; speech, however bland,
Or importunity of cries. Each bears
That on his forehead written visibly
Whereof he hath been dreaming. They, whose dreams
Have been of birds and hounds, are straight dismiss'd;
And, at her royal mandate, led away,
To dwell thenceforward with such beasts as these.
He, who hath dream'd of sconces broken, war,
And turmoils, and seditions, glory won,
And highest feats achieved, is, in like guise,
An exile from her court; whilst one, whose brow

Is pale, and dead, and wither'd, showing care
Of pelf and riches, she no less denies
To be his queen and mistress. None, in brief,
Reserves she of the dreamers in her isle,
Save him, that, when awaken'd he returns,
Betrayeth tokens that, of her rare beauty,
His dreams have been. So great delight has she,
In being and in seeming beautiful,
Such dreamer is right welcome to her isle.
All this is held a fable ; but who first
Made and recited it, hath in this fable
Shadowed a truth.

Another passage, in the third book of this poem, is curious, as it shows what the prevalent taste in female beauty was at that time.

Amour n'est pas enchanteur si divers,
Que les yeux noirs face devenir verds,
Qu'un brun obscur en blancheur clere tourne,
Ou qu'un traict gros du visage destourne :
Mais s'il se trouve assis en cœur gentil,
Si penetrant est son feu, et subtil,
Qu'il rend le corps de femme transparent,
Et se presente au visage apparent
Je ne sçay quoy, qu'on ne peut exprimer,
Qui se faict plus que les beautés aimer. (P. 58.)

Love is not such a strange enchanter
That he can change a black eye to a hazel,
Or turn dark brown into a pearly white,
Or shape a grosser feature into fineness.
And yet, when seated in a gentle heart,

So subtle and so piercing is his fire,
He makes a woman's body all transparent;
And, in her visage, doth present to view
I know not what, that words cannot express,
Which makes itself be more, than beauty, loved.

This is one of the many instances, in which the early French poets have spoken of the "yeux verds," "green eyes," (which I have taken the liberty of translating into hazel,) as being admired above all others. So we find in Romeo and Juliet, act iii. sc. 5.

An eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye.

The next poem, by Heroet, is formed on the fiction, in Plato's Banquet, of the Androgynon: a poetical epistle to Francis I. is prefixed to it.

His other pieces are much in the same style.

I have learnt nothing more concerning this writer than that he was made Bishop of Digne by Francis I. that he was, nevertheless, like Marot, suspected of Calvinism, and that he died in the year 1568.

In this same volume (which, by the way, is printed in a running type of uncommon neatness, and is in De Bure's Bibliographie,) at p. 237, is a poem entitled, Nouvel Amour, which I find, by a manuscript note, to be by the Sieur Papillon, though the writer of the note must be mistaken in saying (as he does), that it is extracted from a similar book, printed at

Paris, 1551, in 16mo. as that date is posterior to the date of the present volume.

There is a fine description in it of the trouble throughout all nature, at a quarrel between Venus and her son. It ends thus :—

En lamentant, puis la terre s'ouvrit,
Et de noirceur sa face elle couvrit.
Dessus les tours apparurent les fees,
En robes d'or, et d'argent estoffees :
Et murmuroient entre elles rudement,
Craignant de veoir perir le firmament.
Et fut ouy en ce temps miserable,
Trois fois un son, horrible, espouvantable,
De gros marteaux, de chesnes, et de fers,
Du plus profond abisme des enfers. (P. 263.)

Earth with a dismal scream was severed;
And gathering darkness o'er her visage spread.
Upon the tops of towers the fays were seen
To trail long robes of gold and silver sheen;
And mutter'd, as they pass'd, their uncouth wonder,
Fearing the firmament should fall asunder.
And thrice was heard, in that ill-omen'd day,
A sound, that might the stoutest heart affray,
Of heavy hammers, clanking chains, and bars,
That mix'd in deepest hell their horrid jars.

The dispute is settled by the intervention of Jupiter.

At p. 269, there follows a letter in rhyme, called Le Discours de Voyage de Constantinople, envoyé

dudit lieu à une Damoyselle de France, par le Seigneur de Borderie.

"An account of a Voyage to Constantinople, sent from the said place to a young French Lady, by the Seigneur de Borderie." On their way, among other places, they touch at Athens.

Nous n'eusmes pas un demy jour loysir,
De voir ce lieu, ou prenons grand plaisir,
Voyant encor de la cité superbe
Les fondemens tous entiers, couvres d'herbe.
Leur grand dessaing assez donnoit entendre,
Qu'elle pouvoit grand espace comprendre.
Ayant aussi un theatre apperçeu,
Que le long temps desmolir n'avoit sceu;
Sur grands piliers de marbre bien assis,
Seize de long, et de fronc six à six,
Duquel les Grece avoient faict à leur guise,
De Saint André une nouvelle Eglise;
Ayant un mur au dedens faict en cerne,
Que l'oeil jugeoit assez estre moderne. (P. 318.)

"We had not half a day's leisure allowed us to see this place, where we were much delighted, beholding the foundations of the noble city entire, and covered with grass. Their extensive traces sufficiently marked the great space which it has comprised. We perceived also a theatre, which length of time had not been able to demolish, upon great pillars of marble, handsomely placed, sixteen lengthwise, and, in front, six by six. The Greeks, after their fashion, had made of it a church,

dedicated to Saint Andrew; having a round wall within, manifestly of modern construction."

Ther emainder is, for the most part, equally humble with this extract.

MELLIN DE SAINT GELAIS.

MELLIN de Saint Gelais is commended by Joachim du Bellay, in that poet's address to the reader prefixed to his own works, for having been the first who distinguished himself as a writer of sonnets in the French language. He left only seventeen of them. At least, I find no more in the collection of his poems, published soon after his decease. But it was a prolific race, and in a short time multiplied exceedingly.

Two out of these seventeen will, I dare say, satisfy the reader as to quantity. And for the quality, I can assure him they are not the worst of the batch.

Il n'est point tant de barques à Venise,
D'huistres à Bourg, de lievres en Champaigne,
D'ours en Savoye, et de veaux en Bretaigne,
De Cygnes blancs le long de la Tamise,
Ne tant d'Amours si traitent en l'Eglise,
De differents aux peuples d'Alemaigne,
Ne tant de gloire à un Seigneur d'Espaigne,
Ne tant si trouve à la Cour de faintise,

Ne tant y a de monstres en Afrique,
D'opinions en une Republique,
Ne de pardons à Romme aux jours de feste,
Ne d'avarice aux hommes de pratique,
Ne d'argumens en une Sorbonique,
Que m' amie a de lunes en la teste.

Oeuvres Poëtiques de Mellin de S. Gelais. Lyon. Par Antoine de Harsy, 1574, *p.* 84.

So many barks are not for Venice bound;
Nor oysters, Bourg can shew, or calves Bretagne;
Or Savoy, bears; or leverets, Champagne;
Or Thamis, silver swans, his shores around:
Not amorous treaties so at church abound,
Or quarrels in the Diet of Almaine,
Not so much boasting in a Don of Spain,
Not so much feigning at the Court is found:
Monsters so numerous hath not Africa,
Nor minds so various a republic bred,
Nor pardons are at Rome on holyday,
Or cravings underneath a lawyer's gown,
Or reas'nings with the doctors of Sorbonne;
As there are lunes in my sweet lady's head.

De Monsieur le Dauphin.

Vous que second la noble France honore,
Pouvez cueillir par ces près florissans,
Oeillets pour vous seul s'espanouissans,
Esclos ensemble avec la belle Aurore,
Pour vostre front le rosier se collore,
Dont les chapeaux si haut lieu congnoissans,

Forment boutons de honte rougissans,
Sachant que mieux vous appartient encore.
Ceinte de liz la blanche Galathee
Ses fruits vous garde en deux paniers couverts,
L'un d'olivier, l'autre de laurier verds.
Ainsi chantoit des Nymphes escoutee
La belle Eglé dont Pan oyant le son,
Du grand Henry l'appella la chanson. (P. 87.)

On the Dauphin.

Thou, who art second in our noble France,
Mayst cull at will, along each blooming mead,
These pinks, whose hues for thee alone are spread,
First opening with the morning's early glance;
For thee the rose-bush doth his top advance,
Whose coronals, with buttons vermeil-red,
Blush all for shame to hold so high their head,
Trusting yet more thy pleasure to enhance.
The milk-white Galathea, lily-crown'd,
For thee in panniers twain her fruits doth screen,
One veil'd with olive, one with myrtle green.
Thus sang fair Ægle, while the nymphs around
Smiled as they listen'd; and Pan heard the song,
And to great Harry bade the notes belong.

The Sonnet was not the only form of composition adopted by Saint Gelais from the Italian tongue. He borrowed from it the Ottava Rima also.

In the Chant Villanesque (p. 235) he has counterfeited the charm of a rustic simplicity with much skill.

Mellin was supposed to be the natural son of Octavien de Saint Gelais, Sieur de Lunsac, and Bishop of Angoulême, and was born in 1491. The father, besides his own original works, among which the Vergier d'Honneur was one, was the author of translations into French verse of the Æneid, several books of the Odyssey, and the Epistles and Ars Amandi of Ovid. His profession did not restrain him from much freedom both in his life and writings. He is said to have bestowed great pains on his son's education, who profited as well as could be hoped under such a guide and tutor; for he learnt to write verses better than his father, but with a sufficient portion of ribaldry in them. Mellin had a high reputation in the courts of Francis I. and Henry II. He was abbot of Recluz, and royal almoner and librarian.

A copy of verses directed to Clement Marot (p. 176) when they were both in ill-health, shows his regard for that poet. It begins,

> Gloire et regret des Poetes de France,
> Clement Marot, ton ami Sainct Gelais,
> Autant marri de ta longue souffrance,
> Comme ravi de tes doux chants et lais, &c.

"Glory and regret of the Poets of France, Clement Marot; thy friend Saint Gelais, who is as much grieved by thy long suffering, as he is charmed by thy songs and lays, &c."

Both he and Clement celebrated the restoration of Laura's tomb, at Avignon, by Francis I.

He addresses also Hugues Salel, of whom we shall soon hear more; though they had not yet made an acquaintance with each other.

His conduct towards Ronsard was somewhat ungenerous; but that poet, with his characteristic generosity, forgave more than once the ill offices which Saint Gelais was supposed to have done him at court.

His talent for epigrammatic satire was so much dreaded, that "Gare à la tenaille de Saint Gelais;" "'Ware of Saint Gelais pincers," became a proverbial saying.

He was celebrated for his skill in Latin poetry, and composed the following verses, when near his end.

Barbite, qui varios lenisti pectoris æstus,
Dum juvenem nunc sors, nunc agitabat amor;
Perfice ad extremum, rapidæque incendia febris
Qua potes infirmo fac leviora seni.
Certe ego te faciam, superas evectus ad auras,
Insignem ad Cytharæ sidus habere locum.

Harp, that didst soothe my cares, when opening life
With love and fortune waged alternate strife,
Fulfil thy task: allay the fervid rage
Of fever preying on my feeble age;
So, when I reach the skies, a place shall be,
Near the celestial lyre, allotted thee.

He died at Paris, in 1559. His works were re-edited, with additions, in that city, in 1719; as I find in De Bure's Bibliographie.

HUGUES SALEL.

Hugues Salel is one of those writers who, having been much caressed and applauded by their contemporaries, meet with a different treatment from posterity. Looking into a modern compilation of some authority for an account of him, I find that he is pronounced to be awkward, embarrassed, and languid; and that he is without any ceremony condemned to a place among the poets that merit no better fate than to lie on the shelf, and be gnawn by worms. I suppose, therefore, that it is in this vermicular capacity I must own that I have tasted, and found him no unsavoury food.

If matters come to the worst, there is something at least in his title page that will be relished by all those who honour an old book, as some honour a great man, for nothing else but the title. Here is the style in which it runs:—"Les Oeuvres de Hugues Salel, Valet de Chambre ordinaire du Roy, imprimees par Commandement dudict Seigneur. Avec Privilege pour six Ans. Imprimé à Paris, pour Estienne Rof-

fet, dit le Faulcheur, Relieur du Roy, et Libraire en ceste Ville de Paris, demourant sur le Pont S. Michel, à Lanseigne de la Roze blanche."—"The Works of Hugues Salel, Valet de Chambre in ordinary to the King. Imprinted by Commandment of the said Lord. With Privilege for six Years. Imprinted at Paris, by Stephen Roffet, called the Mower, Binder to the King, and Bookseller in this Town of Paris, abiding on the Bridge Saint Michael, at the Sign of the White Rose." There is no date except in manuscript at the bottom of the page, which imports it to have been printed in the year 1539. Whoever wishes to preserve his character as a bibliomaniac (so they have termed it of late years,) will go no further than this. They who can pluck up a good courage, and are not afraid of the more odious name to which they may subject themselves by pursuing the quest, will venture onwards. The first poem then, or the first prey for the worms, whichsoever we shall term it, in this collection, is "a Royal Chase, that containeth the taking of the wild Boar Discord, by the very high and very potent Princes, the Emperor Charles the Fifth, and the King Francis, the First of this Name." "Chasse Royalle, contenant la prise du Sanglier Discord, par tres haultz et tres puissans Princes l'Empereur Charles Cinquiesme, et le Roy Françoys, premier de ce Nom." France and Spain being in a state of perfect peace and happiness, all the Gods receive due

homage from mortals, except Mars; who, enraged at the neglect, descends to the lower regions, and brings up the wild boar Discord to earth. Charles V. and Francis I. unite to hunt down the monster, whose defeat, with the help of other European princes, they soon accomplish. This is a slight sketch, and somewhat pedantic; but I should say that it was filled up with much spirit.

In the Marine Eclogue on the death of the Dauphin François de Valois, there are some verses of remarkable sweetness, which remind me of Lydgate.

The Punishment of Cupid is another poem in which the materials, though very slender, are wrought up with a certain portion of elegance and fancy.

The following song may be considered as a testimony on the long-pending suit with respect to the song of the Nightingale.

En passant par ung boys, et regrettant Marguerite.

Rossignolz qui faictes merveilles,
De jergonner pas ces verdz boys,
Ne remplissez plus mes aureilles
De si doulce et plaisante voix,
Puis que voyez que je men voys
Au lieu ou joye est endormie,
Chantez s'il vous plaist cette fois
Le triste depart de m'amye. F. 50.

Ye nightingales, whose voice divine
Thrills out these greenwood glades among,

Oh! fill no more these ears of mine
With such a sweet and pleasant song.
Ye see the way I now am wending,
Unto a place whence joy is flown;
Then but for once a sad note lending,
Sing, an ye will, my mistress gone.

Like most of his brethren, he celebrates the "green eyes" of his mistress:—

Marguerite aux yeulx rians et verds. F. 53.

The "laughing eyes" would be too bold an expression for a Frenchman now-a-days; and accordingly one of them, who met with it in translating Dante,—

Ond 'ella pronta e con occhi ridenti. Par. C. 3.

has translated it,—

L'ombre me repondit d'un air satisfait.

There are some more poems by Salel, printed at the end of the "Amours d'Olivier de Magny," of which I shall speak presently. The most remarkable amongst them are three Chapitres d'Amour (as they are called), in which he uses the Italian measure called the Terza Rima. It was adopted by some of our writers in Henry VIII. and Elizabeth's time, as Sir Thomas Wyatt, Sir Frs. Bryan, Sir Philip Sydney; and afterwards by Milton, in his version of the second Psalm. Yet Mr. Hayley supposed that he was the first to introduce it into our language, in that spirited translation of the first three cantos of Dante, which

he inserted in the notes to his Essay on Epic Poetry; and Lord Byron, when he adopted it in a late poem called the Vision of Dante, was not aware of Mr. Hayley's mistake.

At the command of Francis I. Salel undertook to translate the Iliad, but did not proceed further than the beginning of the thirteenth book. By a preface to the eleventh and twelfth books, and a fragment of the thirteenth, edited after his death by Olivier de Magny, it seems he was accused of having made use of a Latin version instead of the original Greek. "But I was his amanuensis," adds Magny, "and can with truth bear witness to the contrary." Whether it was made from the Latin or the Greek, his translation is but a lame one. It is curious to see how he has contrived to strip the moonlight landscape at the end of the eighth book, of more than half its splendour.

Et tout ainsi que lon peult voir souvent,
En temps serain, prés de la lune claire,
Les corps du ciel (car ung chascun esclaire
Tant que les montz, les vallées et plaines
Sont de lumiere ainsi qu'en beau jour pleines).
Dont le berger que sa veuë en haut jette,
Se resjouit en sa basse logette.

But there is another extreme. All my readers remember Pope's version of this,—

As when the moon, resplendent lamp of night, &c.

and if they have not yet seen Mr. Coleridge's observations upon it in his Biographia Literaria, vol. i. p. 39, I would recommend them to their notice.

In another famous simile, that in the fifth book, of the clouds amassed on the mountain tops by Jove, his anxiety that all should be well understood has caused him to make strange work of these cumulostrati.

> Ainsi que les nues
> Sont bien souvent sur les montz retenuës
> Maulgré les ventz, par le dieu Juppiter,
> Que ne pourroient aultrement resister
> Au soufflement, et tourbillon divers
> Du vent de nort qui leur donne à travers ;
> Semblablement, &c.

But this is quite enough of his Homer.

Hugues Salel, of Casalé in Querci, was born about the year 1508.

> Quercy, Salel, de toi se vantera;
> Et (comme croy) de moi ne se taira :

are Marot's words to him in the Epigram on the French poets, to which I have referred in the account of that writer.

"Querci will boast itself in thee, Salel; and, as I think, will not pass my name in silence."

Ronsard esteemed him one of the first who began to write well in France.

Besides the other marks of favour which he

received from the open-hearted Francis I. he was presented by that monarch with the abbey of Saint Cheron, near Chartres; where he died in the year 1558.*

OLIVIER DE MAGNY.

THE first production I have met with from the pen of Olivier de Magny, is entitled Les Amours d'Olivier de Magny, Quercinois, et quelques Odes de lui. Ensemble un recueil d'aucunes Oeuvres de Monsieur Salel, Abbé de Saint Cheron, non encore veuës. A Paris. Vincent Sartenan, 1553, 8vo. In this collection, Magny's sonnets (in the common or ten syllable measure) are in the taste of the Italian Petrarchisti, or imitators of Petrarch. In some of the odes there is more nature. That on a nosegay presented to him by Castianira (F. 56), has a peculiar vivacity and richness, and is very much in Ben Jonson's way.

His next work is Les Gayetez d'Olivier de Magny à Pierre Paschal, Gentilhomme du Bas Pais de Languedoc,

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* Salel's birth is dated about 1504, his death in 1553, by the editor of "Choix des Poésies de P. de Ronsard, &c." 12mo. Par. 1826, p. 79.

Non tamen est facinus molles evolvere versus,
Multa licet castè non facienda legant.

A Paris, pour Jean Dallier, 1554, 8vo.

There is much ease in these trifles. If I were to select one of the most pleasing, it would be that to Corydon, Ronsard's servant, which gives an engaging picture of that poet's manner of life.

Et s'il veult avec la brigade
S'en aller aux champs quelque fois,
Va t'en par la proche bourgade
Choisir le meilleur vin François;
Puis sur le bords d'une fontaine
A l'ombre de quelque aubespin,
Aporte la bouteille pleine
Pour luy faire prendre son vin.

(The leaves are not paged in this book.)

And if he with his troop repair
Sometimes into the fields,
Seek thou the village nigh, and there
Choose the best wine it yields.
Then by a fountain's mossy side,
O'er which some hawthorn bends,
Be the full flask by thee supplied
To cheer him and his friends.

We shall be reminded of the hawthorn, when we come to Ronsard himself. These poets seem to have enjoyed nature with an unceremonious gaiety and frankness of heart, not known to their successors in the days of Louis XIV.

The last publication, I have seen, of Olivier de Magny, is called Les Soupirs. Paris. Par Jean Dallier, 1557. 8vo.

These Sighs vent themselves in a hundred and seventy-six sonnets, some of which, fortunately, are anything but dolorous; as may be seen by the following:—

Sonnet 123.

Sus, leve les papiers, descharge m'en la table,
Et ne m'en monstre aucun, Batylle, d'aujourd'huy,
Car je ne veulx rien voir qui puisse faire ennuy,
Et ne veulx faire rien qui ne soit delectable.
Ce jourd'huy me soit feste et non point jour ouvrable.
Mon Cassin est venu, et pour l'amour de luy,
Je veulx prendre mon aise, et m'esloigner d'autruy
Pour avecques luy seul l'avoir plus agreable.
Je veulx donner un peu de tresve à mon amour,
Je veulx de craye blanche aussi marquer ce jour,
Et ne veulx invoquer que le gay Pere libre.
Je veulx rire et saulter comme un homme contant,
Je veulx faire ung festin pour y boire d'autant,
Et ne men chault pas fort encor que je m'enyvre.

Up; sweep the papers off; the table clear:
I will no more of these, good boy, to-day.
All trouble shall be held awhile at bay,
And nought but mirth and pleasure shall come near.
For see, my friend, my dearest Cassin here:
This is a festal and no working day:

Bid each intruder hence; we will be gay
Together, and alone make joyous cheer.
I will with Love himself a brief truce keep:
I will with white chalk score this day for gladness;
I will to Bacchus only homage pay;
Yea, I will laugh and leap and dance away,
And drain at last the brimming bowl so deep,
I care not if it end in merry madness.

It has been observed by Johnson, that in Milton's mirth there is some melancholy. In Magny's melancholy there is certainly much mirth. He does not seem to have been made for sighing. Yet it might have been enough to make him do so, if he could have known that in so short a time his countrymen would no longer think him worthy of a place in their voluminous works of biography.* This must be my excuse for having nothing to tell either of his birth, his fortunes, or his decease. He was of Querci. His verses bespeak him to have been a good soul, free from envy and ill-nature; and he was prized accordingly by the wits of his age. Be this his record.

* There is a notice of Olivier de Magny in the "Choix des Poésies de P. de Ronsard," &c. 12mo. Par. 1826, p. 136.

JOACHIM DU BELLAY.

Bellay! first garland of free poesy
That France brought forth, though fruitful of brave wits;
Well worthy thou of immortality,
That long hast travel'd by thy learned writs,
Old Rome out of her ashes to revive,
And give a second life to dead decays;
Needs must he all eternity survive,
That can to others give eternal days.
Thy days, therefore, are endless; and thy praise
Excelling all that ever went before.

SUCH is the encomium which Spenser annexes to his translation of The Ruines of Rome, by Bellay. It is somewhat too lofty for the occasion; and is made of less value, by being coupled with the praise of Bartas, whose Muse has not much right to the epithet bestowed on her in the ensuing lines; except it be for the subject of which she treats.

And after thee 'gins Bartas hie to raise
His heavenly Muse, th' Almighty to adore.
Live, happy spirits! th' honour of your name,
And fill the world with never dying fame.

Yet this honourable testimony from the author of the Faery-Queene, who has still more distinguished the subject of it by translating several of his poems, secures for Joachim du Bellay undeniable claims to attention and deference from an English reader.

When, indeed, we consider, that not only the boast of Eliza's days dipped his plumes in the Gallic Hippocrene, but that the Father of English poetry used to refresh himself largely at the same fountain, we cannot look upon it but as a source of hallowed waters.

In the Defence and Illustration of the French language,* a judicious and well-written treatise, to which I have more than once had occasion to refer, Bellay betrays a want of reverence for his predecessors, which has been amply retaliated by posterity on his own age. Of all the ancient French poets, he observes, that Guillaume de Lorris and Jean de Meun are almost the only authors worth reading; and that, not because there is much in them that deserves imitation, but for that first image, as it were, which they present of the French language, made venerable by its antiquity. He adds, that the more recent were those named by Clement Marot, in his Epigram to Hugues Salel; and that Jan le Maire de Belges seemed to him the first who had illustrated the French language; by which he explains himself to mean, that he imparted to it many poetical words and phrases, of which the most excellent writers of his own time had availed themselves.† Most of these, I doubt, have since been thrown away by the purists.

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* Oeuvres de Joachim du Bellay. Paris edition in 12mo. about 1568.

† L. ii. ch. 2.

He speaks of "vers libres," unfettered verse; such, he says, as had been used by Petrarch, and by Luigi Alamanni in his not less learned than pleasant poem on Agriculture.* Alamanni indeed, who during his retreat from Florence had experienced the liberality and protection of Francis I. and who was probably known to Bellay at the court of that monarch, had written his Coltivazione in blank verse; and some, though without sufficient ground for the assertion, have pronounced him to be the first who employed it in a long poem. But that Petrarch ever wrote Italian poetry without rhyme, or that he ever mingled versi sciolti, or blank verse, in his compositions, as Boccaccio is observed to have done, I am not aware that any other critic has asserted.

While I am on this subject, let me remark, that it is to the Italians we owe our blank verse; and that the two books of the Æneid, in the translating of which it is believed to have been first introduced amongst us by Surrey, were about the same time translated into Italian blank verse; the second book by the Cardinal Ippolito de Medici, and the fourth by Lodovico Martelli.

Bellay would not have the alternation of male and female rhymes too strictly adhered to. This was a meritorious though unsuccessful attempt to deliver

* L. ii. ch. 7.

the French verse from one of its most galling fetters.* —Like Ronsard, he advises the frequenting persons of all different handicrafts, in order to collect terms, and to deduce comparisons and descriptions.†

Amongst the French writers, are adduced by way of distinction, Guillaume Budé and Lazare de Baïf, the latter of whom had translated the Electra of Sophocles, almost line for line, "quasi vers par vers."‡

But to come to his Poems. His Olive is a collection of one hundred and fifteen sonnets, nearly all of them, excepting a few of the last, on the subject of his love, which he shadows forth under the figure of that tree, as Petrarch had done his under that of a laurel. The word itself is an anagram of Viole, the real name of the lady whom he celebrates, and who was an inhabitant of Angers. In the twenty-eighth is found the sentiment in a common, but very pretty French song, which the unfortunate Major André was fond of applying to his Honora. I write it from memory, having never seen it in print:—

Ah! si vous pouviez comprendre
Ce que je ressens pour vous;
L'amour n'a rien de si tendre,
Ni l'amitié de si doux.

---

* Oeuvres de Joachim du Bellay. Paris edition in 12mo. about 1588; ch. 9.

† Ibid. ch. 11. ‡ Ibid. ch. 12.

Loin de vous mon cœur soupire,
Près de vous suis interdit :
Voilà tout ce que j'ose dire,
Et peutêtre j'ai trop dit.

Bellay has it :—

Ce que je sens, la langue ne refuse
Vous descouvrir quand suis de vous absent ;
Mais tout soudain que pres de moy vous sent,
Elle devient et muette et confuse.

We have, I believe, an English song, in which the same natural feeling is expressed ; but I am not able to recollect the words of it.

The sixtieth sonnet is to Ronsard, whom he has addressed in several of his poems. When we come to that poet, we shall again have occasion to admire the nobleness of his mind, as displayed in his conduct towards Bellay.

The ninety-first is on the same subject as an Italian one by Bernardino Tomitano, a physician and public professor of logic at Padua ; he died a few years later than Bellay (in 1576). It is, therefore, not easy to say which of the two has the merit of being original ; perhaps neither of them :—but the Frenchman's production has, I think, more the air of a copy. Here are the two.

Rendez a l'or ceste couleur qui dore
Ces blonds cheveux, rendez mille autres choses,

A l'orient tant de perles encloses,
Et au soleil ces beaux yeux que j'adore,
Rendez ces mains au blanc yvoire encore,
Ce sein au marbre, et ces levres aux roses,
Ces doux souspirs aux fleurettes decloses,
Et ce beau tain à la vermeille Aurore.
Rendez aussi a l'Amour tous ces traits,
Et a Venus ses graces et attraits;
Rendez aux cieux leur celeste harmonie.
Rendez encor' ce doux nom à son arbre,
Ou aux rochers rendez ce coeur de marbre,
Et aux lyons cett' humble felonie.

Sonetto di Bernardino Tomitano.

L'alto chiaro immortal vivo splendore
Ch'è ne' vostr' occhj e nel sereno viso,
Donna, rendete al sole, e al paradiso
I pensier casti e'l suo natio valore.
Rendete a me la libertate e'l core
Che da me avete si lontan diviso,
A Cipri bella il bel soave riso,
L'arco e gli strali al mio avversario amore.
De le soavi angeliche parole
La soave armonia rendete al cielo:
L'odor, l'oro, le perle a l'oriente:
Ch'altro non sarà in voi, che l'ira sola
Co' vostri fieri sdegni, che sovente
Mi fan d'uom vivo adamantino gelo.

Parnaso Italiano, Lirici misti del Secolo xvi.—*Ven.* 1787, *p.* 360.

Yield to the spheres thy witching strain*
That from their orbs has roll'd.
To eastern climes return again
Their fragrance, pearls, and gold.
Be to the sun that brightness given,
Thou borrow'st from this flame:
And render back thy smile to heaven,
From whence its sweetness came.
Owe to the morn thy blush no more,
Which from her cheek has flown.
To seraph bands their truth restore,
Her chasteness to the moon.
What then shall of those charms remain,
Which thou dost call thine own;
Except the pride and cold disdain
That turn thy slave to stone.

There is one by Olivier de Magny on the same subject. It is the 172nd in his Soupirs, and begins—

Vos celestes beautés, dame, rendez aux cieux, &c.

For an English imitation, I must refer to the last volume of the London Magazine, (1821) p. 411.

The ninety-sixth, which begins—

Ny par les bois les Dryades courantes,
Ny par les champs les fiers scadrons armés,
Ny par les flots les grands vaisseaux ramés, &c.

---

* This imitation of the above Sonnet was not printed in the original article. The author has left a memorandum that it should be inserted.—ED.

is certainly borrowed from an old Italian sonnet by Guido Cavalcanti; which is inserted, together with a version of it by a late translator of Dante, in his notes to the eleventh canto of the Purgatory.

Sonnet ninety-seven, beginning—

Qui a peu voir la matinale rose,

is from Catullus and Ariosto, in passages too well known to be cited. Those in Sophocles,—

Τὸ γὰρ νεάζον ἐν τοιοῖσδε βόσκεται
Χώροισιν αὐτοῦ· καί νιν οὐ θάλπος Θεοῦ,
Οὐδ' ὄμβρος, οὐδὲ πνευμάτων οὐδὲν κλονεῖ,
Ἀλλ' ἡδοναῖς ἄμοχθον ἐξαίρει βίον,
Ἕς τοῦθ', ἕως τις ἀντὶ παρθένου γυνὴ
Κλῃθῇ. *Trach.* 144.

and in Marino's Adone,

Quasi rosa fra fior ch'in fresca sponda
Ferma il sol, molce l'aura e nutre l'onda.
C. xi. St. 62.

are less obvious.

All the sonnets in the Olive are, I believe, in the "vers commun," the ten syllable verse; which is more agreeable to an English ear than the Alexandrine. The pause, as usual, is on the fourth syllable; as is generally the case in our own Surrey. Of his other sonnets, there are some in each of these measures.

Not one of the old French poets that I have yet

seen appears so much at home amongst the Italians, for whom, in the fourth ode of his Recueil, he testifies his warm admiration.

Quel siecle etiendra ta memoire
O Boccace? et quels durs hyvers
Pourront jamais seicher la gloire,
Petrarque, de tes lauriers vers?
Qui verra la vostre muette,
Dante, Bembe, à l'esprit hautain?
Ode 4, f. 135.

"What age shall extinguish the remembrance of thee, O Boccaccio? and what hard winters, O Petrarch! shall wither the glory of thy green laurels? Who, Dante and Bembo, of proud and lofty spirit, shall see your memory fade?"

Yet he laments most bitterly the engagements which compelled him to reside in Italy, and to put on a false appearance which he abhorred; and he longs to be again his own master, and to return to his own land. In the Regrets, where these feelings are expressed, there is much ease and nature. Some of the poems under that title exhibit lively pictures of the corruptions then prevalent in the several Italian courts, and especially at Rome. His talent for satire here shews itself. What in this way can exceed the following sonnet on Venice?

Il fait bon voir, Magny, ces coions magnifiques,
Leur superbe arsenal, leurs vaisseaux, leur abord,

Leur S. Marc, leur palais, leur Realte, leur Port,
Leurs changes, leurs profits, leur banque, et leurs trafiques,
Il fait bon voir le bec de leurs chaprons antiques,
Leurs robes a grand' manche, et leurs bonnets sans bord,
Leur parler tout grossier, leur gravité, leur port,
Et leurs sages advis aux affaires publiques.
Il fait bon voir de tout leur Senat balloter :
Il fait bon voir par tout leurs gondolles flotter.
Leurs femmes, leurs festins, leur vivre solitaire :
Mais ce que l'on en doit le meilleur estimer,
C'est quand ces vieux cocus vont espouser la mer,
Dont ils sont les maris et le Turc l'adultere.

Sonnet 115, f. 414.

It doth one good to see these Magnificoes,
These proud poltroons ; their gorgeous arsenal ;
Their roads o'erthrong'd with vessels ; their Saint Mark ;
Their Palace ; their Rialto, and their Port ;
Their Bank, their traffic ; their Exchange, their bart'ring :
To see their antique hats with formal beak ;
Their broad-sleeved mantles, and their unbrimm'd bonnets :
It doth one good to mark their uncouth jabb'ring ;
Their gravity ; their port ; their sage advice
On public questions ; yea, it doth one good
To see their senate balloting on each thing ;
In every port their gondolas afloat ;
Their dames ; their masquing, and their lonely living.
But the best sight of all is to behold
When these old wittols go to wed the sea,
Whose spouses they are, and the Turk her leman.

The 151st sonnet, To Courtiers, is another that is remarkable for its mixture of sprightliness, drollery, and caustic humour. England came in for a large portion of his gall. At f. 189, is a poem called Execration sur l'Angleterre; but in his Regrets (sonnet 162) it appears that he had been softened towards this country.

Of his Voeux Rustiques, imitated from the Latin of Navagero, the following is no unfavourable specimen.

D'un Vanneur de blé aux vents.

A vous trouppe legere,
Qui d'aile passagere
Par le monde volez,
Et d'un sifflant murmure
L'ombrageuse verdure
Doucement esbranlez,
J'offre ces violettes,
Ces lis et ces fleurettes,
Et ces roses icy
Ces vermeillettes roses,
Tout freschement éclauses,
Et ces oeillets aussi.
De vostre douce haleine
Evantez ceste pleine,
Evantez ce sejour:
Cependant que j'ahanne
A mon blé, que je vanne
A la chaleur du jour. F. 444.

The original is in the taste of the Greek ἐπιγράμματα, of which no one knew the relish better than Navagero.

Auræ quæ levibus percurritis aëra pennis,
Et strepitis blando per nemora alta sono;
Serta dat hæc vobis, vobis hæc rusticus Idmon
Spargit odorato plena canistra croco.
Vos lenite æstum, et paleas sejungite inanes,
Dum medio fruges ventilat ille die.

This has been made a sonnet of by Lodovico Paterno; and a fine one it is:—

Aure, O Aure! che'l ciel nudo e sereno
Cingete con le piume innamorate,
E fra le selve dolce mormorate,
Spargendo i sonni alle fresch 'ombre in seno:
Queste ghirlande, e questo vaso pieno
D'amomo e croco, e questi d'odorate
Viole ampi canestri a voi sacrate
Vi sparge Icon, che'l mezzo dì vien meno.
Voi l'arsura temprate omai che l'onde
E l'aria e i campi d'ogn' intorno accende
E mostra le sue forze ad ogni parte:
Ei mentre a ventilar le biade attende,
E rocamente al suon Eco risponde,
Scacciate voi le paglie a parte a parte.

Componimenti Lirici scelti da T. J. Mathias, T. iii. *p.* 249.

I wish I had something worthier to be put by the side of these, than the attempt which is here offered to my reader.

Ye airs! sweet airs, that through the naked sky
Fan your aurelian wings in wanton play;
Or shedding quiet slumber, as ye fly,
'Mid the dim forest murmuring urge your way;
To you these garlands, and this basket high
Pil'd up with lily-bells and roses gay,
And fragrant violets of purplest dye,
Icon, all fainting in the noontide ray,
Scatters, a votive offering to your power:
And O! as ye receive the balmy spoil,
Temper the inclement beam; and while his flail
He plies unceasing through the sultry hour,
Hoarse Echo answering ever to his toil,
Dispel the parted chaff with brisker gale.

But to return to Bellay. His epitaphs on a little dog, on a cat, and on the Abbé Bonnet, are exquisitely droll and fantastic.

In his hymn De la Surdité, a whimsical encomium on Deafness, addressed to his friend Ronsard, there is some very striking imagery.

Je te salue O saincte et alme surdité,
Qui pour trone et palais de ta grand' majesté
T'es cavé bien avant sous une roche dure,
Un antre tapissé de mousse et de verdure;
Faisant d'un fort hallier son effroyable tour,
Où les cheutes du Nil tempestent à l'entour.
Là se voit le silence assis à la main dextre,
Le doigt dessus la levre, assise à la senestre
Est la melancolie au sourçil enfonsé:

L'estude tenant l'oeil sur le livre abbaissé
Se sied un peu plus bas, l'Ame imaginative,
Les yeux levez au ciel, se tient contemplative
Debout devant ta face ; et là dedans le rond
D'un grand miroir d'acier te fait voir jusqu'au fond
Tout ce qui est au ciel, sur la terre, et sous l'onde,
Et ce qui est caché sous la terre profonde ;
Le grave Jugement dort dessus ton giron,
Et le Discours ailez volent a l'environ. (*F.* 501.)

Hail to thee, Deafness, boon and holy power,
Thou that hast scoop'd thee out an ample bower
Within a hard rock where thy throne is seen,
Hung round with tapestry of mossy green,
The stony tower, embattled, guards thy state,
And Nile's steep falls are thundering at the gate.
There Silence on thy right hand still doth sit,
His finger on his lips ; and in a fit
Of tranced sorrow, Melancholy lost,
Upon thy left, like a for-pined ghost.
A little lower, Study bends his look
For ever glu'd upon his wide-spread book.
Before thee, rapt Imagination stands,
With brow to heaven uplifted, while her hands
Present to thee a mirror of broad steel,
That in its depth all wonders doth reveal,
Of sky, and air, and earth, and the wide ocean ;
All things that are, whether in rest or motion.
Grave Judgment on thy lap, in sleep profound
Is laid ; and winged words flit hovering round.

His advice to the young king, Francis the Second, on his accession to the crown, is remarkable for its freedom. The poets of those times seem to have kept firm hold on one of the most valuable privileges of their profession, and not to have sunk the monitor in the courtier.—Of the poems which Spenser translated from Bellay, the following Sonnet is rendered with a fidelity that has not in the least injured its spirit. I have selected it as the best of those which he has taken.

Sur la croppe d'un mont je vis une fabrique
De cent brasses de haut : cent colonnes d'un rond,
Toutes de diamans ornoyent le brave front,
Et la facon de l'œuvre estoit à la Dorique,
La muraille n'estoit de marbre ni de brique,
Mais d'un luisant cristal, qui du sommet au fond,
Elançoit mile rais de son ventre profond,
Sur cent degrez dorez du plus fin or d'Afrique.
D'or estoit le lambris, et le sommet encor
Reluisoit escaillé de grandes lames d'or :
Le pavé fut de jaspe, et d'esmauraude fine.
O vanité du monde ! un soudain tremblement
Faisant crouler du mont la plus basse racine,
Renverse ce beau lieu depuis le fondement.
(*Edit. Rouen*, 1597, *fo.* 391.)

On high hill's top I saw a stately frame,
An hundred cubits high by just assize,
With hundred pillars fronting fair the same,
All wrought with diamond, after Dorick wise;

Nor brick nor marble was the wall to view,
But shining crystal, which from top to base
Out of her womb a thousand rayons threw,
One hundred steps of Afric gold's enchase:
Gold was the parget; and the ceiling bright
Did shine all scaly, with great plates of gold;
The floor of jasp and emerald was dight.
O! world's vainness! whiles thus I did behold,
An earthquake shook the hill from lowest seat,
And overthrew this frame with ruine great.

(*The Visions of Bellay*, 2.)

Joachim du Bellay, descended from one of the noblest families in Anjou, was born at Liré, a village eight miles from Angers, in the year 1524. The facility and sweetness with which he wrote, gained him the appellation of the French Ovid. He was highly esteemed by Margaret of Valois, Queen of Navarre, and by Henry the Second, who granted him a considerable pension. He passed some years in Italy, whither he went in the suite of his kinsman, Cardinal du Bellay. We have seen how ill he was pleased with that country, and yet how much he learned from it. Another of his family, Eustache du Bellay, Bishop of Paris, obtained for him in 1555, a canonry in his church. He was carried off at an early age by a fit of apoplexy, in January, 1560; and was buried in the church of Notre Dame.

Many epitaphs were made for him, in which he

was called Pater Elegantiarum; Pater Omnium Leporum.

He wrote Latin Poems that are not so much esteemed as his French.

REMY BELLEAU.

THE Painter of Nature was the appellation which distinguished Remy Belleau among the poets of his time; and it is enough to obtain for him no ordinary share of regard from those who know how much is implied in that title, and how rare that merit is of which it may be considered as a pledge. I have not yet had the good fortune to meet with an edition containing the whole of his works. That which I have seen was printed during his life-time, with the following title: Les Amours et nouveaux Eschanges des Pierres precieuses; Vertus et Proprietez d'icelles. Discours de la Vanité, Pris de l'Ecclesiaste. Eclogues Sacrees, Prises du Cantique des Cantiques. Par Remy Belleau. A Paris par Mamert Patisson, au logis de Rob. Estienne, 1576, avec privilege du Roy. "The Loves and new Transformations of the Precious Stones; their Virtues and Properties. Discourse on Vanity, taken from Ecclesiastes. Sacred Eclogues, taken from the Song of Songs, &c." There is

in these sufficient to prove that Belleau was not in the habit of looking at nature through the eyes of other men; that he did not content himself with making copies of copies; but that he drew from the life, whenever he had such objects to describe as the visible world could supply him with. Nor is this the whole of his praise; for he has also some fancy, and a flow of numbers unusually melodious.

In the above collection, the first poem, on the Loves and Transformations of the Precious Stones, dedicated to Henry III., is on a plan not much more happy than that of Darwin's Loves of the Plants. Several of them are supposed to have been youths or maidens, who, in consequence of adventures similar to those invented by the poet of the Metamorphoses, were changed into their present shape. Thus, in the first of these tales, the nymph Amethyste, of whom Bacchus is enamoured, prays to Diana for succour, and by her is transformed into a stone, which the god dyes purple with the juice of the grape. A description, which he has here introduced of the jolly god with the Bacchantes in different attitudes about his chariot, is executed with a luxuriance of pencil that reminds one of Rubens.

D'un pié prompt et legier, ces folles Bassarides
Environnent le char, l'une se pend aux brides
Des onces mouchettez d'estoiles sur le dos,
Onces à l'oeil subtil, au pié souple et dispos,

Au muffle herissé de deux longues moustaches :
L'autre met dextrement les tigres aux attaches
Tizonnez sur la peau, les couple deux-à-deux,
Ils ronflent de colere, et vont rouillant les yeux :
D'un fin drap d'or frisé semé de perles fines
Les couvre jusqu'au flanc, les houpes à crepines
Flottent sur le genou ; plus humbles devenus
On agence leur queüe en tortillons menus. (*F.* 4.)

A train of Mænads wanton'd round the car
With light and frolic step : one on the reins
Hung of the ounces speckled o'er with stars,
Of eye quick-glancing, and free supple foot,
The long mustaches bristling from their maws :
Another with quick hand the traces flung
Across the tygers of the streaky skin :
They yoked in pairs went snorting, and with ire
Their restless eye-balls roll'd. Fine cloth of gold,
Sown o'er with pearls, hung mantling to their side,
And at the knee the tassel'd fringes danced.
Then, as their pride abated, in quaint curls
They braid their wavy tails.

As a companion to this, I would place the fine picture of Cybele's chariot drawn by lions, as Keats has painted it.

Forth from a rugged arch, in the dusk below,
Came mother Cybele ; alone, alone,
In sombre chariot ; dark foldings thrown
About her majesty, and front death-pale,
With turrets crown'd. Four maned lions hale

The sluggish wheels; solemn their toothed maws,
Their surly eyes brow-hidden, heavy paws
Uplifted drowsily, and nervy tails
Cowering their tawny brushes. (*Endymion, p.* 83.)

In this pictorial manner, there is an anonymous poem of extraordinary merit, which, I believe, appeared first in the New Monthly Magazine. It is called the Indian Circian. The writer of it, whoever he may be, may well aspire to the title of the Painter of Nature.

To return to Belleau. Another of these little stories is built on the fable of Hyacinthus, whose blood, when he is killed by Apollo, forms the jacinth, at the same time that the nymph Chrysolithe, who had requited his offered love with scorn, poisons herself, and is changed into the stone bearing her name. The spot in which the boy meets his fate, when he is playing at quoits with Phœbus, is a piece of landscape-painting, sweetly touched.

Iris being sent on one of her mistress's errands, stays to refresh herself by the river Indus, where she sees and becomes enamoured of Opalle;

Opalle, grand Berger des troupeaux de Neptune.
(*F.* 27.)

"Great Shepherd that on Neptune's flocks did tend."

He is dazzled and overpowered by the advances of

the wind-footed goddess, and falls into a swoon; but is recovered out of it. Juno, meantime, being enraged at the delay of her handmaid, goes in search of her, and discovers them together. He is changed into a stone, of which Iris makes the opal.

While Venus lies asleep, Love, fluttering about her, sees his own image reflected on the polished surface of her nails. He sets himself to carve out these mirrors with the point of one of his darts, while she continues in her slumber; and then flying off with them, he lets them fall

——— "on the pearl'd sands
Of tawny Indus with the crisped locks."

——— sur le sable perleux
De l'Indois basané sous ses crespes cheveux;

where they are changed into onyx-stones.

To these fanciful Tales are appended directions for distinguishing artificial stones from the true, together with some remarks on their medical properties, and their uses against incantations and sorceries. It scarcely need be told how bad an effect so incongruous a mixture produces. When Belleau made this addition, it is probable that the Greek poem on Precious Stones, which goes under the name of Orpheus, was in his view.

In addressing the twelve chapters of his Discourse on Vanity, taken from Ecclesiastes, to Monseigneur

(the Duke d'Alençon), he tells that prince that his brother (the late King, Charles IX.) being at Fontainebleau, was so much pleased with it, that he had made him read over the first four chapters several times; that the King's death, and a grievous malady under which he had himself laboured, had interrupted his design; "but now being recovered," says he, "I present this work to you." This was in July, 1576. Having tuned the verses well, he has done nearly all that could be expected of him in this task. Much the same may be said of the Sacred Eclogues, into which he has formed the Song of Songs. Profaner love employed his muse at another time; for he translated the poems attributed to Anacreon, which were then newly discovered, into French verse.

Among his other poems, is the following Song on April: having seen it much commended in the accounts given of this poet by French writers of the present day, I have obtained a transcript of it from a public library in this country. If we compare it with Spenser's Song in the Shepherd's Calendar, April, we shall find some slight resemblance in the measure, which would induce one to imagine that Colin, though he calls it a lay,

> Which once he made as by a spring he lay,
> And tuned it unto the water's fall,

had yet some snatches of this melody floating in his ear, which mingled themselves with the wilder music.

Avril, l'honneur et des bois,
Et des mois :
Avril, la douce esperance
Des fruicts qui sous le coton
Du bouton
Nourrissent leur jeune enfance.

Avril, l'honneur des prez verds,
Jaunes, pers,
Qui d'une humeur bigarree
Emaillant de mille fleurs
De couleurs,
Leur parure diapree.

Avril, l'honneur des soupirs
Des Zephyrs,
Qui sous le vent de leur ælle
Dressent encore és forests
Des doux rets,
Pour ravir Flore la belle.

Avril, c'est ta douce main,
Qui du sein
De la nature desserre
Une moisson de senteurs,
Et de fleurs,
Embasmant l'Air, et la Terre.

Avril, l'honneur verdissant,
Florissant
Sur les tresses blondèlettes
De ma Dame, et de son sein,
Tousjours plein
De mille et mille fleurettes.

Avril, la grace, et le ris
De Cypris,
Le flair et la douce haleine :
Avril, le parfum des Dieux,
Qui des Cieux
Sentent l'odeur de la plaine.

C'est toy courtois et gentil,
Qui d'exil
Retires ces passageres,
Ces arondelles qui vont,
Et qui sont
Du printemps les messageres.

L'aubespine et l'aiglantin,
Et le thym,
L'œillet, le lis, et les roses
En ceste belle saison,
A foison,
Monstrent leurs robes écloses.

Le gentil rossignolet
Doucelet,
Decoupe dessous l'ombrage,
Mille fredons babillars,
Fretillars,
Au doux chant de son ramage.

C'est à ton heureux retour
Que l'amour
Souffle à doucettes haleines,
Un feu croupi et couvert,
Que l'hyver
Receloit dedans nos veines.

Tu vois en ce temps nouveau
L'essain beau
De ces pillardes avettes
Volleter de fleur en fleur,
Pour l'odeur
Qu'ils mussent en leurs cuissettes.

May vantera ses fraischeurs,
Ses fruicts meurs,
Et sa feconde rosee,
La manne et le sucre doux,
Le miel roux,
Dont sa grace est arrosee.

Mais moy je donne ma voix
A ce mois,
Qui prend le surnom de celle
Qui de l'escumeuse mer
Veit germer
Sa naissance maternelle.

(*Les Oeuvres Poetiques de Remy Belleau*, 2 *Tomes. Paris*, 1585, *La Premiere Journee de la Bergerie*, p. 126.)

April, sweet month, the daintiest of all,
Fair thee befal:
April, fond hope of fruits that lie
In buds of swathing cotton wrapt,
There closely lapt,
Nursing their tender infancy.

April, that dost thy yellow, green, and blue,
All round thee strew,
When, as thou go'st, the grassy floor
Is with a million flowers depeint,
Whose colours quaint
Have diaper'd the meadows o'er.

April, at whose glad coming Zephyrs rise
With whisper'd sighs,
Then on their light wing brush away,
And hang amid the woodlands fresh
Their aery mesh
To tangle Flora on her way.

April, it is thy hand that doth unlock,
From plain and rock,
Odours and hues, a balmy store,
That breathing lie on Nature's breast,
So richly blest,
That earth or heaven can ask no more.

April, thy blooms, amid the tresses laid
Of my sweet maid,
Adown her neck and bosom flow;
And in a wild profusion there,
Her shining hair
With them hath blent a golden glow.

April, the dimpled smiles, the playful grace,
That in the face
Of Cytherea haunt, are thine ;
And thine the breath, that from their skies
The deities
Inhale, an offering at thy shrine.

'Tis thou that dost with summons blithe and soft,
High up aloft,
From banishment these heralds bring,
These swallows that along the air
Scud swift, and bear
Glad tidings of the merry spring.

April, the hawthorn and the eglantine,
Purple woodbine,
Streak'd pink, and lily-cup, and rose,
And thyme, and marjoram, are spreading,
Where thou art treading,
And their sweet eyes for thee unclose.

The little nightingale sits singing aye
On leafy spray,
And in her fitful strain doth run
A thousand and a thousand changes,
With voice that ranges
Through every sweet division.

April, it is when thou dost come again,
That love is fain
With gentlest breath the fires to wake,
That cover'd up and slumbering lay,
Through many a day,
When winter's chill our veins did slake.

Sweet month, thou seest at this jocund prime
Of the spring-time,
The hives pour out their lusty young,
And hear'st the yellow bees that ply,
With laden thigh,
Murmuring the flowery wilds among.

May shall with pomp his wavy wealth unfold,
His fruits of gold,
His fertilizing dews, that swell
In manna on each spike and stem,
And, like a gem,
Red honey in the waxen cell.

Who will may praise him; but my voice shall be,
Sweet month, for thee;
Thou that to her dost owe thy name,
Who saw the sea-wave's foamy tide
Swell and divide,
Whence forth to life and light she came.

Remy Belleau was born at Nogent-le-Rotrou, in le Perche, 1528. René de Lorraine, Marquis of Elbeuf, and General of the French Gallies, committed to him the education of his son. He died in Paris, 1577. Some one said of him, in allusion to the first of his poems above-mentioned, that he was resolved to construct himself a monument of precious stones.

Besides the editions of his works which I have referred to, there is said to be one printed at Rouen, 1604. 2 vols. 8vo.

JAN ANTOINE DE BAÏF.

Both those, of whom I have last spoken, Bellay and Belleau, belonged to that cluster of poets, to which was given the name of the French Pleiad. Iodelle, Thyard, Dorat, and Ronsard, were four others in this constellation; and Jan Antoine de Baïf made the seventh, whose lustre, if it were proportioned to the number of verses he has left, would outshine most of them. But as it is rather by the virtue than the bulk of such luminaries that we appreciate their excellence, he must be satisfied with an inferior place. The chief thing that can be said of him, I think, is that there is much ease in his manner. But this is not enough to carry us through so many books as I have to record the titles of under his name. It is said that no one has had the courage to read them all since his death.

Les Amours de Jan Antoine de Baïf. Paris. Pour Lucas Breyer, 1572. 2 vols. 8vo.

There is what appears to be the same edition with his Passetems added.

In the prefaratory address to the Duke of Anjou, afterwards Henry III. he speaks of the French poets who have sung of love. They are Bellay, Thyard, Ronsard, Belleau, to whom he says,

Belleau gentil, qui d'esquise peinture
Soigneusement imites la nature,
Tu consacras de tes vers la plus part
De Cytheree au petit fils mignard.

'Gentle Belleau, who dost diligently copy nature with exquisite painting, thou hast consecrated the greater part of thy verses to the darling child of Venus.' To these he adds Desportes.

Of the four books of his Francine (the name of his mistress), and of his three other books, Des Diverses Amours, there is very little by which I could hope to please my readers. They will, I doubt not, think the following sonnet enough.

Un jour quand de l'yver l'ennuieuse froidure
S'attedist, faisant place au printemps gracieux,
Lors que tout rit aux champs, et que les prez joyeux,
Peignent de belles fleurs leur riante verdure :
Pres du Clain tortueux sous une roche obscure
Un doux somme ferma d'un doux lien mes yeux,
Voyci en mon dormant une clairté des cieux
Venir l'ombre emflamer d'une lumiere pure.
Voyci venir des cieux sous l'escorte d'Amour,
Neuf nymphes qu'on eust dist estre toutes jumelles :
En rond aupres de moy elles firent un tour.
Quand l'une, me tendant de myrte un verd chapeau,
Me dit : chante d'amour d'autres chansons nouvelles,
Et tu pourras monter à nostre saint coupeau.

On a day, as the winter, relaxing his spleen,
Grew warm and gave way to the frolicksome spring,
When all laughs in the fields, and the gay meadows fling
A shower of sweet buds o'er their mantle of green,
'Twas then in a cave by the wild crankling Clain
I lay, and sleep shadow'd me o'er with his wing,
When a lustre shone round, as some angel did bring
A torch that its light from the sun-beams had ta'en;
And lo! floating downwards, escorted by Love,
Nine maids, who methought from one birth might have sprung;
And they circled around me and hover'd above,
When one held forth a wreath of green myrtle inwove;
See, she cried, that of love some new ditty be sung,
And with us thou shalt dwell in our heavenly grove.

He has formed some of these pieces on the model of the Italian canzone, with an envoi at the end.

Besides these are nine books which he calls simply his poems. In the concluding address to his book, he has given a portrait of himself.

Another of his publications is, Les Jeux de Jan Antoine de Baïf. Paris. Pour Lucas Breyer. 1573. 8vo. It contains nineteen Eclogues; Antigone, translated from Sophocles; two comedies, le Brave and l'Eunuque, the latter from Terence; and Neuf Devis de Dieux pris de Lucian, nine Dialogues of the Gods, from Lucian. The Eclogues are, for the most part, taken from Theocritus or Virgil. They seem

to me among the most pleasing of his poems; but are sometimes less decorous than one could wish.

'Etre'nes de Poe'zie Fransoeze an vers mezure's, &c. &c. par Jan Antoine de Baïf. Denys du Val. 1574. 8vo. This is a whimsical attempt to imitate the heroic and lyrical measures of the ancients, and at the same time to introduce a new mode of orthography, accommodated to the real pronunciation. The book contains, besides a few odes, translations of the works and days of Hesiod, the golden verses of Pythagoras, the admonitory poem that goes under the name of Phocylides, and the Nuptial Advice of Naumachius.

Of what he calls iambiкes trimetres nōkadāses, the following compliment to Belleau may be taken as a sample :—

A toe, кi 8vrier peins le vre,, jantil Bélea,
Nature çerçant кontrefer ân son naïf,
Ki restes des miens кompaṇon plus ansïen.

"To thee, gentle Belleau, artist that dost paint the truth, seeking to counterfeit nature to the life, who remainest the oldest associate among my friends, &c."

Some years before, Claudio Tolommei had endeavoured to naturalize the ancient metres in the Italian tongue, but with no better success.

Jan Antoine de Baïf, the natural son of Lazare de Baïf, Abbot of Grenetière, was born in 1532, at

Venice, where his father was ambassador. He was much addicted to music; and his concerts were attended by the kings Charles IX. and Henry III. I learn from a passage in Burney's History of Music (vol. iii. p. 263), referred to by Mr. Walker in his memoir on Italian Tragedy, Appendix, p. xix. that Baïf usually set his own verses to music. The friendship which Ronsard entertained, for both him and Belleau, will appear in the account that will be given of that poet. He died in 1592. Cardinal du Perron said of him, that he was a very good man, and a very bad poet. We shall have occasion to estimate the Cardinal's own pretensions in this way.

JAN DE LA PERUSE.

THE works of Jan de la Peruse, one of those contemporary writers whom we shall see distinguished by Ronsard, were edited by Claude Binet, the affectionate friend of both. He has prefixed a preface to them, and added some verses of his own. The title of this book is, "Les Oeuvres de Jan de la Peruse, avec quelques autres diverses Poesies de Claude Binet." A Lyon. Par Benoist Rigaud, 1577. 16mo. The first poem is Medee, a tragedy. It is a mixture of twelve syllable verses; the common verse, ten;

and lyrical, by the chorus. The opening is from Seneca; but he has not servilely followed either that writer or Euripides. His odes, in the Pindaric style, are much worse than Ronsard's. The most striking thing I have observed in the collection is an ode that was written in his last illness, and which death prevented him from finishing.

Quelque part que je me tourne,
Tristesse avec moi sejourne;
Tousiours mes tristes espris
Sont d'une frayeur espris.
Si je suis en la campagne
J'oy une mortelle voix,
Le mesme son m'accompagne
Si je suis dedans les bois.

En quelque lieu que je soye
Il n'y entre jamais joye.
Si je vois dans un hostel
C'est un presage mortel.
Si des hommes je m'absente,
Cherchant les lieux esloignez,
Par le hibou qui lamente
Mes malheurs sont temoignés.

Si pres des fleuves j'arrive
Soudain l'eau, laissant la rive,
En fuyant devant mon mal,
Se cache dans son canal.

L'oiseau sur la seiche espine
Sans dire mot est perché,
Et le lieu ou je chemine
Seiche comme il est touché.

Si quelque amy d'aventure,
Plein de pitié, s'aventure
De me venir conforter,
Il sent ses sens transporter
Par une tristesse extreme.
Il sent un ennuy, un soin,
Et le pauvret a lui mesme
De bon confort grand besoin.

Unto whatever part I turn,
Sorrow with me abides;
And, creeping o'er my spirit, still,
A secret terror glides.

A deadly sound is in mine ears,
If in the field I be;
The self-same sound pursueth still,
When to the woods I flee.

Whatever house I enter in,
Mirth will no longer stay;
A sad presage, whereso I come,
Makes all men haste away.

And if the people's haunts I shun,
Seeking a lonely place,
The owl shrieks out in witness to
My lamentable case.

If to the river side I go,
And stand upon the brink;
Sudden the waters, fleeing me,
Within their channel shrink.

The bird upon the dry thorn sits,
And not a word saith he:
The very pathway, that I tread,
Dries up when touch'd by me.

If any friend perchance do come
In pity of my plight,
To comfort me; he straightway feels
Himself a wretched wight.

A carking care, a woe extreme,
Upon his heart do feed;
And he himself thenceforth, poor man,
Of comfort much hath need.

This is natural and pathetic. Jan de la Peruse, from the few poems he has left, seems to have been an amiable man, warmly attached to his friends, and not very solicitous to court the notice of the powerful. I have learnt nothing more concerning him, than that he was born at Angoulême, and died there in 1555, in the prime of his life.

PIERRE DE RONSARD.

THERE is no poet I am acquainted with, ancient or modern, who has impressed his own character so minutely and strongly on his writings as Ronsard. His loyalty to his sovereigns, accompanied by the most perfect frankness; the openness of his heart, equally disposed to form friendships, and constant in preserving them; his generosity and placability; his great learning, that unhappily served, for the most part, only to make him ridiculous; the high value he set on his noble birth,* which, as he said, enabled him to imitate Pindar, when Horace had failed in the attempt on account of his wanting that advantage; his gallantry, made up of pedantry and passion; his hearty love of the country in its natural and unembellished state; his zeal for the poetic art, to which every thing else was subordinate;—all these, like so many quarterings in a coat of armour, are on his pages blazoned at full, and in their proper colours. From the account which his affectionate friend Claude Binet has given of his life, corrected by such notices as he has left of himself, I have extracted some of

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* Odes, B. 1. O. xi. Epode iv.

the principal incidents, and shall place them here as the best introduction to the remarks which I have to make on his writings.

Pierre de Ronsard, descended from a noble family, was born on Saturday the eleventh of September, 1524, the year in which Francis I. was made prisoner in the battle of Pavia.* The first of his ancestors who came into France, was the younger son of an opulent and powerful nobleman settled on the banks of the Danube. This man, incited by a spirit of enterprise, left his home with a band of companions, who, like himself, were younger brothers; and entering into the service of Philip of Valois, then at war with the English, satisfied the French king so well, that he was rewarded with an ample estate on the banks of the Loire, where he and his posterity continued to reside. The father of our poet was thought a fit person to accompany Henry, the son of Francis I. when he was sent as an hostage for his father into Spain; and to be entrusted with the management of the young prince's household. Pierre, who was the sixth son, having been brought up till he was nine years old at the Chateau de la Poissoniere, his native place, in the lower Vendomois, was then sent to the Royal College of Navarre at Paris; but not bearing the restraint laid on him by his preceptors, he was brought by his father to Avignon, and placed

* See his twentieth Elegy, addressed to Remy Belleau.

in the service of Francis, eldest son of the French king. That prince dying soon after, Ronsard was transferred to the train of his brother Charles, Duke of Orleans, by whom he was again passed over to the retinue of James V. king of Scotland, who had come to marry Madelaine, daughter of the French king. By James he was taken to Scotland, where he passed two years and a half. He then spent six months in England, where he learnt our language; and afterwards returned to his former master the Duke of Orleans, who now retained him as his page. Being master of the accomplishments usual at his age, he was despatched on some affairs to Flanders and Zealand, whence he was charged to proceed on a mission to Scotland. On his second visit to that country, he narrowly escaped shipwreck. He returned at the early age of sixteen. Henry, who was afterwards king, then placed him in the suite of Lazare de Baïf, who at that time was ambassador to the Diet at Spires. On this journey he acquired the German language. His next service to his country led him to Piedmont, with the Capitaine de Langey. But these exertions were disproportioned to his time of life, and occasioned a fever, with a defluxion on the brain, that in the end deprived him of his hearing. This misfortune, however, served only to determine him to the pursuit of those studies to which he had not hitherto had time to apply himself. His love of letters is said to have been

awakened by one of his brother pages, who had always a Virgil in his hand, and who used to explain to him passages in that poet. In the Preface to the Franciade, he says, that his master at school had taught him Virgil; and that having learnt him by heart from his infancy, he could not forget him. To the Latin poet he now added Jean le Maire de Belges, the Romant de la Rose, and the works of Clement Marot. By Dorat, who was the preceptor of young Baïf, Ronsard was encouraged to the study of Greek, in which he made such a proficiency, as to translate the Prometheus of Æschylus; at the same time asking his master, why he had so long kept such treasures concealed from him? His next attempt was a version of the Plutus of Aristophanes, part of which still remains. It was represented on the French theatre; and from such a beginning, we can, in some measure, account for the excellence at which the French have since arrived in this species of composition. He was next desirous of trying his strength with Pindar, whose manner he was so studious of imitating, that he drew on himself the sarcasms of his contemporaries. So far did he carry his admiration of every thing that had the most remote connection with his favourite poets of Greece, that he is said to have been influenced in the choice of a mistress to celebrate in his verses, by the accidental circumstance of her bearing the name of Cassandra, the daughter

of Priam. But in the Epistle to Remy Belleau, he leaves it doubtful whether this was the real or fictitious name of a young lady, of whom he became enamoured when he was following the court at Blois.

His idolatry for the antients was not such as to make him neglect the means which his own country afforded him for enriching its vernacular tongue. He is said, like Burke, to have visited the shops of artisans, and to have made himself acquainted with all sorts of handicrafts, in order that he might learn the different terms which were employed in them, and derive illustrations whereby to diversify and ornament his diction. In his Abregé de l'Art Poetique, and in the Preface to the Franciade, he himself recommends this practice; and at the same time advises the poet to appropriate the most significant words that he can collect from the different dialects of France.

About 1549, on his return from Poitiers to Paris, he chanced to fall in with Joachim du Bellay; and joining together on the journey, the fellow-travellers were so much pleased with one another, that they determined to reside under the same roof. In this party, Jan Antoine de Baïf made a third. It did not, however, continue uninterrupted by jealousy. Ronsard accused Bellay of wishing to forestal the favour of the public, by a collection of poems which he had closely copied from some of his own. He

even instituted a suit, as Binet relates, for the recovery of some papers, of which du Bellay had surreptitiously obtained possession for this purpose, and gained his cause. But so little resentment was harboured on either side, that they renewed the intimacy; and Ronsard encouraged his rival to the cultivation of the art to which he was himself so much attached, by means at once more honourable, and more likely to ensure success—namely, by trusting to the resources of his own mind. Another instance of his noble temper showed itself in his forgiveness of Mellin de Saint Gelais, who, after having disparaged the works of Ronsard, as he had reason to believe, in the presence of the King, afterwards sought his friendship; whereupon the injured poet not only altered a passage in one of his poems, in which he had expressed his sense of this malignity, but honoured him with those praises to which he thought the merit of Saint Gelais entitled him.* In answer to the charges brought against him of obscurity and unconnectedness, he haughtily declared his indifference to the taste of the vulgar; and compared his

* In the Odes, L. iv. O. xxi. it appears that Mellin had disavowed the calumnies which it was reported that he had uttered in the presence of the King against Ronsard; and that their friendship was restored.

enemies at the court to dogs that bite at the stone which they cannot digest.

> Mais que ferai-je à ce vulgaire,
> A qui jamais je n'ay sceu plaire,
> Ny ne plais, ny plaire ne veux ?
> L. v. O. ii.

At the end of ten years he quitted his Cassandra, thinking, perhaps, that having stood as long a siege as Troy without yielding, there was no further chance of winning her affections. A young damsel of Anjou, named Mary, was the next object of his poetical courtship. To her he altered his style, and condescended to speak his passion in plainer terms.

Margaret, Duchess of Savoy, is said to have changed the opinion of the French King with respect to the merit of Ronsard, and to have done it so effectually, that the monarch afterwards thought himself honoured by possessing so great a genius in his dominions; and gave proofs that he did so, by the honours and pensions which he conferred on him, though not in such measure as to satisfy the expectations of Ronsard. The sage Michel de l'Hôpital, Chancellor to this lady, as he afterwards was of France, also undertook his defence; and wrote a Latin poem in his praise. In return, Ronsard addressed a long and laboured ode (the tenth of the first book) to l'Hôpital. The Cardinal de Chatillon, Charles Cardinal

of Lorraine, and other great men of the day, now enlisted themselves in the number of his patrons and friends; and the Presidents of the Jeux Floraux, not thinking the customary prize of the eglantine sufficient for his deserts, sent him a figure of Minerva in silver, which he presented to the King.

At the death of Henry II. and during the religious dissensions which followed at the succession of Francis II. Ronsard, in his defence of the established form of worship, exposed himself to some rough treatment from the Reformers. Amongst other things, they accused him of heathenism, for having assisted at the sacrifice of a he-goat; an affair that turned out to be a frolic, in which he and some of his literary companions engaged, in consequence of a tragedy by Jodelle being represented before the King. However he might think himself bound to support the ancient religion of his country, that he was no bigot I am disposed to believe from the following lines in an Ode to one of his friends:—

Ne romps ton tranquille repos
Pour Papaux ny pour Huguenots,
Ni amy d'eux, ni adversaire,
Croyant que Dieu Pere tres-dous
(Qui n'est partial comme nous)
Scait ce qui nous est necessaire.

L. v. O. xxviii.

Break not thy peace, nor care a jot
For Papist or for Huguenot,
Nor counting either friends or foes,
Thy trust in God alone repose,
Who, not like us with partial care,
Bids all a Father's blessing share.

When the short reign of Francis II. was terminated by the death of that King, his brother, Charles IX. did not suffer Ronsard to quit him, by which the poet was much gratified. Amongst other subjects to which Charles directed his pen, were such vices in his people as he should think deserving of his satire, at the same time, desiring him not to spare what he found worthy of reprehension in himself. Ronsard was hardy enough to take him at his word, and so fortunate as to escape the fate which befel the monitor of the Archbishop of Grenada. The King in his turn kept the bard in good order, declaring that poets were to be used like good steeds, to have sufficient food allowed them, but not to be pampered. The courtiers availed themselves of the fertility of his Muse; and borrowed his pen for the celebration of their mistresses. The Queen Mother, Catherine de' Medici, directed him to make choice of one of the ladies of the chamber, whose name was Helene de Surgeres, descended of a Spanish family, to receive the homage of his own person, and bade him address her in the pure and refined style of Petrarch,

as most suitable to his age and gravity. Between the discipline thus imposed on him by his royal master and mistress, it is likely that the poet must have felt himself under some constraint. He continued, however, to warble many a sonnet in his cage; and as a reward of his submission and docility, was presented with the Abbey of Bellozane, and some priories. At the succession of Henry III. to whom he used the same freedom as he had done to his predecessor, he complained that he was no longer caressed, as he had been by Charles. He found some consolation in the attentions of the two rival queens, Elizabeth of England, and Mary Stewart,—the former of whom compared him to a valuable diamond of which she made him a present,—and the latter, from her prison, sent him in 1583, two years before his death, a casket containing two thousand crowns, together with a vase representing Parnassus and Pegasus, and inscribed—

A Ronsard l'Apollon de la Source des Muses.

"To Ronsard, Apollo of the Muses' Fountain."

During the latter part of his life he was much afflicted with the gout. The Sieur Galland, chief of the Academy of Boncourt, was the friend in whose society he now found most comfort, calling him his "second soul." To him, on the twenty-second of October before his death, he wrote:—"Qu'il etoit

devenu fort foible et maigre depuis quinze jours, qu'il craignit que les feuilles d'Automne ne le vissent tomber avec elles; que la volonté de Dieu soit faite, et qu'aussi bien parmi tant de douleurs nerveux, ne se pouvant soutenir, il n'etoit plus qu'un inutile fardeau sur la terre, le priant au reste de l'aller trouver, estimant sa presence lui etre un remede." "That for the last fortnight he had become very emaciated and feeble; that he feared the leaves of Autumn would see him fall with them; that his prayer, however, was God's will be done; and that, moreover, not being able to support himself amid such nervous pangs as he endured, he was no longer any thing but a useless burthen to the earth; for the rest, that he entreated him to come and see him, for that he thought his presence would be a cordial to him." Hoping for some ease from change of place and objects, he removed from one of his benefices to another. His piety was fervent and unremitting; and his repentance for the excesses of his earlier life, into which the court had led him, earnest and sincere. He manifested no uneasiness, except in a frequent desire, which accompanied him to the last, of dictating the verses that presented themselves to his mind. The last were two sonnets, in which he exhorted his spirit to confidence in his Saviour; and thus he expired on the twenty-seventh of December, 1585, with his hands joined in prayer.

According to his own directions, he was buried in the choir of the church of Saint Cosme en l'Isle, one of his priories, where he died.—Claude Binet caused, as he says, a little monument to be erected, on which the following epitaph was inscribed:—

Κόσμος ἄκοσμος ἦην, ὅτε κόσμιος ὁ Ρώνσαρδος
Κόσμον ἐκόσμησεν κόσμω ἐῶν ἐπέων.
Νῦν δέ θανόντος ἔχει τύμβος Κοσμᾶ ἐνὶ ναῶ
Ὀκτέα· τῆς φήμης μνῆμα δέ κόσμος ὅλος.

This is such a string of puns as, if they were once slipped out of their Greek setting, it would be impossible to thread again.

His biographer observes, that Europe lost several of her most illustrious men about the same time: one of them was Antoine de Muret, whom Ronsard had reckoned among his friends, and who united with Remy Belleau in writing annotations on his poems.

The French poets, whom he esteemed as having begun to write well in that language, were Maurice Sceve, Hugues Salel, Antoine Heroet, Mellin de Saint Gelais, Jacques Pelletier, and Guillaume Autels. To them succeeded a set of writers who were in some measure, though older some of them than himself, influenced by his example, and who have been already mentioned as constituting, together with him, the French Pleiad. Others, whom he highly esteemed were Estienne Pasquier; Olivier de Magny; Jean de

la Peruse; Amadis Jamyn, whom he had educated as his page; Robert Garnier, a tragic writer; Florent Chrestien; Scevole de Sainte Marthe; Jean Passerat; Philippe Desportes; the Cardinal du Perron; and Bertaud. Among those learned foreigners who paid their tribute to the excellence of Ronsard, occur the distinguished names of Julius Cæsar Scaliger, Pietro Vettori, and Sperone Speroni.

His conversation is said to have been easy and pleasant. He was himself free, open, and simple; and associated willingly with none who were otherwise, being a declared enemy to every thing like affectation. In short Claude Binet considered him in manners and appearance, as the model of a true French gentleman.

His usual residence was at Sainte Cosme, a delightful spot, (l'oeillet de la Touraine,) the pink of Touraine, itself the garden of France; or at Bourgueil, where he went for the sake of sporting, in which he took great pleasure; and here he kept the dogs given him by Charles IX., a falcon, and a goshawk (un teircelet d'autour). Another of his amusements was gardening, in which he had considerable skill. When at Paris, his favourite retirements were at Meudon, for the sake of the woods and the Seine; or at Gentilly, Hercueil, Saint Cloud, and Vanves, for the sake of the rivulet of Biévre and its fountains. He took delight also in the sister arts of painting, sculpture, and music, and was skilled enough in the latter to sing his own verses.

The poems that stand first in his collection are the Amours de Cassandre, consisting, besides a few other pieces, of two hundred and twenty-two sonnets, one only of which is in the Alexandrine, the rest are in the vers communs, or deca-syllabick measure. In the Preface to the Franciade he says, that he had changed his mind as to the Alexandrine measure, which he no longer considered as the proper heroic. His reason is, that it savours too much of an extremely easy prose, and is too enervated and flagging; except it be for translations, in which it is useful on account of its length, for expressing the sense of an author. He thought differently when he wrote his Art Poetique, as may be seen by referring to the chapter on versification.

Ronsard must sometimes have puzzled Cassandra, unless she was tolerably learned, and well read in Aristotle. Thus in Sonnet 68, he asks her —

O lumiere! enrichie
D'un feu divin, qui m'ard si vivement,
Pour me donner l'etre et le mouvement,
Etes vous pas ma seul entelechie?

"O light! in whom I see
The fire divine, that burns me to bestow
Whate'er of being or of life I know,
Say art not thou my sole entelechy?"

In the 104th, he reminds her of the violation of her person by Ajax, the son of Oileus.

His attempt to mould the French language to the purposes of poetry did not succeed. When, in imitation of Petrarch, he says—

> Le seul Avril, de son jeune printemps
> Endore, emperle, enfrange notre temps.
> Son. 121.

> Vedi quant' arte 'ndora e'mperla e'nnostra
> L'abito eletto.

the French being the language of Europe, will not easily endure such innovations as these, which tend to make it less generally intelligible.

The fifty-second sonnet is no unfavourable specimen of his Platonic manner:—

> Avant qu' Amour du Chaos ocieux
> Ouvrit le sein qui couvoit la lumiere,
> Avec la terre, avec l'onde premiere,
> Sans art, sans forme etoient brouillez les cieux.
> Tel mon esprit de rien industrieux,
> Dedans mon corps, lorde et grosse matiere,
> Erroit sans forme et sans figure entiere,
> Quand l'arc d'Amour le perca par tes yeux.
> Amour rendit ma nature parfaite,
> Pure par lui mon essence s'est faite,
> Il m'en donna la vie et le pouvoir.
> Il echauffa tout mon sang de sa flame,
> Et m'emportant de son vol, fit mouvoir
> Avecques lui mes pensées et mon ame.

Or ever Love drew forth the slumbering light,
That in the bosom of old Chaos lay,
Earth, sea, and sky, without its primal ray,
Were in blank ruin sunk and formless night:
So, whelm'd in sloth, erewhile, my heavy spright
Did in a dull and senseless body stray,
Scarce life enough to stir the lumpish clay,
Till from thine eyes Love's arrow pierc'd my sight.
Then was I quicken'd; and, by Love inform'd,
My being to a new perfection came:
His influence my blood and spirits warm'd;
And, as I mounted this low world above,
Following in thought and soul his sacred flame,
Love was my being, and my essence Love.

The fifty-ninth is an imitation of Bembo. There is more elasticity and freedom in the copy than in the original.

Comme un chevreüil, quand le printemps detruit
Du froid hyver la poignante gelée,
Pour mieux brouter la fueille emmiellée,
Hors de son bois avec l'aube s'enfuit:
E seul, e seur, loin de chiens et de bruit,
Or sur un mont, or dans une valée,
Or près d'une onde à l'escart recelée,
Libre s'egaye où son pied le conduit:
De rets ne d'arcs sa liberté n'a crainte;
Sinon alors que sa vie est atteinte
D'un trait sanglant, que le tient en langeur.

Ainsi j'allois sans espoir de dommage,
Le jour qu'un oeil sur l'Avril de mon age
Tira d'un coup mille traits en mon coeur.

Si come suol, poi che'l verno aspro e rio,
Parte e da loco alle stagion migliori,
Uscir col giorno la cervetta fuori
Del suo dolce boschetto almo natio:
Ed or su per un colle, or lungo un rio
Lontana dalle case e dai pastori,
Gir secura pascendo erbetta e fiori
Ovunque più la porta il suo desio:
Ne teme di saetta o d'altro inganno,
Se non quand' ella è colta in mezzo il fianco
Da buon arcier che di nascosto scocchi.
Cosi senza temer futuro affanno
Moss' io, Donna, quel dì che bei vostri occhi
M' impiagar lasso tutto 'l lato manco.

As when fresh spring apparels wood and plain,
Forth from his native lair, a tender fawn
Issues alone and careless, if the dawn
Gin the grey east with flecker'd crimson stain;
And all unheeding of the hunter's train,
Wherever through his roving fancy drawn,
By lake or river, hill or flowery lawn,
Sports with light foot, and feeds and sports again;
Nor aught he fears from meshes or from bow,
Till to his liver a fleet arrow sped
Has pierced, and panting on the earth he lies:—

In my life's April thus wont I to go,
Of harm unfearing, where my fancy led,
Ere the dart reached me from her radiant eyes.

The hundred and sixty-second, to Baïf, proves his high esteem for that writer, whom we have seen so much disparaged.

Pendant, Baïf, que tu frapes au but
De la vertu, qui n'a point de seconde,
Et qu'a longs traits tu t'enyvres de l'onde,
Que l'Ascrean entre les Muses but;
Ici banni, ou le mont de Sabut
Charge de vins son epaule feconde,
Pensif, je voy la fuite vagabonde
Du Loir qui traine en la mer son tribut.
Ores un antre, ores un bois sauvage,
Ores me plait le secret d'un rivage,
Pour essayer de tromper mon ennui;
Mais je ne puis, quoique seul je me tienne,
Faire qu'Amour m'accompagnant ne vienne
Parler a moi, et moi toujours a lui.

The conclusion of this is from Petrarch:—

Ma pur si aspre vie e si selvagge
Cercar non sò, ch'Amor non venga sempre
Ragionando con meco, ed io con lui;

where the variety in the metre gives the Italian poet a striking advantage over Ronsard.

Baïf, who, second in our age to none,
Dost with free step to Virtue's summit mount,
While thou allay'st thine ardour at the fount
Of Ascra, where the Muses met their son;
An exile I, where sloping to the sun
Rich Sabut lifts his grape-empurpled mount
Am fain to waste mine hours, and pensive count
Loire's wand'ring waves as ocean-ward they run.
And oft, to shun my cares, the haunt I change;
Now linger in some nook the stream beside,
Now seek a wild wood, now a cavern dim.
But all avails not: whereso'er I range,
Love still attends, and ever at my side
Conversing with me walks, and I with him.

There is more nature and passion in the two hundred and fourteenth sonnet, which begins—

Quand je te voy, discourant à par toy,

than I have observed in any of the others.

The Second Book of his Amours, which contains, besides other short poems, eighty sonnets, is devoted to the praises of his Marie, the last thirteen being written after her death. It is confessedly in a more familiar style than the First Book; yet is filled with images drawn from the heathen mythology.

J'aime la fleur de Mars, j'aime la belle rose,
L'une qui est sacrée a Venus la deesse,
L'autre qui a le nom de ma belle Maistresse,
Pour qui troublé d'esprit en paix je ne repose.

J'aime trois oiselets, l'un qui sa plume arrose
De la pluye de May, et vers le ciel se dresse :
L'autre qui veuf au bois lamente sa destresse :
L'autre qui pour son fils mille versets compose.
J'aime un pin de Bourgueil, où Venus appendit
Ma jeune liberté, quand pris elle rendit
Mon coeur, que doucement un bel oeil emprisonne.
J'aime un beau laurier de Phebus l'arbrisseau,
Dont ma belle Maistresse, en pliant un rameau
Lié de ses cheveux, me fit un couronne.

Le Second Livre des Amours. Son. 28.

Two flowers I love, the March-flower and the rose,
The lovely rose that is to Venus dear,
The March-flower that of her the name doth bear,
Who will not leave my spirit in repose :
Three birds I love ; one, moist with May-dew, goes
To dry his feathers in the sun-shine clear ;
One for his mate laments throughout the year,
And for his child the other wails his woes :
And Bourgueil's pine I love, where Venus hung,
For a proud trophy on the darksome bough,
Ne'er since releas'd, my youthful liberty :
And Phœbus' tree love I, the laurel tree,
Of whose fair leaves, my mistress, when I sung,
Bound with her locks a garland for my brow.

In one of his odes (Book v. O. xi.) he again expresses his preference for these two flowers, the rose, and the violet, which he calls the flower of March, and supposes to bear the name of his Marie. That

the lark was his favourite bird, appears from a passage in his Gayetez :—

Alouette,
Ma doucelette mignolette,
Qui plus qu'un rossignol me plais
Qui chante en un bocage epais.

After a few sonnets and madrigals on another lady, whom he calls Astree, and of whom we are not told whether she was of the Queen Mother's choosing or his own, we proceed to his two books of sonnets on Helene. These are a hundred and forty-two in number. He begins with swearing to her by her brothers Castor and Pollux; by the vine that enlaced the elm; by the meadows and woods, then sprouting into verdure (it was the first day of May); by the young Spring, eldest son of Nature; by the crystal that rolled along the streams; and by the nightingale, the miracle of birds,—that she should be his last venture.

Ce premier jour de May, Helene je vous jure
Par Castor, par Pollux, vos deux freres jumeaux,
Par la vigne enlassée à l'entour des ormeaux,
Par les prez, par les bois herissez de verdure,
Par le nouveau printemps fils aisné de nature,
Par le crystal qui roule au giron des ruisseaux,
Et par le rossignol miracle des oiseaux,
Que seule vous serez ma derniere avanture.

Son. 1.

Whether she was so or not, does not, I think, appear; but it was full time, for he was about fifty years old. There is, however, another short book, entitled Amours Diverses; and besides this, a large gleaning of sonnets and odes, many of them on the same subject, which he did not think worth gathering; but which his editors were careful enough to pick up and store along with the rest. Amongst these are some, which for more reasons than one I cannot recommend to the notice of my reader. We will pass them, and go on to his odes.

These may be divided into two classes; some, in which he has imitated the ancients; and others, that are the offspring of his own feelings and fancy. In the former, unhappily the larger number, Anacreon, Pindar, Callimachus, Horace, are all laid under contribution by turns, and that with no sparing hand. It was in his ability to transfuse the spirit of the old Theban into Gallic song, or as he called it, to Pindarise, that he most prided himself, and it was here that he most egregiously failed.

Si dès mon enfance
Le premier en France
J'ai Pindarisé,
De telle entreprise
Heureusement prise
Je me voy prisé.

Nothing can well be more unlike the poet, whom he boasts to have introduced into his own language,* than this tripping measure. As for the music of Pindar, indeed, that was out of the question. It was not in the power of the French, nor perhaps of any other language, to return even a faint echo of it. But those who are acquainted with that poet, know that another of his distinctions consists, not only in the hardiness of his metaphors, but in the no less light than firm touch with which he handles them. One instance will be enough to show how ill Ronsard has represented this characteristic of his model. Pindar, speaking of a man who had not, through neglect or forgetfulness, his task to do when it ought to have been already done, says, that "he did not come, bringing with him Excuse, the daughter of Afterthought;" or literally, "of the late-minded Epimetheus."

* At the beginning of the next century, there was a translation of all Pindar into French, partly in prose and partly in verse. It is not mentioned by Heyne when he is recounting the versions that have been made of that writer; nor have I seen any notice of it elsewhere. I will add the title of the book, and a specimen of it, taken from the beginning, which will be enough to satisfy any reader's curiosity:—Le Pindare Thebain. Traduction meslee de vers et de prose. Par le Sieur Lagausie. 1626. 8vo. Paris. Chez Jean Laquehay.

Ὃς οὐ τὰν Ἐπιμαθέος
Ἄγων ὀψινόου θυγατέρα Πρόφασιν Βαττιδᾶν
Ἀφίκετο δόμους. Pyth. V. 38.

How has Ronsard contrived to spoil this in his application of it to the Constable Montmorency!

Qui seul mettoit en evidence
Les saints tresors de sa prudence,
Ne s'est jamais accompagné
Du sot enfant d'Epimethée,

OL. 1.

La force de chasque element
Paroit par leurs effects contraires,
Mais le moindre de l'eau surmonte absolument
Tous ceux de ses trois frères.
Parmy les differens metaux
Des thresors d'un superbe avare
L'esclat de l'or fait treuver faux
L'esclat des autres le plus rare,
Brillant contre eux comme un flambeau qui luit
Dans les tenebres de la nuict,
Si tant est que mon cœur se pique
De soin de descrire un combat
Dont tous les Grecs vont voir l'esbat,
Il faut parler de l'Olympique.
D'autant que comme on voit que l'astre du soleil
Allumant un beau jour a perruque espandue
Esclaire la vaste estendue
De l'air sans avoir son pareil.
Je ne sçaurois non plus treuver un tournay comparable à l'Olympique, &c.

Mais de celuy de Promethée,
Par longues ruses enseigné.
L. i. O. i. Strophe 6.

Another of Pindar's excellences are those γνῶμαι, sentences, or maxims, the effect of which results not more from their appositeness than their compression. One of these is, that "Envy is better than pity," κρέσσων γὰρ οἰκτιρμοῦ φθόνος which Ronsard has left indeed no longer one of the dark sayings of the wise, but has made almost ludicrous by the light in which he has placed it:—

C'est grand mal d'etre miserable,
Mais c'est grand bien d'etre envié.
L. i. O. x. Strophe 22.

Sometimes on Pindar's stock he engrafts a conceit, than which no fruit can be more alien to the parent tree. Thus, of a passage in the Second Pythian, v. 125 to 130, in which the Theban appears to intimate, as he does elsewhere more plainly, that he expects a reward for his song; Ronsard avails himself to tell his patron, that he shall see how liberally his praises will sound, if "a present gilds the chord,"

Prince je t'envoye cette ode,
Trafiquant mes vers à la mode
Que le marchand baille son bien,
Troque pour troq': toy qui es riche,
Toy Roy des biens, ne soit point chiche
De changer ton present au mien.

Ne te lasse point de donner,
Et tu verras comme j'accorde
L'honneur que je promets sonner,
Quand un present dore ma corde.
L. i. O. i. Antis. 8.

This is truly anti-pindaric.

Of that other class of odes, which appear more like the overflowings of his own mind, and which have a better chance of pleasing the English reader at least, I would point out the following:—in the first book, the seventeenth; in the second, the eleventh, to his preceptor Jean Dorat, and the eighteenth to his lacquey; in the third, the eighth to the Fountain Bellerie, the twenty-first to Gaspar D'Auvergne, and the two following it; in the fourth book, ode the fourth, on the choice of his burial-place, together with the eighteenth and nineteenth, which I subjoin with a translation; and in the fifth and last book, odes eleven and seventeen.

Dieu vous gard, messagers fidelles
Du printemps, vistes arondelles,
Hupes, cocus, rossignolets,
Tourtres, et vous oiseaux, sauvages,
Qui de cent sortes de ramages
Animez les bois verdelets.

Dieu vous gard, belles paquerettes,
Belles roses, belles fleurettes,
Et vous boutons jadis cognus

Du sang d'Ajax et de Narcisse:
Et vous thym, anis, et melisse,
Vous soyez les bien revenus.

Dieu vous gard, troupe diaprée
De papillons, qui par la prée
Les douces herbes suçotez;
Et vous nouvel essain d'abeilles,
Qui les fleurs jaunes et vermeilles
De votre bouche baisotez:

Cent mille fois je resalüe
Votre belle et douce venuë:
O que j'aime ceste saison,
Et ce doux caquet de rivages
Au prix des vents et des orages
Qui m'enfermoient en la maison.

L. iv. O. xviii.

God shield ye, heralds of the spring,
Ye faithful swallows fleet of wing,
Houps, cuckoos, nightingales,
Turtles, and every wilder bird,
That make your hundred chirpings heard
Through the green woods and dales.

God shield ye, Easter daisies all,
Fair roses, buds and blossoms small;
And ye, whom erst the gore
Of Ajax and Narciss did print,
Ye wild thyme, anise, balm, and mint,
I welcome ye once more.

God shield ye, bright embroider'd train
Of butterflies, that, on the plain,
  Of each sweet herblet sip;
And ye new swarm of bees that go
Where the pink flowers and yellow grow
  To kiss them with your lip.

A hundred thousand times I call—
A hearty welcome on ye all:
  This season how I love!
This merry din on every shore,
For winds and storms, whose sullen roar
  Forbade my steps to rove.

L. iv. O. xix.

Bel aubespin florissant,
  Verdissant
Le long de ce beau rivage,
Tu es vestu jusqu'au bas
  Des longs bras
D'une lambrunche sauvage.

Deux camps de rouges fourmis
  Se sont mis
En garnison sous ta souche:
Dans les pertuis de ton tronc
  Tout du long
Les avettes ont leur couche.

Le chantre rossignolet
  Nouvelet
Courtisant sa bien aimée,

Pour ses amours alleger
Vient loger
Tous les ans en ta ramée.

Sur ta cime il fait son ny
Tout uny
De mousse et de fine soye,
Ou ses petits esclorront
Qui seront
De mes mains la douce proye.

Or vy, gentil aubespin,
Vy sans fin,
Vy sans que jamais tonnere,
Ou la coignée, ou les vents,
Ou les temps
Te puissent ruer par terre.

Fair hawthorn flowering,
With green shade bowering
Along this lovely shore;
To thy foot around
With his long arms wound
A wild vine has mantled thee o'er.

In armies twain,
Red ants have ta'en
Their fortress beneath thy stock:
And, in clefts of thy trunk,
Tiny bees have sunk
A cell where their honey they lock.

In merry spring-tide,
When to woo his bride
The nightingale comes again,
Thy boughs among,
He warbles the song
That lightens a lover's pain.

'Mid thy topmost leaves,
His nest he weaves
Of moss and the satin fine,
Where his callow brood
Shall chirp at their food,
Secure from each hand but mine.

Gentle hawthorn, thrive,
And for ever alive
Mayst thou blossom as now in thy prime;
By the wind unbroke,
And the thunderstroke,
Unspoil'd by the axe or time.

In several of his odes there are passages of extraordinary splendour. What can exceed in magnificence this description of Jupiter coming in the form of a swan to Leda?

L'or sous la plume reluit
D'une semblable lumiere
Que le clair oeil de la nuit
Dessus la neige premiere:

Il fend le chemin des cieux
D'un long branle de ses ailes,
Et d'un voguer spatieux
Tire ses rames nouvelles.
L. iii. O. xx. *Premiere Pause.*

His plumes beneath are glittering bright
With such a golden glow,
As when the broad eye of the night
Is on the earliest snow.
He shaketh once his out-spread wing,
And cleaves the sky amain,
And at one stroke his new oars fling
The billowy air in twain.

One of his odes concludes with a wish, to the completion of which I would willingly contribute. After invoking the other heathen deities, he adds—

—— Vous dryades et vous fées
Qui de joncs simplement coifées
Nagez par le crystal des eaux,
Fendant des fleuves les entorses,
Et qui naissez sous les escorces,
Ames vertes des arbrisseaux;

Ornez ce livre de lierre,
Et bien loin au ciel, de la terre
S'il vous plait enlevez ma vois:
Et faites que tousiours ma lyre
D'âge en âge s'entende bruire
Du More jusques a l'Anglois.
L. iv. O. xv.

Ye dryads and ye fays that bind
Your brows with simple reed entwined;
Who down the crystal rivers swim,
Turning the bends with lithsome limb;
And ye, that in the green bark dwell,
Meek sisters of the quiet dell;

With ivy deck this favour'd page;
And let my lyre from age to age
Still echo on, in strains that rise
Above this mean earth to the skies,
Till at the world's extremest bounds,
The Moor and Briton learn the sounds.

The seventeenth ode of the same book is prettily rendered from the well-known idyllium, whether it be Moschus's or Bion's, which begins—

"Εσπερε, τᾶς ἐρατᾶς χρύσεον φάος Ἀφρογενείας.

Ronsard's version of it much excels that by Claudio Tolommei, inserted by Mr. Mathias in his selections from the Lyrical Poets of Italy, V. iii. p. 227. There have been several attempts to imitate it in our own language. I will not now add another to the number.

The third ode of the fifth book is addressed to three English ladies, who had composed a book of Christian Distichs in Latin; which it is said in a note by Richelet, had been translated into Greek, Italian, and French, and inscribed to Margaret, sister

to Henry II.; as Michel de L'Hôpital had remarked in his Third Epistle.

The eleventh and twelfth odes are attempts at the Sapphic measure. One, and I believe one only, is in blank verse. It is the eleventh in the third book.

It is wonderful how much learning and pains his commentators have thrown away on these poems. Nothing can more prove the high esteem in which they were then held.

His Franciade succeeds next. The death of his patron Charles IX. discouraged him from continuing it, and he has left only four books, which, like most of his other writings, are composed of shreds of the Greek and Latin poets, but with some splendid patches of his own interspersed among them.

At the end of the fourth book, he has very candidly added this confession:—

> Les Francois qui mes vers liront,
> S'ils ne sont et Grecs et Romains,
> En lieu de ce livre ils n'auront
> Qu'un pesant faix entre les mains.

"The Frenchmen, who shall read my verses, if they be not Greeks and Romans too, instead of this book will have but a cumbersome weight in their hands."

The hero Francus was the same person with Astyanax, and is said to have derived his new name

from the Greek compound epithet Pheréenchos, Porte-lance.

All this affectation of antiquity is not very consistent with the anger expressed in his Preface against those, who, neglecting their vernacular tongues, composed in the Greek and Latin. "Encore vaudoit-il mieux, comme un bon bourgeois ou citoyen, rechercher et faire un lexicon des viels mots d'Artus, Lancelot, et Gauain, ou commenter le Romant de la Rose, que s'amuser à je ne sçai quelle grammaire Latine qui a passé son temps." "It would be better, like some good burgess or citizen, to search for and make a lexicon of old words from Arthur, Lancelot, or Gawen, or to write notes on the Romant of the Rose, than to amuse oneself with I know not what Latin grammar, that is now completely out of date."

There is nothing in the Franciade with which I have been so much pleased as with the meeting between Francus and Hyante. It is copied from Apollonius Rhodius and Valerius Flaccus, but surpasses both.

Ils sont long temps sans deviser ensemble
Tous deux muets l'un devant l'autre assis:
Ainsi qu'on voit, quand l'air est bien rassis,
Deux pins plantez aux deux bords du rivage,
Ne remuer ny cime ny fueillage,
Cois et sans bruit en attendant le vent;
Mais quand il souffle et les pousse en avant,

L'un pres de l'autre en murmurant se jettent
Cime sur cime, et ensemble caquettent.
Ainsi devoient babiller à leur tour
Ces deux Amans. L. iv.

Between Charles IX. and Ronsard there passed some pleasant verses. The monarch bantered him on his old age, but concluded by owning his own inferiority in the gifts of mind.

Par ainsi je conclu, qu'en sçavoir tu me passe,
Dautant que mon printemps tes cheveux gris efface.

The poet replied, by reminding him, that he must some day be like himself.

Charles tel que je suis vous serez quelque jour,—

that youth is the season of danger and temptation, and that old age has many advantages over it; that the King was wrong to call him old, for that he should yet be able to serve his Majesty at least twenty years longer. He ended by a courteous avowal, that if Charles would but take a little pains, he might be as good a poet as himself.

To the succeeding monarch, Henry III. he was not sparing of good advice.

Vous ne venez en France à passer une mer
Qui soit tranquille et calme et bonasse a ramer.
Elle est du haut en bas de factions enflée,
Et de religions diversement soufflée;

Elle a le coeur mutin, toutes fois il ne faut
D'un baton violent corriger son defaut.
Il faut avec le temps en son sens la reduire:
D'un chatiment forcé le mechant devient pire.
Il faut un bon timon pour se sçavoir guider,
Bien calfeutrer sa nef, sa voile bien guinder:
La certaine boussole est d'adoucir les tailles,
Estre amateur de paix, et non pas de batailles,
Avoir un bon conseil, sa justice ordonner,
Payer ses creanciers, jamais ne maçonner,
Etre sobre en habits, etre prince accointable,
Et n'ouir ni flateurs ni menteurs à la table.

Le Bocage Royal, p. 691.*

Think not in France, thy voyage, King, shall be
O'er the smooth face of an unruffled sea:
O'er her swoln waves the blasts of faction sweep,
And warring zealots lash the angry deep.
Her heart is stubborn. But thou must not goad
Her rage, or think to tame her by the rod.
Time's lenient hand her senses will restore:
Chastise the furious, and they storm the more.
Be these thy cards and compass—to make light
The people's burdens, and to rule by right;
For the state's welfare all thy plans to frame,
War thine aversion, peace thy love and aim;
To chuse for council men most sage and skill'd;
To pay thy creditors, nor ever build;

* This reference is to Claude Binet's folio edition; but I did not make a memorandum of the year.

Grave in apparel, faithful to thy word;
Nor suffer, though a free and courteous lord,
One sycophant or lyar at thy board.

He earnestly exhorted Charles IX. to deliver the Greeks from the tyranny of their Turkish masters:—

Bref cette Grece, oeil du monde habitable,
Qui n'eut jamais ny aura de semblable,
Demande, helas! votre bras tres-Chrestien
Pour de son col desserrer le lien,
Lien barbare, impitoyable, et rude. Ibid. p. 713.

Grecia, the world's fair light, that on this earth
Ne'er had, nor e'er will have, her like in worth,
Demands thine arm of Christian Majesty,
To set her neck from this base bondage free.

In his verses to Queen Elizabeth he describes England; and having said that Bacchus alone of the Gods had denied it his gifts, he passes an encomium on its native liquor, which would lead one to conclude that the bard had enjoyed his cup of mild ale in this country, as much as he did the bottle of wine that was brought to him from the nearest village, under a hawthorn tree, in his own.

Mais quelque jour Cerés la vagabonde
Ayant tourné les quatres parts du monde,
Cherchant sa fille a travers des humains,
Tenant deux pins allumez en ses mains,

Doit arriver lassée a ton rivage,
Qui pour du vin te doit faire un breuvage
Non corrosif ni violent ni fort,
Trouble-cerveau ministre de la mort,
Mais innocent a la province Angloise,
Et de Cerés sera nommée cervoise,
Qui se pourra si gracieux trouver,
Que tes voisins s'en voudront abreuver.

Ibid. p. 716.

When Ceres o'er the world's four parts had stray'd,
Seeking in every clime the ravish'd maid;
She, while her hands two piny torch-lights bore,
Came faint and weary to thy distant shore.
A beverage then instead of wine she gave
In golden plenty o'er thy fields to wave;
Not violent or strong; nor apt to fire
The troubled brain, and deathful deeds inspire.
Named from herself, as the fair harvest grew,
She call'd its smiling produce mild cwrw.*
The neighbours quaff the novel cups with glee,
And social share the harmless jollity.

In his verses to Catherine de' Medici, he tells her that Nature after making her had broken the mould.

Elle en rompit le moule, à fin que sans pareille
Tu fusses ici-bas du monde la merveille.

Ibid. p. 731.

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* The British name for ale, pronounced cooroo.

The Bocage Royal is followed by the Eclogues. At the beginning of the first he commends the beauty of nature unadorned and wild, beyond all the embellishments of art.

Car tousiours la nature est meilleure que l'art.

Among the other sovereigns of Europe, he eulogizes Elizabeth and Mary.

Passant d'autre coté j'allois voir les Anglois,
Region opposée au rivage Gaulois;
Je vy leur grande mer en vagues fluctueuse;
Je vy leur belle Royne honneste et vertueuse:
Autour de son palais je vy ces grands milords,
Accorts, beaux et courtois, magnanimes et forts,
Je les vy tous aimer la France leur voisine,
Je les vy reverer Carlin et Catherine;
Ayant juré la paix, et jetté bien-avant
La querelle ancienne aux vagues et au vent.
Je vy des Escossois la Royne sage et belle,
Qui de corps et d'esprits ressemble une immortelle:
J'approchay de ses yeux, mais bien de deux soleils,
Deux soleils de beauté, qui n'ont point leurs pareils:
Je les vy larmoyer d'une claire rosée,
Je vy d'un clair crystal sa paupiere arrosée,
Se souvenant de France, et du sceptre laissé,
Et de son premier feu comme un songe passé.
Qui voiroit en la mer ces deux Roynes, fameuses
En beauté, traverser les vagues escumeuses,
Certes on les diroit a bien les regarder,
Deux Venus qui voudroient en Cythere aborder.

Eclogue Premiere, p. 797.

Next pass'd I to the British nation o'er,
A land right opposite to Gallia's shore,
I saw the wild waves of their ocean-flood;
I saw their chaste Queen, beautiful and good.
Her palace with great lords was throng'd about,
Fair, courteous, wise, magnanimous, and stout.
I saw them cordially to France inclined;
Our ancient feuds delivered to the wind;
For they had vow'd—henceforth with heart sincere,
To love her people, and her kings revere.
I saw the Scottish Queen, so fair and wise,
She seem'd some power descended from the skies.
Near to her eyes I drew: two burning spheres
They were, two suns of beauty, without peers.
I saw them dimm'd with dewy moisture clear,
And trembling on their lids a crystal tear;
Remembering France, her sceptre, and the day
When her first love pass'd like a dream away.
Whoe'er should mark the two Queens in their pride
Of beauty, traversing the foamy tide,—
Would surely say, in wonder lost the while,
Two Venuses approach their favourite isle.

In the third Eclogue we have the chief poets of his day, under the names of shepherds. Bellot is Bellay; and Perrot, Ronsard himself; Janot is Jean Dorat; Micheau, Michel de l'Hôpital; Lancelot, Lancelot Carles, a great poet, says the annotator Marcassus; and Bellin, Belleau.

In the fourth Eclogue, some of these appear again.

In the fifth we have the two royal brothers, Charles IX. and Henry III. as shepherds, with the names of Carlin and Xandrin.

In the second of the Elegies, Ronsard warns his friend Philippe Desportes against harassing his mind with too much study.

After the Elegies come two books of Hymns. Towards the end of the third, in the first book, he has made bad work of the story of the Gemini and Idas, which is so beautifully told in Pindar. The seventh, entitled Daimons, is a curious collection of the superstitions that prevailed in his time respecting spirits. Book ii. Hymn ii. he runs a strange parallel between Hercules and Jesus Christ. Hymn xiii. of the Husbandmen to Saint Blaise, is exceedingly pretty.

The first book of Poems which is next in order, is inscribed to Mary Stewart, whose captivity he deplores, and blames the cruelty of Elizabeth. In the second poem to her (p. 1174), he represents her leaving Fontainbleau to return to Scotland. In describing the colour of her eyes, which he calls "un peu brunet," he says—

> Aussi les Grecs en amour les premiers
> Ont à Pallas Déesse des guerriers
> Donné l'oeil verd, et le brun a Cythere.

There is a great deal of heart in these verses to the unhappy Queen of the Scots. Saying, that she some-

times chuses some of his own poems for her reading, he adds—

Car je ne veux en ce monde choisir
Plus grand honneur que vous donner plaisir.

"I would not chuse in this world a greater honour than to give you pleasure."

And towards the conclusion of this Envoy, as it is called—

Elle courtoise, O livre glorieux,
Te recevant d'un visage joyeux,
Et te tendant le main de bonne sorte,
Te demandra comme Ronsard se porte,
Que c'est qu'il fait, ce qu'il dit, ce qu'il est:
Tu lui diras, qu'icy tout luy desplait, &c. P. 1176.

"She, courteous as she is, O glorious book, receiving thee with joyful face, and stretching out her hand to thee kindly, will ask thee how Ronsard is, what he is doing, what he is saying, what his present state is: thou shalt say to her, that there is nothing here which gives him pleasure, &c."

We cannot leave Ronsard more honourably employed, than in thus endeavouring to alleviate the sufferings of an oppressed, and perhaps an innocent woman.

ESTIENNE JODELLE.

THE first of the French poets who made a figure in tragedy, was Estienne Jodelle. He was the intimate of Ronsard, and had a place in the French Pleiad. His Cleopatre, which was performed in the presence of Henry II. and his court, pleased that monarch so well, that he immediately made the author a present of five hundred crowns. On this occasion, a he-goat crowned with ivy, his beard and horns gilded, was led in mock procession to Bacchus; and the sacrifice accompanied by a dithyrambic effusion from the muse of Jan Antoine de Baïf; all this to the great scandal of the reformers. At the opening of this play, the ghost of Anthony appears, and ushers in the argument in the same manner as the ghost of Polydorus does in the Hecuba of Euripides, and that of Ninus in the Semiramis of Manfredi and of Voltaire. Cleopatra then enters with Eras and Charmium, and tells them that she has seen Anthony in a dream, and that he calls her to follow him. She declares her resolution to die rather than be led in triumph by Octavius Cæsar. The other dramatis personæ are Octavius, Agrippa, Proculeius, and a chorus of Alexandrian women. Octavius expostulates with her for her conduct towards Octavia, the wife of

Anthony. Cleopatra endeavours to appease him, by discovering to him her treasures. Seleucus, one of her vassals, who is present, declares she has not shewn the whole of them, on which the Queen cuffs and drags him by the hair, and he flies to Octavius for protection. The indignation expressed by Cleopatra to Eras and Charmium against Octavius when he is gone out; her resolution to die, again repeated; her lamentation over Anthony; and the account given by Proculeius of her death, make up the rest of this tragedy.

I shall extract a short passage descriptive of her sorrow and despair.

Eras.

Ha mort, o douce mort, mort seule guarison
Des esprits oppressez d'une estrange prison,
Pourquoi souffres tu tant à tes droits faire tort?
T'avons nous fait offense, o douce et douce mort?
Pourquoy n'approches tu, o Parque trop tardive?
Pourquoy veux tu souffrir ceste bande captive,
Qui n'aura pas plustost le don de liberté,
Que cet esprit ne soit par ton dard ecarté?
Haste doncq haste toy, vanter tu te pourras
Que mesme sus Cesar une despouille auras:

* * * *

Cleopatre.

Mourrons donc cheres soeurs, ayant plustost ce coeur
De servir a Pluton qu'à Cesar mon vainqueur,

Mais avant que mourir faire il nous conviendra
Les obseques d'Antoine, et puis mourir faudra;
Je l'ay tantost mandé a Cesar, qui veult bien
Que Monseigneur j'honore, helas! et l'ami mien.
Abbaisse toy donc ciel, et avant que je meure
Viens voir le dernier dueil qu'il faut faire a ceste heure:
Peutestre tu seras marry de m'estre tel,
Te faschant de mon deuil estrangement mortel.
Allons donc cheres soeurs; de pleurs, de cris, de larmes,
Venons nous affoiblir, à fin qu'en ses alarmes
Nostre voisine mort nous soit ores moins dure,
Quand aurons demi fait aux esprits ouverture. F. 245.

Eras.

Ha death! O, gentle death; death, only cure
Of spirits sunk in a strange prison-house;
Why sufferest thou thy rights thus trampled on?
Say, have we wrong'd thee, gentle, gentle death?
Why hastest not thy step, O lingering Fate?
Why wilt thou bear the durance of this bond,
Which shall not know the boon of freedom, till
This spirit be deliver'd by thy dart?
Speed then, oh speed thee: thou shalt have to boast
That thou hast e'en from Cæsar won a spoil.

* * * *

Cleopatra.

Let us then die, sweet sisters; having rather
The courage to serve Pluto than this Cæsar;
But ere we die, it doth behove us make
The obsequies of Anthony; and then to die

Becomes us. I've sent word hereof but now
To Cæsar, who consents that I should honour
My master and—ah me! my lover thus.
Stoop then, O heaven, and ere I die come see
This the last mourning I shall ever make.
Perhaps 'twill grieve thee to have dealt thus with me,
Repenting thee of such strange mortal sorrow.
Come then, sweet sisters ; wailings, groans, and tears,
Shall weaken us so much, that at the last
Death will no longer scare us when we've made
An opening for our spirits half way to meet him.

There is in Maffei's collection an Italian tragedy on the same subject, by the Cardinal Delfino. It is full of moral reflections, and the choruses have nothing to do with the business of the piece. Yet there is some pathos in the description of Cleopatra's death.

In the Didon, Jodelle's other tragedy, (which is written in the Alexandrine measure,) the speeches are long, and often tedious; but there is more of what we should call poetry in it than in the tragedies of Corneille and Racine, or than in the Didon of Le Franc de Pompignan, who is one of the best of that school.

La Didone and la Cleopatra occur in the catalogue of tragedies written by Giambattista Giraldi Cinthio, to whose novels Shakspeare has been so much in-

debted. He was contemporary with Jodelle, having been born in 1504, and deceased in 1569.

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Of thee, whom still I worship night and day.
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Les larmes luy tombent des yeux.
Et bien que pitié presqu'il face,
Si faut-il que de telle chasse
Sa mort soit le pris glorieux.

La mort du cerf se sonne, alors
Les monts, les vaux et les bois rendent
Les bruyans et hautains accors,
Que les trompes dans l'air espandent,
On coupe et leve un des pieds droits,
On abat l'orgueil de sa teste,
Qui sont (Sire) de ta conqueste
Les enseignes et premiers droits. F. 296.

Now at his haunch the fleet hound hangs,
Now on the earth behold him lie:
They tear him with relentless fangs,
Rejoicing in their victory.
Big drops are falling from his eyes;
And though well nigh we mourn his case,
Behoveth that of such a chase
His death must be the glorious prize.

The stag's death-note is sounded: then
From mountain, valley, rock, and glen,
Loud peals in thundering echoes sound,
Which the raised clarions scatter round.
One of his right feet shorn away,
The antlers from his forehead torn,
Meet ensigns, Sire, thy pomp adorn;
Thy trophies in the bloody fray.

From this poem most of the terms used in hunting and falconry might probably be collected.

Tous les mots de venerie,
Ou d'autres chasses, soit pour voir,
Pour quester, pour poursuivre, ou prendre,
Et que nul vers ne peut comprendre,
Sont pris la pour un grand scavoir.
F. 298.

All words of venery,
Or what to other sports belong,
Whether of sight, or quest, or chase,
Or taking after weary race,
All that may not be told in song,
Are there esteem'd a goodly lore.

Jodelle was born at Paris in 1532, and died in a state of poverty, occasioned, I doubt, by his own indiscretion, in 1573. The edition of his works, to which the above references have been made, is entitled, Les Oeuvres et Meslanges Poetiques d'Estienne Jodelle, Sieur du Lymodin. A Paris, chez Nicholas Chesneau, rue sainct Jaques, à l'enseigne du Chesne verd, et Mamert Patisson, rue sainct Jean de Beauvais devant les escholes de Decret. 1574.

PHILIPPE DESPORTES.

Boileau, in the first canto of his Art Poetique, has drawn a slight and rapid sketch of the progress which the French poetry had made before his own time. To Villon he attributes the first improvement on the confusion and grossness of the old romancers. Soon after, Marot succeeded; and under his hands flourished the ballad, triolet, and mascarade; the rondeau assumed a more regular form, and a new mode of versifying was struck out. Ronsard next embroiled every thing by his ill-directed efforts to reduce the art into order. In the next generation, his Muse, who had spoken Greek and Latin in French, saw her high-swelling words and her pedantry fallen into disesteem; and the failure of the boastful bard rendered Desportes and Bertaut more cautious.

> Ce poëte orgueilleux trébuché de si haut
> Rendit plus retenus Desportes et Bertaut.

Boileau would have done well to temper the severity of this censure on Ronsard, who had more genius than himself. There is, however, some truth in what he has said of Desportes and Bertaut. They are much less bold than their predecessor; nor is it unlikely that the excesses into which he had run might have increased their natural timidity; though it will

be seen, that the latter of these two writers, especially, held him in the utmost veneration. They both in a great measure desisted from the attempt made by those who had gone before them, to separate the language of poetry from that of prose, not more by its numbers than by the form and mould of its phrases and words; and although they were not ambitious of that extreme purity and refinement, which Malherbe afterwards effected, and on which his countrymen have since so much prided themselves, yet by their sparing use of the old licenses, they made the transition less difficult than it would otherwise have been.

Of the works of Desportes, printed at Rouen in 1611, a few years after his death, a large proportion consists of sonnets. They amount all together to about four hundred in number, and turn for the most part on the subject of love. The following bears some resemblance to an exquisite song of Mrs. Barbauld's, beginning—

Come here, fond youth, whoe'er thou be,
That boasts to love as well as me.

Si c'est aimer que porter bas la veuë,
Que parler bas, que soupirer souvant,
Que s'égarer solitaire en revant
Brûlé d'un feu qui point ne diminuë,
Si c'est aimer que de peindre en la nuë,
Semer sur l'eau, jetter ses cris au vant,

Chercher la nuit par le soleil levant
Et le soleil quand la nuit est venuë.
Si c'est aimer que de ne s'aimer pas,
Haïr sa vie, embrasser son trespas,
Tous les amours sont campés en mon ame.
Mais nonobstant si puis je me louer
Qu'il n'est prison, ni torture, ni flame,
Qui mes desirs me sçeust faire avouer.
Diane, Sonnet xxix. p. 23.

If this be love, to bend on earth the sight,
To speak in whisper'd sounds, and often sigh,
To wander lonely with an inward eye
Fix'd on the fire that ceaseth day nor night,
To paint on clouds in fitting colours bright,
To sow on waves, and to the winds to cry,
To look for darkness when the light is high,
And when the darkness comes, to look for light:
If this be love, to love oneself no more,
To loathe one's life, and for one's death implore;
Then all the loves do in my bosom dwell.
Yet herein merit for myself I claim,
That neither racks, imprisonment, nor flame,
Avowal of my passion can compel.

The invitation to a weary traveller, in another of his sonnets, is unusually elegant:—

Cette fontaine si froide, et son eau doux-coulante
A la couleur d'argent semble parler d'amour;
Un herbage mollet reverdit tout autour,
Et les aunes font ombre à la chaleur brulante:

Le fueillage obeit à zephir qui l'evante
Soupirant amoureux en ce plaisant sejour:
Le soleil clair de flamme est au milieu du jour,
Et la terre se fend de l'ardeur violante.
Passant par le travail du long chemin lassé,
Brûlé de la chaleur, et de la soif pressé,
Arreste en cette place où ton bonheur te maine.
L'agreable repos ton corps délassera,
L'ombrage et le vent frais ton ardeur chassera,
Et ta soif se perdra dans l'eau de la fontaine.

Bergeries, p. 595.

This cool spring, and its waters silver-clean,
In gentle murmurs seem to tell of love;
And all about the grass is soft and green;
And the close alders weave their shade above;
The sidelong branches to each other lean,
And as the west-wind fans them, scarcely move;
The sun is high in mid-day splendour sheen,
And heat has parch'd the earth and soil'd the grove.
Stay, traveller, and rest thy limbs awhile,
Faint with the thirst, and worn with heat and toil;
Where thy good fortune brings thee, traveller, stay.
Rest to thy wearied limbs will here be sweet,
The wind and shade refresh thee from the heat,
And the cool fountain chase thy thirst away.

The character of ease and sweetness, which he maintains in such verses as these, is often deserted for quaintness and conceit. At times, indeed, he is most extravagant, as in Sonnet lxi. where he tells his

mistress that they shall both go to the infernal regions,—she for her rigour, and himself for having foolishly followed his desires; that, provided Minos adjudges them to the same place, all will be well,—her suffering will be exasperated by their being near to each other, and his will be turned into joy by the sight of her charms.

Car mon ame ravie en l'objet de vos yeux,
Au milieu des enfers establira les cieux,
De la gloire eternelle abondamment pourveuë:
Et quand tous les damnez si voudront émouvoir
Pour empescher ma gloire, ils n'auront le pouvoir
Pourveu qu'estant là bas je ne perde la veuë.

In another place (Diane, L. 2, S. xlviii. p. 137) he has the same thought of their being both condemned, but draws a different conclusion from it.

In the Chant d'Amour, (p. 66,) there is a mixture of metaphysics and allegory, such as we sometimes meet in Spenser, and that would not have disgraced that writer.

La Grace quand tu marche est tousiours au devant,
La Volupté mignarde en chantant t'environne;
Et le Soing devorant qui les hommes tallonne,
Quand il te sent venir s'enfuit comme le vent.

Grace, whereso'er thou walkest, still precedes;
A lively carol, Pleasure round thee leads;
And Care, the harpy, that makes men his prey,
Flees at thy coming like the wind away.

In his Procez contre Amour au Siege de la Raison. (p. 70,) he introduces himself pleading at the bar of Reason against Love, who refutes the poet's charges with much eloquence.

Je l'ay fait ennemy du tumulte des villes,
J'ai repurgé son coeur d'affections serviles,
Compagnon de ces dieux qui sont parmi les bois,
J'ai chassé loin de luy l'ardante convoitise,
L'Orgueil, l'Ambition, l'Envie, et la Feintise,
Cruels bourreaux de ceux qui font la cour aux rois.

. . . . . .

Je luy ay fait dresser et la veuë et les ailes
Au bien-heureux sejour des choses immortelles,
Je l'ay tenu captif pour le rendre plus franc.

I made him from the city's crowd retire,
I cleansed his bosom from each low desire,
Companion of the sylvan deities;
I chased the fiend Ambition from his side,
With Guile and Envy, Avarice and Pride,
That rack the courts of kings in cruel wise.

. . . . . .

I bade him raise his view and prune his wings
For the blest dwelling of immortal things;
I prisoner held the more to make him free.

The conclusion is equally unexpected and sprightly :—

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Sa mort soit le pris glorieux.

The thoughts of men, they still resemble
The air, the winds, the changeful year,
And the light vanes that ever veer
On our house-tops, and veering tremble.
Their love no stay or firmness hath,
No more than billows of the sea,
That roar, and run, and in their wrath
Torment themselves continually.

His verses on Marriage, and his Adieu to Poland, prove that he could be at times sarcastic.

At p. 596, we find a sonnet on the Bergerie of Remy Belleau; and at p. 631, another on the death of the same poet.

There are commendatory verses on Desportes himself, by the Cardinal du Perron at p. 243, and by Bertaut at p. 306; and in one of the elegies to his memory, at the end of this volume, with the signature, J. de Montereul, (of whom I find no mention elsewhere,) he is thus described:—

Il estoit franc, ouvert, bon, liberal, et doux;
Des Muses le sejour, sa table ouverte a tous
Chacun jour se bordoit d'une sçavante trope
Des plus rares esprits, l'eslite de l'Europe.

Open he was, frank, liberal, and kind;
And at his table, every Muse combined
To greet all comers, and each day did sit
Those throughout Europe famousest for wit.

Philippe Desportes was born at Chartres, in 1546; and died at his Abbey of Bonport, in Normandy, on the fifth of October, 1606. Charles IX. presented him with eight thousand crowns for his poem of Rodomont; and for one of his sonnets, he was remunerated with the Abbey of Tiron. It was a piping time for the Muses. Of the wealth, which thus flowed in upon him, he was as generous as his eulogist has described him. Almost all the contemporary poets were his friends; and those amongst them who stood in need of his assistance, did not seek it in vain.

JEAN BERTAUT.

The edition of Bertaut's poems, which I met with in the old French library, was entitled, Recueil des Oeuvres Poetiques de J. Bertaut, Abbé d'Aunay, et premier Aumonier de la Royne. Seconde edition. Paris, 1605. The reader will not expect much imagination in copies of verses written on such subjects as The Conversion of the King, The Reduction of Amiens, A Discourse presented to the King on his going to Picardy to fight against the Spaniard, A Discourse to the King on the Conference held at Fontainebleau; and there is about as much poetry in them as in those by Waller, Dryden, and Addison,

on similar occasions. The poem on the death of Ronsard, (though it has much mythological trifling about Proteus, and Nereus, and Thetis, and Jupiter, and Mercury in the shape of the Cardinal du Perron) becomes exceedingly interesting towards the conclusion, where Bertaut expresses his affection for the departed poet, and the zeal which he had early felt to imitate him:—

Je n'avois pas seize ans quand la premiere flame
Dont la Muse m'eprit s'alluma dans mon ame:
Car deslors un desir d'eviter le trespas
M'excita de te suivre et marcher en tes pas;
Me rendit d'un humeur pensive et solitaire,
Et fist qu'en dedaignant les soucis du vulgaire,
Mon âge que fleury ne faisoit qu'arriver
Aux mois de son printemps desir tint de l'Hyver.
Depuis venant à voir les beaux vers de Desportes,
Que l'Amour et la Muse ornerent en tant de sortes,
Ce desir s'augmenta, mon ame presumant
D'aller facilement sa douceur exprimant.
Fol qui n'advisay pas que la divine grace
Qui va cachant son art d'un art qui tout surpasse,
N'a rien si difficile à se voir exprimer
Que la facilité qui le fait estimer!
Lors à toy revenant, et croyant que la peine
De t'oser imiter ne seroit pas si vaine,
Je te prins pour patron, mais je peu moins encor
Avec mes vers de cuivre egaler les tiens d'or.

Si bien que pour jamais ma simple outrecuidance,
En gardant son desir, perdit son esperance.
Alors vos escrits seuls me chargerent les mains :
Seuls je vous estimay l'ornement des humains :
A toute heure, en tous lieux, je senty vostre image
Devant mes yeux errante exciter mon courage :
Je reveray vos noms, reveray vos hostels,
Comme les temples saints vouez aux immortels,
Voyant la palme Grecque en vos mains reverdie :
Bref je vous adoray (s'il faut qu'ainsi je die) ;
Tant de vostre eloquence enchanté je devins,
Comme des dieux humains ou des hommes divins.
Il est vrai que l'eclair de la vive lumiere
Qu'espandoit vostre gloire en ma foible paupiere,
M'ebloüissant la veue au lieu de m'eclairer,
M'eust fait de vostre suite à la fin retirer,
Rebuté pour jamais des rives de Permesse,
Si de mon jeune espoir confirmant la promesse,
Vous n'eussiez mon courage à poursuivre incité,
Me redonnant le coeur que vous m'aviez osté.
Toy principalement belle e genereuse ame,
Dont le juste regret tout le coeur nous entame,
Qui voyant mon destin me vouer aux neuf soeurs,
Me promis quelques fruits de mes premieres fleurs,
M'excitas de monter apres toy sur Parnasse,
Et m'en donnas l'exemple aussi bien que l'audace,
Me disant que Clion m'apperceut d'un bon oeil,
Lors que mon premier jour veit les rais du soleil :
Qu'il me falloit oser, que pour longuement vivre,
Il falloit longuement mourir dessus le livre :

Et que j'aurois du nom, si sans estre estonné
Je l'allois poursuivant d'un labeur obstiné.
Veuillent les cieux amis, ô l'honneur de nostre age,
Rendre l'evenement conforme à ton presage ;
Et ne permittent point que j'aye acquis en vain
L'heur d'avoir veu ta face, et touché dans ta main.
Cependant prens en gré, si rien de nous t'agrée,
Ces pleurs, qu'au lieu des fleurs, ou qu'au lieu d'eau sacrée,
Avec toute la France atteins d'un juste deuil,
Nous versons sur ta tombe et de l'ame et de l'oeil.

Scarce sixteen years I number'd when my breast
Was with the sacred love of song possest;
A common doom so early I eschew'd,
And on thy steps immortal fame pursued.
Long ere my prime had ripen'd into man,
From vulgar cares with proud contempt I ran;
Mine hours in pensive solitude were past,
And my first spring a wint'ry cloud o'ercast:
When, so it chanced, I lighten'd on the strain
Where mild Desportes essay'd his happy vein.
Love and the Muse with such a native grace
Endued his numbers, that I thought to trace
A copy of them in my simple lore.
Fond that I was, who had not learn'd before
How difficult by arts like his to please,
Nor aught less easy than that seeming ease.

Once more to thee I turn'd, and thought my pain
In imitating thee would prove less vain;

But still more desperate th' attempt to mould
Verses in brass should equal thine of gold;
So that for ever my o'erweening skill
Had lost the hope, though it preserved the will.
Then with no books but thine my hands were fraught;
Thee the sole boast of human kind I thought;
Thine image in all places, at all hours,
Hovering before me, raised my drooping powers.
Thy name I honour'd, thy abode revered,
Like holy temples to the immortals rear'd,
Beholding Grecia's palm once more expand
Her sacred blossoms, foster'd by thy hand.
Briefly (if I may speak so bold a word)
Thou wert become mine idol: I adored,
And in my heart thine eloquence enshrined,
Like to the Gods, or godlike of mankind.

True is, the blaze of that exceeding light,
Flash'd from thy glory on my aching sight,
Its feeble nerve o'erpowering by the ray,
Which less illumined than confused the way,
Had made me from thy train at last elope,
Scared from Parnassus; if, the youthful hope
To follow, thou hadst not inspired again,
Giving me back the courage thou had'st ta'en.

Thou chiefly, noble spirit, for whose loss
Just grief and mourning all our hearts engross,
Who seeing me devoted to the Nine,
Didst hope some fruitage from those buds of mine;

Thou didst excite me after thee t'ascend
The Muses' sacred hill; nor only lend
Example, but inspirit me to reach
The far-off summit by thy friendly speech:
Clio, thou saidst, when first my breath I drew,
Had on my cradle cast a favouring view:
That if I look'd to shun the grasp of Death,
I should be daring, and expend my breath
On outspread volumes: so would fair renown,
By hard exertion won, at last my labours crown.

May gracious Heaven, O! honour of our age,
Make the conclusion answer thy presage:
Nor let it only for vain fortune stand
That I have seen thy visage—touch'd thy hand.

Meanwhile accept, if aught thou deign of ours,
These tears of anguish, which, instead of flowers,
Instead of hallow'd streams thine urn to lave,
We with all France are pouring on thy grave.

This warm and affectionate admiration of the two poets who then divided the homage of their countrymen, Ronsard and Desportes, does great credit to Bertaut. His hope of being easily able to imitate the sweetness of the latter, his failure in the attempt, —his then turning to Ronsard as his model,—the encouragement given to him by both, and the devotedness and reverence with which he regarded every thing that related to men who in his estimation were

of so great importance,—all this is told with an earnestness which makes it impossible to doubt its truth.

There is not one other of his sonnets in the first volume that is expressed with so much nature and grace as the following:—

Au Monseigneur le Cardinal de Bourbon, au Nom des Habitans de Bourgueil.

Vous voyant habiter de terres desolees
Où tout est par le feu destruit et saccagé,
De soucis combatu, de perils assiegé,
Passant mesme les nuits de soin entremeslees;
Nous cueillons à regrets par ces fresches vallees
Les fruits delicieux dont leur flanc est chargé,
Et de ces beaux jardins ou Zephyre est logé,
Nous foulons à regrets les plaisantes allees.
Non qu'estant devenus de nous-mesme ennemis,
Nous ayons en horreurs les delices permis,
Dont entre tant de maux le bien nous daigne suivre;
Mais un public ennuy dedans l'ame nous poind,
Voyant que loin d'icy vous ne jouissez point
De l'aise et du repos ou vous nous faites vivre.

To my Lord the Cardinal of Bourbon, in the name of the Inhabitants of Bourgueil.

Whilst we behold thee sojourn in a land,
Whose breast the track of livid fire hath scored,

Compass'd about with perils and the sword,
Nor e'en one tranquil night at thy command;
In these fresh valleys, with unwilling hand
We cull the fruits in bounteous plenty pour'd;
On these gay lawns, amidst the vernal hoard
Of scents and blossoms, unrejoicing stand:
Not that to sullen waywardness a prey,
We loathe the gifts allow'd us, by annoy
Untainted, midst the general misery;
But that, while thou, O Prince! art far away,
Public concern permits not to enjoy
That peace and quiet which we owe to thee.

At p. 238 of the first volume, is Timandre, Poeme, contenant une tragique Aventure. This tragical adventure, intended to shew the ill effects of trusting in those who deal with familiar spirits, is related with much fluency of numbers, and a style remarkable for its familiarity and ease.

The second volume, which contains his love-poems, none but a lover could have patience to read to the end. Like those of Desportes, or of our own Cowley, they present us with the idea of no living object. The fancied mistress seems to be nothing more than a web stretched out on the warp for the purpose of embroidering the poet's conceits; and of these, many are the mere sports of an idle ingenuity, which have no concern either with the imagination or the heart: such is the description of her hand:—

Quant à sa belle main, ceste vive merveille,
Qui de ma liberté rend l'Amour possesseur,
Elle se pourroit dire au monde sans pareille
Si Dieu l'eust condamnée à n'avoir point de soeur :
Mais pour mon double mal, elle nasquit gemelle,
D'un marbre qui mobile en dix branches se fend :
L'une exerce le vol, et l'autre le recele :
L'une commet le meurtre, et l'autre le defend.
V. 2. p. 5.

"As to her beautiful hand, that living wonder, which renders Love the possessor of my freedom, it might be said to be without an equal in the world, if heaven had condemned it not to have a sister : but for my double misfortune it was born a twin, and both framed of a marble that is endowed with motion, and cleft into ten branches : the one is the committer of the theft, and the other its concealer ; the one perpetrates the murder, and the other defends it."

Yet it would be unjust not to own, that there are some genuine touches of tenderness : as when he is about to lose the company of his mistreşs—

—— La crainte de perdre une chose si chere
Fait que je ne sens point l'heur de la posseder.
V. 2. p. 23.

I feel no bliss in having, through my fear,
To lose a thing that is so passing dear.

His regret for past happiness is expressed in some verses, which, when I began to read them to an ingenious French gentleman of my acquaintance, I found were so familiar to him, that he was able to go on with them, though he neither knew whence they came, nor was aware that such a poet as Bertaut had ever existed.

Felicité passée,
Qui ne peux revenir;
Tourment de ma pensée,
Que n'ay-je en te perdant perdu le souvenir?

Helas! il ne me reste
De mes contentemens
Qu'un souvenir funeste
Qui me les convertit à toute heure en tourment.
P. 39.

O pleasures gone, but ne'er forgot,
That still my thoughts pursue,
Oh losing ye, why lost I not
Remembrance of you too?

Alas! of all its joys bereft,
My heart looks back in vain;
The sad remembrance only left
Converts them into pain.

The following stanzas will supply future commentators with a parallel passage to the well-known apothegm in Shakspeare:—

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water.

On ne se souvient que du mal;
L'ingratitude regne au monde:
L'injure se grave en metal,
Et le bienfait s'escrit en l'onde.

Amour en sert de preuve aux siens,
Luy qui joint la peine aux delices:
Ceux que plus il comble de biens
N'en celebrent que les malices. P. 45.

Men's wrongs alone in mind we bear;
Ingratitude is everywhere:
Their injuries we in metal grave,
And write their kindness in the wave.

Love can a proof of this supply,
Who mingles pleasure with his pain:
The good we pass in silence by,
And only of the ill complain.

A pretty conceit of Waller's is to be found in Bertaut.

That eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which on the shaft that made him die
Espy'd a feather of his own,
Wherewith he wont to soar so high. *Wailer—*
To a Lady singing a Song of his composing.

Non, non, rien que notre manie
Ne tient sa puissance en vigueur:
Qui se plaint de sa tyrannie,
Se plaint d'avoir faute de coeur.

Nous seuls brassons les amertumes
Dont il paist nos coeurs insensez;
Nous seuls empennons de nos plumes
Les traits dont il nous rend blessez.

Nostre oysiveté le fait naistre:
Nostre espoir l'allaite en naissant:
Nostre servage le rend maistre,
Et nostre foiblesse puissant.

He doth of us blind homage claim;
In madness we his vassals are;
And when his cruelty we blame,
The fault is in our own despair.

We only brew the bitter draughts
On which our witless heart he feeds;
And our own feathers wing the shafts
By which our wounded bosom bleeds.

Our sloth first brings the babe to light;
Our hopes his suckling nurses be:
Our weakness giveth him his might;
Our servitude his tyranny.

In one of his sonnets we have the same thought as in those stanzas of Shenstone, on which Johnson has pronounced—that the mind which denies them its sympathy has no acquaintance with love or nature.

Je meurs me souvenant que sa bouche de basme,
D'un baiser redoublé qui me déroba l'ame,
En me disant adieu me pria du retour.

So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return.

The only poem in which I have observed any thing like an attempt to describe the person of his Amarantha, is termed an Elegy (p. 66), where he introduces Love appearing to him, after he had forsworn his affection for Chloris, and resolved to secure himself from similar engagements by the study of astronomy. The God, in addition to his usual weapons, the bow and the quiver, has a roll of paper in one of his hands, and expostulates in a sarcastic vein with the rebel on his intentions :—

Et bien, jeune astrologue, à la fin ta pensée
Des liens amoureux s'est du tout délacée !
O le vaillant Hercule, il a rompu mes laqs
Pour soutenir le ciel et soulager Atlas !
C'est bien fait, persevere, use ainsi ta jeunesse,
T'amusant à compter, pour fuir la paresse,
Les estoilles du ciel, puis en fin quelque jour,
Estant viel et caduc, fuy les plaisirs d'amour.

Well, young astrologer, and thou hast broke
My bonds at last, and freed thee from the yoke!
The valiant Hercules! he bursts my net
To hold the heav'ns up, and for Atlas sweat.
'Tis well: perséver: be thy youth employ'd
Counting the stars, that so thou mayst avoid
The pains of sloth; then all thy vigour gone,
Avoid Love's pleasures, when old age creeps on.

The poet replies, that the ingratitude and cruelty of Chloris had made him resolute to persevere in the course he had taken. On this, Love seems to allow the justice of his plea; but argues that he is not to give over the chase, because the prey has once escaped him; that the mariner, who has suffered shipwreck, again puts to sea; and the labourer, whose hopes of a harvest have failed, still continues to commit his seed to the earth: and, when Bertaut persists in his contumacy, ends by unfolding the paper: this presents him with a portrait of a new mistress, which, as might be expected, he finds irresistible. Here there is no want of sprightliness either in the invention or the style; but his materials are spun out somewhat too diffusely.

Jean Bertaut was born in 1552, at Caen in Normandy, a province where the poetry of France may be said to have originated under the auspices of its English sovereigns, or, to speak more properly, the Norman sovereigns of England; and which has since continued to support the honours it had so early acquired. He was the First Almoner to Queen Catherine de Medici. By Henry III. he was made Private Secretary, Reader, and Councillor of State. Henry IV. who was induced partly by his arguments or persuasion to conform to the church establishment of France, gave him the Abbey of Aunay in 1594; and in 1606 appointed him Bishop of Sees in Nor-

mandy. Besides the poems already mentioned, he made a translation of the Second Book of the Æneid, inserted in the collection of his poems, and a translation or paraphrase of the Psalms into French verse, which is not among them, and which was perhaps not made till after he became a bishop. He died in 1611, at the age of fifty-nine.

MAURICE SCEVE.

PASQUIER, in his Researches on France, (Recherches de la France, l. 6. ch. 7.) speaks of Maurice Sceve as the leader of that poetic troop, in the reign of Henry the Second, who, deserting the vulgar and beaten track, struck out into a more retired and lofty path. "In his younger days," says Pasquier, "he had trod in the steps of the rest; but, when advanced in life, chose to enter on another course, proposing to himself for his object, in imitation of the Italians, a mistress whom he celebrated under the name of Delia, not in sonnets (for that form of composition had not yet been introduced), but in continued stanzas of ten (dixains), yet with such darkness of meaning, that in reading him I owned myself satisfied

not to understand him, since he was not willing to be understood. Du Bellay, acknowledging his priority in his own style of writing, has addressed to him a sonnet, in which he says,

Gentil esprit, ornement de la France,
Qui, d'Apollon sainctement inspiré,
T'es le premier du peuple retiré,
Loin du chemin tracé par l'ignorance.

O gentle spirit, ornament of France,
Who, by Apollo sacredly inspired,
Hast from the people, first of all, retired,
Far from the path mark'd out by ignorance.

And in the fiftieth sonnet of his Olive, the same poet calls him, 'new swan;' implying, that by a new method he had banished ignorance from our poetry. The consequence has been, that his book has perished with him." Thus far Pasquier. It can scarcely be hoped, that a modern reader should pierce through

That double night of darkness and of shade

with which Maurice has invested his Delia, since one who was so much nearer to her orb professed himself unable to penetrate it. Yet sometimes methinks she

Stoops her pale visage through an amber cloud,
And disinherits Chaos;

and it is during a few of these occasional gleams that I could wish to exhibit her.

Amour perdit les traits qu'il me tira,
Et de douleur se print fort a complaindre ;
Venus en eut pitié, et soupira,
Tant que par pleurs son brandon feit esteindre :
Dont aigrement furent contrainctz de plaindre,
Car l'Arcier fut sans traict, Cypris sans flamme.
Ne pleure pas Venus : mais bien enflamme
Ta torche en moy, mon cœur l'allumera :
Et toy, enfant, cesse, va vers ma dame,
Qui de ses yeux tes flesches refera.—(lxxxix. p. 44.)

Love lost the weapons that he aim'd at me,
And wail'd for woe that had his soul unmann'd ;
Venus with pity did that sadness see,
And sigh'd and wept till she put out her brand ;
So did they both in grievous sorrow stand,
Her torch extinct, his arrows spent in air.
Cease, goddess, cease thy mourning ; and repair
Thy torch in me, whose heart the flame supplies ;
And thou, child, cease ; unto my lady fare,
And make again thy weapons at her eyes.

A l'embrunir des heures tenebreuses,
Que Somnus lent pacifie la terre,
Ensevely soubz cortines umbreuses,
Songe à moy vient, qui mon esprit desserre,
Et tout aupres de celle là le serre,
Qu'il reveroit pour son royal maintien.

Mais par son doulx, et prive' entretien
L'attrait tant sien, que puis sans craincte aulcune
Il m'est advis, certes, que je la tien,
Mais ainsi, comme Endimion la Lune.
(cxxxv. p. 60.)

When darksome hours the welkin have embrown'd,
And sluggish Somnus lulls the world to peace,
Buried in curtains shadowing around,
Cometh a dream that doth my spirit release,
And in her presence bids its wandering cease,
Whom it hath reverenced for her royal guise.
But with so soft and intimate surprise
Hers draws it on, that I, unfearing soon,
Methinks am folding her; yet in such wise
As once the Latmian shepherd did the Moon.

In another of these dixains, he refers to the death of Sir Thomas More, whose fate had then recently filled Europe with consternation.

Le doulx sommeil de ses tacites eaux
D'oblivion m'arousa tellement,
Que de la mere et du filz les flambeaux
Je me sentois estaintz totallement,
Ou le croyois: et specialement,
Que la nuict est a repos inclinée.
Mais le jour vint, et l'heure destinée,
Ou, revirant, mille foys je mouruz,
Lors que vertu en son zele obstinée
Perdit au monde Angleterre, et Morus. (clvi. p. 70.)

Soft sleep with silent waters had bedew'd
My temples in oblivion, that I felt
The torch of son and mother both subdued,
And their wan fires in dark suffusion melt,
Or so believed: for by the night is dealt
Repose to mortals, stealing cares away.
But morn stept forth; and with that morn the day
Tack'd round, and did a thousand deaths restore;
For virtue, whose proud zeal no let can stay,
Had to the world lost England and her More.

Quand quelquesfoys d'elle a elle me plaings,
Et que son tort je luy fais recongnoistre,
De ses yeulx clers d'honneste courroux plains
Sortant rosée en pluye vient a croistre.
Mais comme on voit le soleil apparoistre
Sur le printemps parmy l'air pluvieux
Le rossignol a chanter curieux,
S'esgaye lors ses plumes arousant;
Ainsi Amour aux larmes des ses yeulx
Ses ailes baigne, a gré se reposant.—(ccclii. p. 156.)

When to herself I of herself complain,
Making her rue the wrong that she hath done,
Her bright eyes, swelling with a self-disdain,
Oft melt in dew that into showers doth run.
But, as when sometimes we do see the sun
In spring-time peering through a showery sky,
The nightingale is blithe, and curiously
'Gins warble, dewing his meek feathers still;
Thus in the tears that drop from either eye
Love bathes his wings, reposing him at will.

La lune au plein par sa clarté puissante
Rompt l'espaisseur de l'obscurité trouble,
Qui de la nuict, et l'horreur herissante,
Et la paour pasle ensemble nous redouble ;
Les desvoyez alors met hors de trouble,
Ou l'incertain des tenebres les guide.
De celle ainsi, qui sur mon cœur preside,
Le doulx regard, a mon mal souverain,
De mes douleurs resoult la nue humide,
Me conduisant en son joyeux serain.—(ccclxxv. p. 166.)

The moon at full, by clearness of her light,
Breaks through the thickness of the troublous shade,
Whose bristling horror, leagued with the night,
Has the wayfaring wanderer dismay'd ;
Then doth he onward go, no more afraid
Lest doubtful darkness lead his feet astray.
Thus she, whose motion doth my spirit sway,
With sweet looks, sovereign cure for my distress,
Dissolves my humid cloud of grief away,
Leading me forth in shining steadfastness.

This poem, entitled Delie, Object de plus haulte Vertu, and printed at Lyons, chez Sulpice Sabon, pour Antoine Constantin, 1544, 8vo. consists of 458 dixains, reckoning by the number at the end; but of these, nine (between 90 and 100,) are omitted. Every second leaf is ornamented with some curious emblem; and the portrait of the author is prefixed. I am the more particular in describing this book,

because I am doubtful whether it has ever been reprinted, and because, amidst much obscurity, there are really some fine things in it, somewhat in the way of our own Donne. Besides those which I have attempted to translate, I would direct the attention of my reader, if it should chance to come in his way, to dixains ciii. cxxv. cccxxxvii. ccccv. and ccccxxiii. In the two hundred and sixty-second, and that following it, he celebrates Francis the First; and in the next two, Margaret, probably the daughter of that king, and Duchess of Savoy. After the quaint fashion of the times, his Delia is often accosted as the Moon. She appears to have been a married woman:

> In Francis' time,
> Such courtship was not held a crime.

He frequently speaks of the Rhone, on the banks of which she resided, probably at Lyons. Maurice Sceve himself was an advocate, and afterwards chief magistrate (echevin) in that city; and died, an old man, about 1564. Another of his works, called the Microcosme, written in Alexandrine verse, and divided into three books, I have not seen.

GUILLAUME DES AUTELS.

THE only book which I have seen by Guillaume des Autels consists of but sixteen small leaves in the Gothic letter. It has no name of printer, nor date of time or place: its title, Le Moys de May, de Guilelme Deshaultelz de Montcenis en Bourgoignes Deus Scit (with two rude figures of a man and woman conversing together). On the back of the title-page, the reason why it is so called is given in the following quatrain:—

Lecteur desprit dispos et gay,
Si tu veux la raison comprendre
De ce tiltre il te fault entendre
Que ce jay faict au moys de May.

Reader, light of heart and gay,
Of this title if the reason
Thou inquirest, know the season
When I made it was in May.

Nearly all the next seven leaves are taken up with the dialogue between two personages, who are called Guilelme and Jeanne. The gentleman proposes

questions, (demandes d'amour,) and the lady resolves them. The following will be enough to show in what manner this catechism proceeds.

Guilelme.—Icy me respondes doncques
Et sans poinct dypocrisie
Si vous scavez qui fust oncques
La source de jalousie.

Jeanne.—Fust selon ma fantaisie
Qui en* ce cela pas ne ment
La cause de jalousie
Premiere | amour vehement.

William.—An if thou weetest, tell me this,
And tell me sooth I pray;
Whence jealousy in human heart
Did first begin to sway?

Jane.—According to my fantasy,
Which is not false herein,
The cause of jealousy did first
In love o'er-strong begin.

Then follow some epigrams, in which, though he addresses the first of them to his sister and friend, the Damoiselle Jeanne de la Bruyere, and the second to his father, there is nevertheless a licentiousness in

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* Sic.

which suppose the writer conceived that the "sprightly month" would warrant him.

Next comes Cõplaincte sur la Mort de Clemẽt Marot p Calliope muse q' se peust chãter sur Laisses la verde couleur faict p ledict Deshautelz.—Complaint on the Death of Clement Marot, by the Muse Calliope, which may be sung to the tune of 'Leave the Green Colour,' by the said Des Autels.

Sur lhault mont de pnassus
Se faisoit une assemblee
Des neufz muses et lassus
La terre esmeue a tremblee.

Le quran a voyant
Vers les astres sest tournee
Puys souddain en larmoyant
Cette chansson a sonnee.

Laisses ceste grand douceur
Et liesse accoustumee
Calliope chiere seur
Nouvelle avez non aymee.

Plores le filz de Phebus
Et sa mort infortunee
Car en* se moyr sans abuz
Sa vie est ja terminee.

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* This seems to be an error of the press for "ce moys."

Celluy qui apres Virgile
Avoit la plume doree
Qui faisoit en sens agille
Ritme et chansson mesuree.

A ces propos seulement
Calliope desolee
Congneust lame de Clement
Estre de corps despoillee.

Et a pour si grand douleur
Sa liesse desturbee
Et prenant pasle couleur
Est comme morte tumbee.

Mais ses seurs belles et gentes
La voyant ainsi grevee
Par leurs cures diligentes
De la terre lont levee.

Et quant elle a peult reprendre
Ung peu sa voix absentee
Elle a bien donne entendre
Comme elle estoit tourmentee.

O dist elle dure mort
Malheuree et insensee
Ton tard sur moy poinct ne mord
Mays je men sens offencee.

Helas je te desdaignoys
Mays tu ten es bien vengee
Au lieu que tant cher tenoys
Pour cella tu tes rengee.

Or ta grande ingratitude
A toutes gens sest monstree
Or est ta main lasche et rude
Congneue en toute contree.

Cil qui avoit ton offence
A son pouvoir coloree
A pour toute recompence
Souffert ta main malheuree.

Marot au Sermon du bon et mauvais pasteur loue ainsi la mort.

Il tavoit nommer benigne
Clef de la vie estimee
Voyre comme Heleyne digne
Destre elegante formee.

Chascun painctre qui paint bien
En sa figure atornee
Tavoit ja par son moyen
De face plaisante ornee.

Ainsi ton tard tu portoys
Teinct en couleur azuree
Comme Cupido courtoys
Porte sa fleiche doree.

Upon the top of high Parnass
The Muses nine did sit,
When sudden on that mount the earth
Shook with a fearful fit.

Thereat the quadrant toward the stars
Did turn itself around,
And forth there issued, mix'd with sobs,
A song of doleful sound.

Oh break ye off this chearful strain,
Oh break ye off your gladness;
Calliope, dear sister, we
Have tidings of strange sadness.

Weep for the son of Phœbus, weep,
And for his hapless doom:
This month, erewhile a happy month,
Hath seen him to his tomb;

Him, who had next to Virgil learnt
His golden pen to move;
Who made the measures nimbly trip
In song and lay of love.

It ceased; but only at those words
Calliope despair'd,
For well she knew that Clement's soul
Had from its body fared;

And at so mighty woe disturb'd,
Away her gladness fled;
And, changing colour, down to earth
She fell as she were dead.

Her sisters, beautiful and kind,
That saw her in that swound,
With gentle care enfolded her,
And lifted from the ground:

And when her voice, that fail'd her quite,
A little was restored,
She thus, in accents faint and low,
That luckless chance deplored:

Ah me! she cried, O cruel death,
Insensate and ill-starr'd,
Thy dart on me no wound can work,
Yet hath it prest me hard.

Alas! how well art thou avenged
On me for my disdain,
Who in the place I held so dear
Hast thy proud station ta'en.

Now is thy great ingratitude
To all men clearly shown;
Now is thy rude and felon hand
Through every nation known.

He, who to utmost of his might
Had colour'd o'er thy wrong,
Has suffer'd from thy luckless hand
In guerdon of his song.

Marot, in the discourse of the good and evil shepherd, thus praises death.

He call'd thee bountiful and good,
He named thee key to bliss;
And if they've learnt to paint thee fair,
The lesson hath been his.

Each limner hence that limneth best,
Who doth thy likeness trace,
Describeth thee with beauty such
As beam'd in Helen's face;

And thou wert made thy dart to bear
With heaven's own azure bright,
As courteously as Cupid his,
In golden quiver pight.

In the second of these stanzas there appears to be intended a play on the words quadran, the instrument, and quadrain or quatrain, a stanza of four lines. After continuing her complaint through several more of these, Calliope at last, like Gray's Bard, plunges in the Caballine stream; but not, like him, to endless night—for her immortality does not suffer any harm in the mighty waters. Another impression of the same figures that are in the title-page, and which seem designed to represent Guilelme and Jeanne, concludes this little volume.

I regret much that I can do no more for this writer than point out the names of some of his other works from De Bure's Bibliographie:—3055. Repos de plus grand travail, ou Poësies diverses; composées par Guill. des Autelz. Lyon, de Tournes, 1550, in 8vo.—3056. Replique du même Guill. des Autelz aux furieuses défenses de Louis Megret, en prose; avec la suite du Repos de l'Auteur, en rime Françoise.

Lyon, de Tournes, 1551, in 8vo.—3057. Les Amoureux Repos de Guill. des Autelz, avec les façon lyriques, et quelques epigrammes. Lyon, Tempora 1553, in 8vo.—3621. Mythistoire Baragouyne d Fanfreluche et Gaudichon, trouvée depuis nagueres d'un exemplaire écrit à la main [par Guill. de Autels.] Lyon, 1574, in 16mo.

Guillaume, son of Syacre des Autels, was born at Charolles, in 1529, and died about 1580.

ROBERT GARNIER.

JODELLE'S fame, as a dramatic writer, was soon eclipsed by that of Robert Garnier, who, indeed, if we were take the words of Dorat and of Robert Estienne, (grandson, I believe, of him who compiled the Thesaurus) surpassed even the three Tragedians of Greece.

La Grece eut trois autheurs de la Muse tragique,
France plus que ces trois estime un seul Garnier.
R. Estienne.

At nunc vincit eos qui tres, Garnerius unus,
Terna ferat Tragicis præmia digna tribus.
Jo. Auratus.

His other panegyrists, Ronsard, Belleau, Baïf,

minio de Birague,* and Claude Binet, are more
nperate; and Estienne Pasquier, after quoting
nsard's testimony in his favour, and reciting the
mes of his eight tragedies, contents himself with
lding, that they will, in his opinion, find a place
mong posterity.† "A mon jugement trouveront
lieu dedans la posterité."

In some prefatory verses to Henry III. Garnier well describes the character of these poems.

Une tragedie,
Semblable a celle-cy qu'humble je vous dedie:
Où j'empoulle des vers pleins de sang et d'horreur,
De larmes, de sanglots, de rage, et de fureurs.
(Les Tragedies de Robert Garnier, Conseiller du Roy, Lieutenant General Criminel au siege Presidial et Seneschaussee du Maine. A Rouen. Chez Pierre L'Oyselet, au haut des degres du Palais. 1611. 12mo. p. 12.)

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* Flaminio de Birague lived in the time of Charles IX. and composed quatrains, sixains, sonnets, elegies, and epitaphs. One of the epitaphs is cited by M. Philipon-la-Madelaine, in his Dictionnaire Portatif des Poëtes Français. Paris, 1805.

Passant, penses tu pas de passer ce passage
Qu'en mourant j'ai passé? Penses au même pas.
Si tu n'y penses bien, de vrai tu n'es pas sage;
Car possible demain passeras au trépas.

† Recherches de la France, l. 6, c. 7.

A tragedy,
Like this which humbly I present to thee:
Through the big verse, where blood and horrour rage,
And tears, and sobs, and fury swell the page.

He has a tumid grandeur which frequently expands itself even beyond the dimensions of Seneca himself. Like Shakspeare, he sometimes boldly coins a word, when the language does not supply him with one that will suit his purpose.

Il faut pour *orager* ta puissance supréme
Emprunter les efforts de ta puissance mesme. (P. 28.)

Ces champs envenimez où les Dieux inhumains
Hostelerent jadis vostre premiere enfance. (P. 33.)

Si les Dieux tant de fois nous estoient punisseurs
Que nous chetifs mortels leur sommes offenseurs,
Leur foudre defaudroit, et la terre prefonde
Sans cause *enfruiteroit* sa poitrine feconde:
Ainsi vous convient-il estre aux vostres plus doux.
(P. 51.)

The speeches are often immoderately long. He has much declamation; occasionally a good deal of passion; but very little character.

In what manner he conducts his stories, my reader will be able to judge from the following abstract which I have made of each of those wherein the plot is, for aught I know to the contrary, his own.

In the first, which is entitled Porcie, the fury Megæra speaks the prologue. The chorus of Roman women then sing the perils of grandeur and the safety of lowliness in an ode, much of which is from Horace.—Act 2. Porcia laments the miseries of her country. The chorus sing a translation of Horace's *Beatus ille qui procul negotiis.* The Nurse also mourns over the sufferings of Rome, and expresses her fears for the approaching conflict between the forces of Antony and those of Brutus and Cassius, and for the effects which the defeat of the latter may produce on her mistress. Porcia now comes in, and in her despair regrets the death of Julius Cæsar. The chorus again sing a moral ode, much of which is from Horace.—Act 3. Areus, the philosopher and favourite of Octavius Cæsar, makes a long soliloquy on the happiness of the golden age, and the subsequent corruption of mankind, concluding with a quotation from Horace. Octavius, who has now been informed of the death of Brutus, enters exulting, and vows further vengeance on his enemies, from which Areus endeavours to dissuade him, but in vain. There is in this scene a brisk alternation in the dialogue.

Ar. Cesar pour se venger ne proscript jamais homme.
Oct. S'il les eust tous proscripts, il regneroit à Rome.
Ar. Il epargnoit leur sang.—*Oct.* Il prodiguoit le sien.
Ar. Il estimoit beaucoup garder un citoyen.

Oct. D'un citoyen amy la vie est tousiours chere,
Mais d'un qui ne l'est pas nous doit estre legere.
Ar. Cesar pardonnoit tout.—*Oct.* Que servit son pardon?
Ar. D'en conserver plusieurs.—*Oct.* Quel en fut le guerdon?
Ar. Que gravee en nos cœurs sa florissante gloire
Vit eternellement d'une heureuse memoire.
Oct. Il est mort toutesfois.—*Ar.* Immortel est son los.
Oct. Mais son corps n'est-il pas dans le sepulchre enclos?
Ar. Ne devoit-il mourir? (P. 52.)

Ar. Cæsar proscribed no man to sate his vengeance.
Oct. Had he proscribed them all, he yet in Rome
Were reigning.—*Ar.* He was sparing of their blood.
Oct. Say rather he was lavish of his own.
Ar. A citizen's life was precious in his eyes.
Oct. The life of one, who is a citizen,
And loves us, ever must be dear;
Not his who is a citizen, and hates us.
Ar. Cæsar pardon'd all.—*Oct.* Whereto served his pardon?
Ar. To win more to him.—*Oct.* What was its reward?
Ar. That graven in our hearts his glory lives
Eternally in blest remembrance.—*Oct.* Yet
He died.—*Ar.* Not so his praise, which is immortal.
Oct. But for his body, is't not in the tomb?
Ar. And could he 'scape to die?

The chorus sing the mutability of human affairs and the unhappy destinies of Rome. Antony, and Ventidius, his lieutenant, return to Rome after their

victory. Antony salutes the city in a pompous speech, and Ventidius sets him on recounting the labours of his forefather Hercules, and boasting of his own achievements. He is joined by his two colleagues, Octavius and Lepidus, who debate on the measures to be pursued in future, and resolve to set out for their several provinces. A chorus of soldiers conclude the act.—Act 4. The messenger, after much delay and circumlocution, and many long similes, communicates the fatal tidings to Porcia, who breaks forth into the most clamorous grief.

Tonnez, cieux, foudroyez, esclairez, abismez,
Et ne me laissez rien de mes os consommez,
Que ceste terre ingrate enferme en sa poitrine.
Respandez, respandez vostre rage maline
Sur mon chef blasphemeur, et tempestez si bien
Que de moy malheureuse il ne demeure rien. (P. 75.)

Thunder, ye heavens, flash, lighten, swallow up,
Nor leave one little particle of all
My seared bones, which this ungrateful earth
May in its bosom cover. Pour, pour down
Your utmost spite on this blaspheming head;
And execute your stormy wrath so fully,
That nought remain of such a wretch as I am.

The Nurse endeavours to soothe her, to no purpose. The chorus once more bewail the fate of Rome.

Act 5. The Nurse relates to the chorus the death of her mistress. They lament over that event, and the fate of Brutus, in a simple and pathetic song; and the Nurse concludes the play, with a poniard at her breast, in the following couplet.

Mourons, sus sus mourons, sus poignard haste toy;
Sus jusques au pommeau vien t'enfoncer en moy.

Die, die we then. No ling'ring. Haste thee, dagger;
Up to thy hilt be buried quick within me.

CORNELIE.

Act 1. Cicero, in a long soliloquy, deplores the servitude of Rome under Julius Cæsar, and expatiates on the mischief of ambition. The chorus sing an ode on the wickedness and evil of war.—Act 2. Cornelia bemoans the fate of her two husbands, Crassus and Pompey. Cicero endeavours to console, and to argue her out of her intention to commit suicide. A fine ode by the chorus on the perpetual revolution and changes in human affairs—Rome, once freed from her kings, has been again enslaved, and will sometime be in like manner restored to liberty.

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* Garnier's Cornelia was translated by Th. Kyd in 1594.

—Act 3. Cornelius tell the chorus of a terrible dream, in which Pompey had appeared to her. The chorus assure her, that the spirits of the deceased cannot return, but that evil demons assume their appearance in order to fill us with vain terrors. Cicero makes another turgid soliloquy on the ambition of Cæsar. Philip (who had been the freedman of Pompey) enters, bearing, in a funeral urn, the ashes of his late master. Cornelia laments over them, and inveighs against Cæsar. Another ode by the chorus, on the mutability of fortune, concludes the Act.—Act 4. A scene between Cassius and Decimus Brutus, in which the former excites the latter to vengeance against the tyrant. The chorus sing the glory of those who free their country from tyranny, the insecurity of kings, and the happiness of a low condition. Cæsar and Mark Antony; the one exulting in his conquests, the other warning him against his enemies. There are some splendid verses put into the mouth of Cæsar.

O beau Tybre, et tes flots de grand' aise ronflans,
Ne doublent-ils leur crespe à tes verdureux flancs,
Joyeux de ma venuë, et d'une voix vagueuse
Ne vont-ils annoncer à la mer écumeuse
L'honneur de mes combats? ne vont, ne vont tes flots
Aux Tritons mariniers faire bruire mon los,
Et au pere Ocean se vanter que le Tybre
Roulera plus fameux qu' Eufrate et le Tygre? (P. 139.)

O beauteous Tyber! and do not thy billows
Snort out their gladness, with redoubled curls,
Up their green margins mounting, all o'erjoy'd
At my return? do they not hasten onwards
Unto the foamy sea, to tell my triumphs
In surging clamours, and to bid the Tritons
Trumpet the praises of my valorous deeds?
Vaunting to Father Neptune that their Tyber
Rolls prouder waves than Tygris or Euphrates?

A chorus of Cæsar's friends celebrate his praises, and declaim on the evils of envy.—Act 5. A messenger relates to Cornelia the defeat and death of her father Scipio, embellishing his tale with a due proportion of similes. Her grief clamorous and eloquent as usual.

Au moins, ciel, permettez, permettez, a cette heure,
Apres la mort des miens, que moy-mesme je meure:
Poussez moy dans la tombe, ores que je ne puis,
Veufe de tout bien, recevoir plus d'ennuis;
Et que vous n'avez plus, m'ayant ravi mon pere,
Ravi mes deux maris, sujet pour me desplaire. (P. 156.)

Here we have the same thought, but much less strongly expressed, as in that line which Longinus has adduced from the most pathetic scene in the most pathetic of all tragedians.

Γέμω κακῶν δή, κούκέτ' ἔσθ' ὅπη τεθῇ.

Euripides, Hercules Furens, 1245, *Ed. Barnes.*

And Tyrwhitt, in his Glossary* to Chaucer, has remarked a similar passage in that poet.

So full of sorowe am I, sothe to sayne,
That certainly no more harde grace
May sit on me, for why? there is no space.

Cornelia concludes by resolving to live, that she may honour the remains of the dead.

Mais las ! si je trespasse, ains que d'avoir logé
Dans un funebre tombeau mon pere submergé,
Qui en prendra la cure? iront ses membres vagues
A jamais tourmentez par les meurtrieres vagues?
Mon pere, je vivray ; je vivray, mon espoux,
Pour faire vos tombeaux, et pour pleurer sur vous,
Languissante, chetive, et de mes pleurs fameuses
Baigner plaintivement vos cendres genereuses :
Puis sans humeur, sans force emplissant de sanglots,
Les vases bien heureux qui vous tiendront enclos,
Je vomiray ma vie, et tombant legere ombre
Des esprits de la bas j'iray croistre le nombre.
(P. 158.)

But oh ! if death surprise me ere I lodge
My father in his tomb, who then shall do
That office for him? Shall his limbs go wand'ring
For ever up and down the murderous waves?
Yea, I will live, my father—I will live,

* See the word *Grace.*

My husband, but to make your tombs, and weep
Upon you, languishing away my life
In pining sorrow, and bedewing still
Your noble ashes with my plenteous tears,
And then at last, for lack of moisture, falling,
Sob out my soul into the happy urns
That shall contain you; and, an empty shadow,
Flit down among the spirits of the deep.

ANTOINE.

Antony makes a speech not much in character, deploring his captivity to the charms of Cleopatra. The chorus sing an ode on the miseries incident to human nature; for part of which they are indebted to Euripides, and to Horace for the remainder.—Act 2. Philostratus appears, for this time only, that he may lament over the state of Egypt. The chorus in their song run over all the instances of unhappy mourners whom they can recall to memory, and say they have themselves more reason to mourn than all, but do not tell us for what cause. Cleopatra, with Eras and Charmion, her women, and Diomedes her secretary. The Queen declares her resolution to share the fate of the conquered Antony, and will listen to no arguments for consulting her own safety. She goes into a sepulchre, there to await her doom. Diomedes remains alone, to meditate on the beauties of his royal mistress, and to lament her obstinacy.

The following ode predicts the subjection of the Nile to the Tyber, but suggests a topic of consolation to Egypt in the future destruction of Rome herself.—Act 3. Antony discovers to his friend Lucilius his fears of Cleopatra's fidelity. Lucilius endeavours to calm his apprehensions; and after much empty moralizing on his own weakness, and on the fatal effects of pleasure, Antony resolves to put an end to his life. The chorus chant an Ode, partly borrowed from the *Justum et tenacem propositi virum* of Horace, in which they commend the determination of Antony and Cleopatra not to survive their misfortunes.—Act 4. Octavius Cæsar enters, boasting of his triumphs. Agrippa is dissuading him from his design of exterminating his enemies, when Dercetas comes to acquaint him with the particulars of Antony's death. His death is bewailed by Cæsar; but Agrippa thinks only of being in time to prevent Cleopatra from destroying herself and her treasures. A chorus of Cæsar's friends lament the divisions of the Roman empire, in a song which, according to custom, is in great measure translated from Horace. —Act 5. Cleopatra, in the monument with her children, their tutor Euphron, and her women Charmion and Eras, utters her last lamentation over the dead body of Antony.

HIPPOLYTE, LA TROADE, ET ANTIGONE.

The subject of these three tragedies being taken chiefly from Sophocles, Euripides, and Seneca, I shall willingly decline the task of being as particular in my account of them as of the rest. In the first, the ghost of Ægeus speaks the prologue. Then comes in Hippolytus, who, in a speech of about one hundred and fifty lines, declares his foreboding of some approaching evil. Had Mr. Charles Lamb met with a similar passage in one of our old dramatists, I do not think he would have passed it unnoticed.

Jà l'Aurore se leve, et Phœbus qui la suit
Vermeil fait flamboyer les flambeaux de la nuit,
Jà ses beaux limonniers commencent à respandre,
Le jour aux animaux qui ne font que l'attendre,
Jà les monts sourcilleux commencent à jaunir
Sous le char de ce Dieu qu'ils regardent venir.
O beau soleil luisant, belle et claire planette,
Qui pousse tes rayons dedans la nuit brunette,
O grand Dieu perruquier, qui lumineux estains
Me decharmant les yeux, l'erreur des songes vains,
Qui ores travailloient durant cette nuit sombre
Mon esprit combattu d'un larmoyable encombre ;
Je te salue, O Pere, et resalue encor,
Toy, ton char, tes chevaux, et tes beaux rayons d'or.
Il me sembloit dormant, que j'erroy solitaire
Au creux d'une forest mon esbat ordinaire

Descendre dans un val, que mille arbres autour
Le ceinturant espois, privent de nostre jour.
Il y faisoit obscur, mais non pas du tout comme
En une pleine nuict, qu'accompagne le somme;
Mais comme il fait au soir, apres que le soleil
A retiré de nous son visage vermeil,
Et qu'il relaisse encor une lueur qui semble
Estre ni jour ni nuict, mais tous les deux ensemble.
Dedans un val ombreux, estoit à droite main
Un antre plein de mousse, et de lambrunche plein
Où quatre de mes chiens entrerent d'avanture,
Quatre Molossiens de guerriere nature.
A grande peine ils estoient à la gueule du creux
Qu'il se vient presenter un grand lion affreux,
Le plus fort et massif, le plus espouvantable,
Qui jamais hebergeant au Taure inhospitable.
Ses yeux estoient de feu, qui flamboient tout ainsi
Que deux larges tisons dans un air obscurci.
Son col gros et charnu, sa poitrine nerveuse,
S'enfloient herissonez d'une hure crineuse:
Sa gueule estoit horrible, et horrible ses dens,
Qui comme gros piquets apparoissoient dedans.
Mes chiens, bien que hardis, si tost ne l'aviserent,
Que saisis des frayeurs dehors ils s'élancerent:
Accoururent vers moy tremblant et pantelant,
Criant d'une voix foible, et comme s'adeulant.
Si tost que je les voy si esperdus, je tasche
De les rencourager : mais leur courage lasche
Ne les rasseure point, et tant plus que je veux
Les en faire approcher, ils reculent peureux,
Comme un grand chef guerrier qui voit ses gens en fuite,

Et plusieurs gros scadrons d'ennemi à leur suite,
A beau les exhorter, les prier, supplier,
De retourner visage, et de se rallier,
A beau faire promesse, a beau donner menace,
C'est en vain ce qu'il fait, ils ont perdu l'audace.
Ils sont sourds et muets, et n'ont plus autre soin,
Que de haster le pas, s'enfuir bien loin.
J'empoigne mon espieu, dont le fer qui flamboye
Devant mon estomach, me découvre la voye ;
Je descens jusqu'au bord, où soudain j'appercoy
Le grand lion patu, qui decoche vers moy,
Dégorgeant un tel cri de sa gorge beante
Que toute la forest en resonne tremblante,
Qu' Hymette en retentist, et que les rocs, qui sont
Au bord Thriasien, en sourcillent le front.
Ferme je me roidis, adossé d'une souche,
Avancé d'une jambe, et à deux bras je couche
Droit à luy mon espieu, prest de luy traverser
La gorge où l'estomach, s'il se cuide avancer.
Mais les peu me servit cette brave asseurance !
Car luy sans faire ces du fer que je luy lance,
Non plus que d'un festu que j'eusse eu dans la main,
Me l'arrache de force, et le rompt tout soudain ;
Me renverse sous luy, me trainace et me coule,
Aussi facilement qu'il eust fait d'une boule.

Jà ses griffes fondoient dans mon estomac nu,
L'escartelant sous luy comme un poulet menu
Qu'un milan a ravi sous l'aisle de sa mere,
Et le va déchirant de sa griffe meurtriere ;
Quand, vaincu du tourment, je jette un cri si haut,
Que j'en laisse mon songe, et m'éveille en sursaut,

Si froid et si tremblant, si glacé par la face,
Par les bras, par le corps, que je n'estoy que glace.
Je fu long temps ainsi dans mon lict estendu,
Regardant çà et là comme un homme esperdu,
Que l'esprit, la memoire, et le sens abandonne,
Qui ne sçait ce qu'il est, ne cognoist plus personne,
Immobile, insensible, etourdé, qui n'a plus
De pensement en luy qui ne soit tout confus.
Mais las! ce n'est encor tout ce qui m'espouvante,
Tout ce qui me chagrine, et mon ame tourmente;
Ce n'est pas cela seul qui me fait tellement
Craindre je ne sçay quoy de triste evenement!
J'ay le coeur trop hardy pour estre fait la proye
D'un songe deceveur; cela seul ne m'effroye;
Le songe ne doit pas estre cause d'ennuy,
Tant foible est son pouvoir quand il n'y a que luy:
Ce n'est qu'un vain semblant, qu'un fantosme, une image,
Qui nous trompe en dormant, et non pas un presage.
Depuis quatre ou cinq nuicts le hibou n'a jamais
Cessé de lamenter au haut de ce palais,
Et mes chiens aussitost qu'ils sont en leurs estables
Comme loups par les bois heurlent espouvantables;
Les tours de ce chasteau noircissent de corbeaux;
Jour et nuict aperchez sepulcraliers oiseaux,
Et n'en veulent partir, ores qu'on les dechasse,
Si ce n'est quand je sors pour aller à la chasse;
Car alors tous ensemble ils decampent des tours,
Et croassant sur moy m'accompagnent tousiours,
Bavolant çà et là, comme une espesse nuë
Qui vogue parmi l'aïr, du Soleil soustenuë. (P. 247.)

Already doth the goddess of the dawn
Peer forth, and ruddy Phœbus following
Makes the night torches flare; his pawing coursers
Scatter down light on all earth's animals
That do but wait them, and the beetling cliffs
Grow amber with the chariot of the God
Whom they spy coming. O fair beaming Sun!
Bright Planet, that dost push thy subtle beams
Through the dun night! great golden-tressed God,
Who with thy luminous wand mine eyes uncharming,
Extinguishest the errour of vain dreams,
That all this troublous night have haunted me;
Hail to thee, Father! and again all hail
To thee, thy car and steeds, and beams of gold.
  Methought in sleep I wander'd all alone
Through a deep forest, where I oft resort,
Into a valley, with a thousand trees,
With their tall antlers girdling, shut from day.
I stood in darkness, yet not darkness such
As in full night by slumber companied;
But as when late at evening, after Sol
Has quite withdrawn his visage, and yet leaves
A light, that seemeth neither night nor day,
But both conjoin'd. And in that shadowy vale,
Upon my right methought there was a cave,
Moss-lined, and mantled with a shaggy vine.
Four of my dogs at random enter'd it,
Four stout Molossians of right warlike breed;
But scarcely had they dived into its jaws,
When a fierce lion met them. Such a beast,

So large, so massive, and so full of dread,
Amid the wilds of Taurus never stabled.
His eyes of fire glared like two beacon torches
In a dim sky. His big and fleshy neck,
And his wide brawny chest, were swoln and bristled
With a rough matted fell: his throat was horrible,
And horrible his teeth, within the maw
Ranged like to monstrous spikes. My dogs, alert
And hardy as they were, no sooner spy'd him,
Than they sprang out in terrour, and did run
Up to me, quaking, out of breath, and yelping
With a shrill feeble wail. Soon as I see them
Thus cow'd, I strive to hearten them again;
But their slack courage rallies not a jot;
And by how much the more I tarre them on,
They, more afear'd, recoil. As a brave leader,
That sees his people routed, and the enemy
Dogging their heels, cries out, exhorts, persuades,
Entreats them to return and face the foe:
But bootless all; in vain he promises,
In vain he threatens; they have lost their daring,
Are deaf, and mute, and dream but of their flight.
I grasp my pike, whose iron tip advanced
Glistens before me, and informs my path.
Then on the brink arriving, I perceive
The mighty lion, that with out-stretch'd paws
Darts on me, uttering from open throat
So dread a roar, that all the forest shook,
And from Hymettus the redoubled cry
Echoed, and on Thriasian shores the rocks

Arch'd their steep brows in wonder. Firm I stand,
Stiffen each nerve, against a trunk my back
Prop, and, one leg outstretch'd, on either arm
Right towards him couch my pike, ready to pierce
His gorge or entrails, if he dared advance.
But he no more account had of my spear
Than if I had been armed with a straw;
Seized it, and snapp'd in twain; then suddenly
Upset me under him, drags on, and rolls me
As easily as he had done a ball.
Already were his clutches in my breast,
Ripping me up like to a tiny bird,
That from its mother's wing a kite hath ravish'd,
And rends in pieces with his murderous claws;
When by the torment vanquish'd, I so loud
Shriek'd out, that I broke off my dream, and waking,
Leap'd up, so chill, so trembling, and so frozen,
My face, and arms, and body were but ice.
Thus on my bed long time I lay extended
Gazing around me like a man distract,
Who, reft of thought, and memory, and sense,
Wots neither what he is, nor better knows
Other beside himself; a motionless clod,
And heap of mere confusedness within.
Nor this, alas! the whole of what I fear,
Or that doth fill my spirit with strange boding
Of some unknown event. I have a heart
Too stout to be the prey of a false dream.
This is not all that frays me; for a dream
Should not itself be cause of our annoy;
Since 'tis no more than a vain empty shadow,

And no presagement of the thing to come.
These four or five nights past, the owlet ne'er
Hath ceased lamenting on our palace roof;
And, soon as in their kennel stall'd, my hounds
Howl like to forest wolves. Our castle towers
Are black with ravens, perched night and day;
Sepulchral birds, that will not quit their seat,
Though driven, save when I go forth to hunt;
And then it seems as all took wing at once
From the steep battlements, and, croaking round me,
Accompanied my steps this way and that,
Flapping their dismal pennons in mid air,
Self-balanced, like a thick and low-hung cloud.

The lively song of the attendant sportsmen tends to dispel these horrors. It must be owned, that there is something in all this more to our English taste; in short, that it has more of character and of picturesque effect, than the opening of Racine's Phedre, in which the tutor of Hippolytus is trying to extort from his pupil a confession of his being enamoured of Aricia, which a little prudery alone restrains him from avowing.

Il n'en faut point douter, vous aimez, vous brûlez,
Vous périssez d'un mal que vous dissimulez.
La charmante Aricie a-t-elle sû vous plaire?
Hippolyte. Théramene, je pars, et vais chercher mon pere.

The young prince, though a votary of Diana her-

self, if he had not had a mistress would have appeared more savage than any of the wild beasts he hunted, in the eyes of that court, where, as Voltaire tells us, the prime minister himself could not be without one. In the next scene the judgment of Racine led him to follow Euripides, though he has done it most timidly, and with a sacred horror of the bold and passionate imagery of the Greek. In his preface, acknowledging his obligations to that writer for the conception of Phædra's character, he tells us, that he believes he had never exhibited anything so *reasonable* on the stage. "Quand je ne lui devrois que la seule idée du caractere de Phedre, je pourrois dire que je lui dois ce que j'ai peut-être mis de plus raisonnable sur le théatre." And to her reason indeed it must be allowed he has brought her in the strait-waistcoat of his alexandrines; for the poor queen raves no more as she had formerly done in her palace at Athens, about dewy fountains, pure waters, poplars, tufted meadows, pine-trees, beast-slaughtering hounds, spotted stags, and Thessalian spears; about Diana mistress of the sea-lake, and Venetian horses; but talks as a lady might be supposed to talk, who had lived the greater part of her life at Paris, and was subject to be at times a little flighty.

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than which scarcely anything can be imagined more pathetic.* But when Garnier makes four words into as many lines, it is dilated almost to nothing.

Quoy ? ces floüettes mains, ces deux mains enfantines,
Pourront bien restaurer les Troyennes ruines ?
Pourront bien redresser les meurs audacieux
Du cendreux Ilion, que battirent les Dieux ? (P. 352.)

An Italian poet, Bongianni Gratarolo, who has treated the same subject in his Astianatte, manages it much better.

Son queste mani da redrizzar Troja? (Act 4.)
And are these hands to build up Troy again ?

In like manner, when Talthybius relates to Hecuba the sacrifice of Polyxena, Garnier has enlarged on the narration in Euripides, which, beautiful as it is, is yet sufficiently long.

Into his Antigone, he has crowded much of the Septem Contra Thebas of Æschylus, the Phœnissæ of Euripides, and the Thebais of Seneca; nor is it till the fourth act, that he takes up the subject as it is

* "The master-piece of Seneca," says Dryden in his Treatise on Dramatic Poesy, "I hold to be that scene in the Troades, where Ulysses is seeking for Astyanax to kill him. There you see the tenderness of a mother represented in Andromache."

treated in the Antigone of Sophocles. The farewell of the heroine, when she is about to enter her living sepulchre, will be well remembered by all readers of that master of the drama. It is thus imitated by Garnier:—

O fontaine Dircee! ô fleuve Ismene! ô prez!
O forests! ô costaux! ô bords de sang pourprez!
O soleil jaunissant lumiere de ce monde!
O Thebes, mon pays, d'hommes guerriers feconde,
Et maintenant fertile en dure cruauté,
Contrainte je vous laisse et votre royauté!
. . . . . .
Hà, je sçay que bientost sortant de ma caverne,
Je vous verray, mon pere, au profond de l'Averne!
. . . . . .
Je vous verray, ma mere, esclandreuse Iocaste,
Je verray Eteocle, et le gendre d'Adraste,
N'agueres devalez sur le noir Acheron,
Et ne passez encor par le nocher Charon.
Adieu, brigade armée; adieu, cheres compagnes,
Je m'en vay lamenter sous les sombres campagnes:
J'entre vive en ma tombe, où languira mon corps
Mort et vif, esloigné des vivans et des morts.
(P. 478.)

Instead of a translation of these lines, I will add an attempt which I once made to compress the original into a few Latin elegiacs.

Hos viva Antigone, jamjam subitura sepulchrum,
Thebas respiciens, fudit ab ore sonos.
Sancta vale sedes, comitesque valete puellæ,
Et tu Dircæi fluminis unda vale.
Nunc licet extremûm patrias insistere terras;
Nunc licet extremo munere luce frui.
Intereo misera, amplexûs ignara mariti:
Turbavit pompas mors, Hymenæe, tuas.
At nec pœniteat vitales luminis oras
Linquere, et inferni visere regna Dei;
Sic cari potero vultus agnoscere fratris,
Sic umbræ occurrent ora paterna meæ.
Adsum, clamabo; generisque miserrima nostri,
Fato Labdacidæ stirpe creata probor.

The subject of the next tragedy, entitled Les Juiffes, the Jewish women, is taken from the Bible (II Kings, xxiv. xxv. Act 1. The prophet deplores the defeat of the Jews. The chorus sing a hymn on the fall of man and on the deluge. Act 2. Nebuchadnezzar, after an arrogant speech, equalling himself to the Almighty, declares to Nebuzaradan, captain of the guard, his intention to punish with death, the rebellion of the king of the Jews, from which that officer in vain endeavours to dissuade him. A chorus on the mischiefs resulting from the Jewish connection with Egypt. Hamutal, mother of Zedekiah, bewailing her desolate condition, with the Jewish women.

Ne viendra point le jour que mes langeurs je noye
Dans un sombre tombeau, faite des vers la proye?
Helas! je croy que non, il y a trop long temps
Qu'en vain je le reclame, et qu'en vain je l'attens.
Non, il ne viendra point, ma peine est perdurable,
La mort prompte au secours ne m'est point secourable:
Elle me fuit peureuse, et n'ose m'approcher,
Son dard, qui ne craint rien, a peur de me toucher.
Elle craint les malheurs où je languis confite,
Ou pense qu'immortelle en ce monde j'habite,
Que j'y erre à jamais, m'ayant l'ire de Dieu,
Comme dans un enfer, confinee en ce lieu. (P. 517.)

Will there not come a day, when I may whelm
In the dark tomb my sorrows, made the prey
For worms? Alas! I think, 'twill never come;
Long time it is since I call for't in vain,
In vain expect it. Oh! my pains are lasting.
E'en death, the general helper, helps not me.
Trembling he flees away, nor ventures near me:
His dart, that knows no terror, dares not touch me.
He fears the evils that enclose me round;
Or thinks I dwell immortal in this world,
Sent by God's wrath to wander up and down
Within this place of torment, as my hell.

The Assyrian Queen commiserates her misfortunes, and tries with much delicacy and tenderness to comfort her. The chorus sing a farewell to their native country.—Act 3. While the Queen is interceding with Nebuchadnezzar for the Jews, Hamutal

and the wives of Zedekiah enter; and at their supplications, the Assyrian king at length makes a treacherous promise of mercy. The chorus sing a hymn from the psalm "By the Waters of Babylon, &c."—Act 4. Seraiah, the chief priest, represents to the king of the Jews, when he is bewailing the sins and calamities of himself and his people, that nothing is left him but to submit with tranquillity and fortitude to the divine dispensations. Nebuchadnezzar now enters, and reproaches them with their rebellion. At first, Zedekiah acknowledges his offence, but is afterwards irritated into defiance by the brutality of his conqueror. The chorus in a hymn remember with anguish their former happiness, and contrast it with their present sufferings. The master of the household to the Assyrian king comes to demand the royal children from Hamutal and the wives of Zedekiah. The chorus sing the perpetual instability of fortune.—Act 5. The Prophet announces to Hamutal and the Queen the cruel murder of the children, whom they had given up as hostages to Nebuchadnezzar. Zedekiah then enters with his eyes put out; and the Prophet concludes the tragedy by foretelling the deliverance of the Jews by Cyrus, the rebuilding of temple, and the coming of Christ.

BRADAMANTE,

The last of Garnier's plays, which is entitled a tragi-comedy, and has no choruses, was suggested, as

the author says in his preface, by the latter part of the Orlando Furioso. In this he has conducted the plot much more artfully than in any of the rest.—Act 1. Sc. 1. Charlemagne is introduced exulting over the delivery of his kingdom from the forces of Agramant.—Sc. 2. Nymes, Duke of Bavaria, advises him to be content with his victory, and not to pursue further the remains of his routed enemies. The king expresses his design to reward his faithful soldiers, and especially Roger, by uniting him in marriage with Bradamante, whom her parents, Aymon and Beatrix, designed for Leon, son and heir to Constantine, the Grecian emperor; but in order to secure her for her lover, and at the same time not to contradict openly the will of her parents, Charlemagne intends that she shall be the prize of the knight who shall vanquish her in single combat.—Act 2. Sc. 1. Aymon and Beatrix hold a conversation on the intended marriage of their daughter. There is something comic in the pleasure with which they express their hopes of getting her off their hands without a marriage portion to the Emperor's son.—Sc. 2. Renaud expostulates with his father on his resolution to force a husband on his sister Bradamante. The old man falls into a rage, threatens to fight all who oppose his will, and calls to his servant, La Roque, for his arms, at the same time that he can scarce stand for feebleness.—Sc. 3. Beatrix strives to

self, if he had not had a mistress would have appeared more savage than any of the wild beasts he hunted, in the eyes of that court, where, as Voltaire tells us, the prime minister himself could not be without one. In the next scene the judgment of Racine led him to follow Euripides, though he has done it most timidly, and with a sacred horror of the bold and passionate imagery of the Greek. In his preface, acknowledging his obligations to that writer for the conception of Phædra's character, he tells us, that he believes he had never exhibited anything so *reasonable* on the stage. "Quand je ne lui devrois que la seule idée du caractere de Phedre, je pourrois dire que je lui dois ce que j'ai peut-être mis de plus raisonnable sur le théatre." And to her reason indeed it must be allowed he has brought her in the strait-waistcoat of his alexandrines; for the poor queen raves no more as she had formerly done in her palace at Athens, about dewy fountains, pure waters, poplars, tufted meadows, pine-trees, beast-slaughtering hounds, spotted stags, and Thessalian spears; about Diana mistress of the sea-lake, and Venetian horses; but talks as a lady might be supposed to talk, who had lived the greater part of her life at Paris, and was subject to be at times a little flighty.

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done to her brother in his absence; shall charge Bradamante with being secretly betrothed to him, and with having deserted him for her royal suitor; and shall offer to maintain the accusation by a trial at arms; that Bradamante shall pretend confusion at this challenge; and that, in the mean time, Charlemagne will no doubt be induced to suspend the proceedings.—Scene 5. The plot is put into execution, and the result is, that Roger, as soon as he makes his appearance again at Paris, is to fight Leon.—Scene 6. Leon proposes to employ Roger, whom he does not yet know to be his rival, to extricate him from this new difficulty; but is informed by Basile, Duke of Athens, that his friend is no longer to be found in Paris.—Act 5. Scene 1. Leon, who meets with Roger, now discovers who he is, enters into a contest of generosity with him, and insists on yielding Bradamante to him.—Scene 2. Meanwhile the ambassadors of Bulgaria having arrived at the court of Charlemagne, announce that their countrymen had elected Roger for their new king, in recompense of his having defended them against the Greeks.—Scene 3. Charlemagne acquaints Aymon with the honour conferred on Roger, and thus removes the principal objection to his union with Bradamante.—Scenes 4, 5, 6, and 7. The whole of the preceding events are explained to the satisfaction of all parties; the lovers are made happy; and Charlemagne satisfies Leon for

the loss of his mistress, by giving him his own daughter Leonora.

Robert Garnier, born at La Ferté-Bernard, 1534, died at Mans, Lieutenant-General of that town. He gained the prize at the Jeux Floraux; and, in addition to the plays here spoken of, was the author of several other poems which I have not seen.

ALAIN CHARTIER.

When Margaret of Scotland, Dauphiness of France, was passing through an apartment in which Alain Chartier lay asleep, she went up to him and kissed him. The custom of claiming a new pair of gloves on such occasions was probably not then in use; for the ladies and gentlemen who attended her expressed their wonder, that she should honour so ugly a fellow with that token of her affection; and Margaret replied, that she was tempted, not by the beauty of Alain's lips, but by the golden sayings that had proceeded from them. It is painful to think, that so free and gracious a lady should have died of grief occasioned by calumnious imputations on her virtue. Male Bouche, as the fiend was then called, never did the world a worse turn. But the tears of her husband,

who was afterwards King of France, with the title of Louis XI. sufficiently, as Henault observes, vindicated her memory.

Alain Chartier, who was secretary to Charles VII. father of Louis, was a good poet for his day, or rather, he was an excellent rhymer; for he will often go on with such a string of like endings, that it would have pozed Touchstone, in spite of his brag that he could rhyme you so eight years together, dinner and supper and sleeping hours excepted, to keep pace with him. "Grand poete de son temps, et encor plus grand orateur," is the eulogium left him by Estienne Pasquier. His Curial and Quadrilogue, the works which, in Estienne's opinion, entitle him to the praise of being a great orator, would in these days have appeared in the shape of two dry political pamphlets; but in those they assumed the more inviting form of as many visions. In the first of them, the Curial, Alain, while he is musing on the decline and disasters of France, is suddenly seized by Melancholy, a doleful and squalid female, who, without speaking a word, wraps him in her mantle and casts him into a bed, where three other females present themselves. These are, Indignation, Distrust, and Despair, whose persons are described. Indignation first endeavours to disgust him with the Court; next Distrust represents to him the forlorn condition of France; and, lastly, Despair tempts him to seek a refuge from his sufferings in death.

Et toy (continues she) pourquoy veulx tu veiller en ille male meschance et vivre en souhaitant la mort ous les jours. La chevalerie de ton pays est perte et iorte. Les estudes sont dissipees, le clergie est dis- ers et opprime, la rigle et moderation de honnestete ecclesiastique est tournee avecques le tẽps en desordon- iance et dissolution. Les citoyens sont despourveus lesperãce, et descongnoissans de seigneurie par obscurte de ceste trouble nuee, lordre est tournee en confusion et loy en desmesuree violence, juste seigneurie et hõneur deschiet, obeyssãce ennuyee, paciẽce fault tout tũbe et fond en labysme de ruine et de desolation. Fol. 12. *Les oeuvres feu maistre Alain Chartier en son vivant secretaire du feu Roy Charles Septiesme du nom. Nouvellement imprimees reveues et corrigiees oultre les precedẽtes impressions. On les vend a Paris en la grant salle du palais au premier pillier en la boutique de Galliot du pre Libraire jure de Luniversite.* 1529.

"And thou, why art thou fain to keep watch in this evil mischance, and to live on, wishing for death all thy days? The chivalry of thy land is destroyed and gone; studies are routed; the clergy is dispersed and oppressed; the rule and government of ecclesiastical decorum is turned with the time into disorder and dissoluteness. The citizens are disfurnished of hope, and inobservant of seignory, through the darkness of this thick cloud; order is changed to confusion, and law into unmeasured violence; just seignory and honour are fallen out of their place; obeisance is wearied out; patience fails; every thing is going headlong into the abyss of ruin and desolation."

He is ready to listen to the suggestions of Despair, when Nature, alarmed at the thoughts of dissolution, is so violently agitated that she rouses up Understanding, who was sleeping by his side. Understanding opens the wicket of Memory, the bolts of which had been held fast by the rust of Forgetfulness: by this three ladies and a very fair damsel immediately enter. The first of these, who is Faith, addresses Understanding, and resolves many doubts which are proposed to her by that personage. Here he takes occasion to inveigh most bitterly against the abuses which had crept into the church.

"Dante, poet of Florence, thou, if thou wast still living, wouldst have cause to cry out against Constantine; seeing that in a time when religion was better observed thou wert yet bold to reprehend, and didst reproach him, for having infused into the church that venom and poison, wherewith she should be wasted and destroyed." *Fol.* 36.

Soon after he speaks with a mixture of pity and anger concerning the persecutions which the poor clergy in Bohemia had lately undergone; becomes eloquent in his indignation against those by whom the churches had been violated; and reproaches the French people with their degeneracy since the days of Charles the Fifth. Deeper questions are afterwards discussed. Hope explains to Understanding in what manner

human passions and perfections are attributed to the Deity, and endeavours to reconcile the free-will of man with the foreknowledge of God.

She next declares in plain terms the enormity that had been occasioned by the celibacy of the clergy, and the other crying sins which were then imputable to the church. The other two ladies, whom he had before introduced, do not continue the conversation, as might have been expected; and the Curial ends abruptly, with a warning addressed to the author's brother, against the life of a courtier. In this book there are short poetical pieces interspersed, very inferior to the prose.

He tells us, that the unhappiness of his country, and the desire of recalling his fellow-citizens to a sense of their duty, were the motives which induced him to write the Quadrilogue, so named from the four persons who are represented speaking in it. Dame France appears to him about the dawn of day—a noble lady, but full of sorrow, and dressed in "wondrous hieroglyphic robe." She addresses her three sons, under whom are figured the populace, the nobility, and the clergy, and descants on the miseries to which they, in conjunction with foreign enemies, had reduced her. They mutually criminate each other. France puts an end to their debates, by exhorting them to concord, and by desiring that their several pleas may be committed to writing, a task which she orders Alain to undertake.

Puis que Dieu ne ta donne force de corps, ne usage d'armes, sers la chose publique de ce que tu peux. Car autant exaulca la gloire des rommains, et renforca leurs courages a vertu la plume et la lãgue de leurs orateurs, comme les glaives des combatans.—*Fol.* 139.

"Since God hath not given thee force of body or skill in arms, serve thy country in that thou mayest; for the glory of the Romans was as much advanced, and their courage as much invigorated by the pen and tongue of their orators, as by the swords of their warriors."

The Bellè Dame sans Merci of this poet is known to us from a translation inserted by some mistake among the works of Chaucer, who died when the Frenchman was about fourteen years of age. Tyrwhitt says, that in the Harleian manuscripts, 373, the version is attributed to Sir Richard Ros. Whoever the author of it may be, it is very well done; and sometimes surpasses the original, as in the following stanza.

De puis je ne sceuz quil devint
Ne quel part il se transporta
Mais a sa dame nen souvint
Qui aux dames se deporta
Et depuis on me rapporta
Quil avoit ses cheveulx descoux
Et que tant en desconforta
Quil en estoit mort de courroux.—*Fol.* 199.

Fro thens he went, but whither wist I nought,
Nor to what part he drew in sothfastnesse,
But he no more was in his ladies thought,
For to the daunce anon she gan her dresse,
And afterward, one told me thus expresse,
He rent his heer, for anguish and for paine,
And in himselfe toke so great heavinesse,
That he was dedde within a day or twaine.
Fol. 243, *Speght's Edit.* 1602.

Here it is evident that the translator must have made use of a manuscript of Chartier's works more correct than the edition of 1529; for, instead of dames in the fourth line, he has translated as if it were danses, which was, no doubt, the right reading. In another place, this edition of Speght appears to be faulty.

De ceste feste je lassay
Car joye triste coeur travaille
Et lors de la presse passay
Si massiz dessoubz une traille
Drue et fueillie a grant merveille
Entrelardee de saulx vers
Se que nul pour cep et pour fueille
Ne povoit parveoir au travers.—*Fol.* 188.

To see the feast it wearied me full sore,
For heavy joy doeth sore the heart travaile;
Out of the prease I me withdraw therefore,
And set me down alone behind a traile,

Full of leaves to see a great mervaile,
With greene wreaths ybounden wonderly
The leaves were so thick withouten faile,
That throughout no man might me espie.—*Fol.* 239.

Instead of *wreaths*, the word was probably *withs*. The second line, which, in the original, conveys the natural sentiment that "joy is trouble to a heart in sorrow," was evidently misunderstood by the translator.

The introduction to the Livre des Quatre Dames, written in 1433, is a lively picture of a spring morning, so much in Chaucer's way, that one might suppose it had been copied by that writer, if the images were not such as the poets of the time most delighted to assemble. The four ladies severally lay their griefs before Alain. The first had lost her lover, who was killed at the battle of Agincourt; the lover of the second had been made prisoner; that of the third was missing, and of the fourth had run away.

The poem that approaches nearest to the sprightliness of old Geoffrey, is the Hospital damours, if that be indeed Chartier's, but it is a little strange that he should speak of himself as being interred in the cemetery of the hospital, as he does in these words.

Assez pres au bout dung sentier
Gisoit le corps dung tresparfait

Saige et loyal Alain Chartier
Qui en amour fit maint beau fait
Et par qui fut sceu le meffait
De celle qui lamant occi
Quil appella quant il eut fait
La belle dame sans mercy.
Entour sa tombe en lettre d'or
Estoit tout l'art de retorique.—*Fol.* 278.

"Near, at the end of a path, lay the body of a very complete wise and loyal person, Alain Chartier, who did many a fine feat in love, and made known the misdeed of her by whom her lover was slain, and whom he called, when he had made that poem, La belle Dame sans Mercy. Round about his tomb in letters of gold was all the art of rhetorick engraven."

The following verses, being one of his seven ballads on Fortune, may give a fair view of his character as a poet.

Sur lac de dueil sur riviere ennuyeuse
Plaine de crys de regretz et de clains
Sur pesant sourse et melencolieuse
Plaine de plours de souspirs et de plains
Sur grans estangz darmetume* tous plains
Et de douleur sur abisme parfonde
Fortune la sa maison tousiours fonde
A lung des lez de roche espouentable

* A mistake of the press for damertume.

Et en pendant affin que plutost fonde
En demonstrant quelle nest pas estable.

Dune part clere et dautre tenebreuse
Est la maison aux douleureux meschans
Dune part riche et dautre souffreteuse
Cest du coste ou les champs sont prochains
Et dautre part a assez fruictz et grains
La siet fortune on tout en air habonde
Dune part noire et delautre elle est blonde
Dune part ferme et dautre tresbuchable
Muette, sourde, aveugle et sans faconde
En demonstrant quelle nest pas estable.

Et la endroit par sa dextre orgueilleuse
Qui retenir ne veult brides ne frains
Et sa maison doubtable et perilleuse
Sont les mischiefz tous moussez et emprains
Dont les delictz sont rompus et enfrains
Et les honneurs et gloire de ce monde
Car par le tour de sa grant rue ronde
Fait a la fois dung palais une estable
Et aussitost que le vol dune aronde
En demonstrant quelle nest pas estable.

Que voulez vous que je dye et responde
Se fortune est une fois delectable
Elle sera amere a la seconde
En demonstrant quelle nest pas estable. (Fol. 335.)

On lake of mourning by the stream of woe,
Full of loud moans and passionate distress,

By melancholy fountain dull and slow,
Full of sad tears and sobbings comfortless,
By a great pond surnamed of bitterness,
And fast beside th' abyss of grief profound,
There Fortune ever doth her dwelling found
Upon a hanging ledge of rock unstable,
Th' unsurest spot that may in earth be found,
Shewing to all that she is never stable.

One part is bright, the other most obscure,
Of that same dwelling made for mortals vain:
One side is rich, the other mean and poor;
Here stretcheth wide a bare unsightly plain,
And fields are there that wave with fruits and grain.
So Fortune sits abounding all in air,
On one side black, on th' other white and fair;
On one part sound, on th' other perishable,
Mute, deaf, and blind, as all her deeds declare,
Shewing to all that she is never stable.

And there in place held by her proud right hand,
That scorneth bit or bridle to retain,
In her dread dwelling there doth ever stand
Conceal'd of dire mishaps a monstrous train;
To beat down sin with well deserved pain,
And worldly might and glory to confound;
For at one turning of her great wheel round
She of a palace makes forthwith a stable,
More swiftly than a swallow skims the ground,
Shewing to all that she is never stable.

What will ye more? This is the sum of all:
If Fortune smiles at one time favourable,
She bringeth at the next a grievous fall,
Shewing to all that she is never stable.

It may be worth while to observe that many of the Chaucerian words are to be found in Alain Chartier, and that he will sometimes assist us in putting the right signification on them. For instance, the word *tretis* is explained in Tyrwhitt's Glossary, *long and well proportioned*, though it is plain, from a passage in the Regrets d'un Amoureux, that the French word from which it is derived cannot bear that meaning.

Sa petite bouche et traictise. (Fol. 325.)

Alain Chartier was born in 1386, and died in 1458.

CHARLES, DUKE OF ORLEANS.

It is now (in 1823) but a few years since the first publication of some French poems, written at the beginning of the fifteenth century, which not only excel any other of that time that we are acquainted with, but might at any time be regarded as patterns

of natural ease and elegance. What makes this long neglect the more difficult to account for, is, that the author of them was a prince, grandson to one of the French kings, father to another, and uncle to a third; the first, (Charles V.) renowned for his wisdom; the next, (Louis XII.) for his paternal care of his subjects; and the third, (Francis I.) for his courtesy, and his love of letters. When we are told that the writings of a person thus distinguished had been so long suffered to remain in darkness, it is natural to suspect that some imposition may have been practised on the public respecting them. But there is no ground for such suspicion. They have not been discovered by some apprentice boy, in an old church coffer, like the poems of Rowley, nor by the son of a prime minister, in some other out of the way place, like the Castle of Otranto. The manuscript which contains them, was noticed in the Royal Library at Paris, near a century back, by the Abbé Sallier, who inserted three papers on the subject, in the Memoirs of the Academie des Inscriptions:* Another, from

* Tome xiii. p. 580. Tome xv. p. 795, and Tome xvii. Mars. 1742. In the first of the Abbé's papers here referred to, the manuscript in the Royal Library at Paris is thus described. It had belonged to Catherine of Medicis. The arms of Charles, Duke of Orleans, impressed on the first leaf, together with those of Valentina, of Milan, his mother, shewed that Cathe-

which the publication was made, is in the public library at Grenoble; and, to put the matter out of doubt, a third, of singular splendour, is to be seen in our own national library of the British Museum. The last of these was once the property of Henry VII. of England, whose daughter Mary was married to the son of the poet himself, the above-mentioned Louis XII.

The Abbé Sallier remarks, that if Boileau had seen these productions, he would not have called Villon the restorer of the French Parnassus. I am not sure of this. The palate of Boileau required something more poignant. In these there is as much simplicity as in some of Wordsworth's minor pieces. The chief difference is that these are almost all love verses.

En songe, souhaid et penser,
Vous voye chacun jour de sepmaine,
Combien qu'estes de moy loingtaine,
Belle très loyaument amée.

Pour ce qu'estes la mieulx parée,
De toute plaisance mondaine:
En songe, souhaid et pensée,
Vous voy chascun jour de sepmaine.

---

rine had got it from the library of her husband, Henry II. It contained 131 songs, and about 400 rondels; and, lastly, a discourse pronounced before Charles VII. in favour of John II. Duke of Alençon.

Du tout vous ay m'amour donnée,
Vous en povez estre certaine :
Ma seule Dame souveraine,
De mon las cueur moult desirée,
En songe, souhaid et pensée.

In dream, and wish, and thought, my Love,
I see thee every day;
So doth my heart to meet thee move,
When thou art far away.

For that all worldly joys above
Thou shinest in thy array;
In dream, and wish, and thought, my Love,
I see thee every day.

No care, no hope, no aim I prove,
That is not thine to sway:
O! trust me, while on earth I rove,
Thy motions I obey,
In dream, and wish, and thought, my Love.

(*Poesies de Charles d'Orléans*, p. 208. *Paris, small* 8*vo.* 1809.)

J'ay fait l'obseque de Madame
Dedans le moustier amoureux;
Et le service pour son ame
A chanté penser dóloreux :
Maint cierges, de soupirs piteux
Ont esté en son luminaire :
Aussy j'ay fait la tombe faire,

De regrets tous de larmes paints ;
Et tout en tour moult richement
Est escript : Cy gist * vraiement
La trésor de tous biens mondains.

Dessus elle gist une lame
Faiste d'or et de saffirs bleux :
Car saffir est nommé la jame
De Loyanté et l'or cureux :
Bien luy appartiennent ces deux ;
Car Eure et Loyauté pourtraire
Voulu en la très-débonnaire,
Dieu qui la fist de ses deux mains
Et forma merveilleusement ;
C'estoit a parler plainement
Le trésor de tous biens mondains.

N'en parlons plus, mon cueur se pame,
Quant il oyt les fait vertueux
D'elle qui estoit sans nul blame,
Comme jurent celles et ceulx
Qui congnoissoient ses conseulx.
Si croy que Dieu l'a voulu traire
Vers luy, pour parer son repaire
De paradis, où sont les saints :
Car c'est d'elle bel parement,
Que l'on nommoit communément
Le trésor de tous biens mondains.

---

* In the MS. of the British Museum, it is, Cy gist bravement, which is a better reading.

De rien ne servent pleurs ne plains;
Tous mourrons tart ou briefvement,
Nul ne peust garder longuement
Le trésor de tous biens mondains. (P. 237.)

To make my lady's obsequies
My love a minster wrought,
And in the chantry, service there
Was sung by doleful thought;
The tapers were of burning sighs,
That light and odour gave;
And sorrows, painted o'er with tears,
Enlumined her grave;
And round about, in quaintest guise,
Was carved: "Within this tomb there lies
The fairest thing in mortal eyes."

Above her lieth spread a tomb
Of gold and sapphires blue;
The gold doth shew her blessedness,
The sapphires mark her true:
For blessedness and truth in her
Were livelily portray'd,
When gracious God with both his hands
Her goodly substance made:
He framed her in such wond'rous wise,
She was, to speak without disguise,
The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

No more, no more: my heart doth faint
When I the life recal

Of her, who lived so free from taint,
So virtuous deem'd by all:
That in herself was so complete,
I think that she was ta'en
By God to deck his paradise,
And with his saints to reign;
For well she doth become the skies,
Whom, while on earth, each one did prize
The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

But nought our tears avail, or cries:
All soon or late in death shall sleep:
Nor living wight long time may keep
The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

En la forest d'ennuieuse tristesse,
Un jour m'avint qu'à par moy cheminoye;
Je rencontray l'amoureuse déesse,
Qui m'appella, demandant où j'aloye.
Je respondy, que par Fortune estoye
Mis en exil, en ce bois long-temps a;
Et qu'à bon droit appeller me povoit,
L'homme esgaré qui ne scet où il va.

En souriant par sa très-grant humblesse
My respondy: amy se je sçavoye
Pourquoy tu es mis en ceste destresse;
A mon pouvoir voulentiers t'aideroye:
Car ja pieça je mis ton cueur en voye,
De tout plaisir, ne sçay qui l'en osta:
Or me desplait qu'à présent je te voye,
L'homme esgaré qui ne scet où il va.

Hélas! dis-je, souveraine princesse,
Mon fait sçavez; pourquoy le vous diroye?
C'est par la mort qui fait à tous rudesse,
Qui m'a tollu celle que tant amoye;
En qui estoit tout l'espoir que j'avoye;
Qui me guidoit si bien, m'accompaigna
En son vivant; que point ne me trouvoye,
L'homme esgaré qui ne scet où il va.

Aveugle suy, ne sçay où aller doye:
De mon baston afin que ne forvoye
Je vay tastant mon chemin çà et là:
C'est grant pitié qu'il convient que je soye
L'homme esgaré qui ne scet où il va. (P. 230.)

One day it chanced that in the gloomy grove
Of sorrow, all alone my steps I bent;
So met I there the mother queen of love,
Who call'd me, asking whitherward I went.
Fortune, quoth I, in exile hath me sent
Within this wood long time to weep my woes:
Well mayst thou name a wight so sorely shent,
The wilder'd man that wots not where he goes.

She smiled, and answer'd in her lowliness:
Friend, if I knew why thou dost hither stray,
Thee would I gladly help in thy distress,
In the best manner that in sooth I may:
For erst I put thy heart in pleasure's way;
Nor aught I ken from whence thy grief arose.
It irketh me to see thee here to-day,
The wilder'd man that wots not where he goes.

Alas, quoth I, my sovran lady dear,
Thou knowst my hap: what need I tell it thee?
Death, that doth reave us of all treasures here,
Hath taken her who was a joy to me,
Who was my guide, and held my company,
In whom I did my only hope repose,
Long as she lived; not fated then to be
The wilder'd man that wots not where he goes.

I am a blind man now, fain to explore,
With staff outstretch'd this way and that before,
Feeling the path that none unto me shows.
Great pity 'tis I must be evermore
The wilder'd man that wots not where he goes.

Le temps a laissié son menteau
De vent de froidure et de pluye,
Et s'est vestu de broderye,
De soleil riant, cler et beau.

Il n'y a beste, ne oyseau,
Qui en son jargon ne chante et crye;
Le temps a laissé son menteau
De vent, de froidure et de pluye.

Riviere, fontaine et ruisseau
Portent en livrée jolie,
Gouttes d'argent d'orfévrerie;
Chascun s'abille de nouveau,
Le temps a laissié son menteau. (P. 257.)

The Time hath laid his mantle by
Of wind and rain and icy chill,
And dons a rich embroidery
Of sun-light pour'd on lake and hill.

No beast or bird in earth or sky
Whose voice doth not with gladness thrill,
For Time hath laid his mantle by
Of wind and rain and icy chill.

River and fountain, brook and rill,
Bespangled o'er with livery gay
Of silver droplets, wind their way:
So all their new apparel vie;
The Time hath laid his mantle by.

En regardant ces belles fleurs,
Que le temps nouveau d'amours prie;
Chascune d'elle s'ajolie
Et farde de plaisants couleurs.

Quant embasmées sont d'odeurs,
Qui'l n'est cueur qui ne rajeunie,
En regardant les belles fleurs
Que le temps nouveau d'amours prie.

Les oyseaulx deviennent danseurs
Dessus mainte branche fleurie,
Et font joyeuse chanterie
De contres, de chants et teneurs
En regardant ces belles fleurs. (P. 258.)

In blinking at the bonny flowers
When April them to love doth wooe,
And all shine brighter in the bowers,
And all are deck'd with colours new;

No heart there is but youth restores
Amid their breath of balmy dew,
In blinking at the bonny flowers,
When April them to love doth wooe.

The birds are dancing in their glee
Upon the twigs mid blosmy showers;
There sing they loud in their chauntrie
Counter and tenor merrily,
In blinking at the bonny flowers.

The life of Charles, Duke of Orleans, might furnish the materials for a romance, or rather for several romances. He was born on the 26th of May, 1391. His father, Louis Duke of Orleans, the second son of Charles V. was married in 1389 to Valentina, daughter of the Duke of Milan. After the death of Charles, France was distracted by factions. The minority of his son, Charles VI. made it necessary that a regency should be appointed. His four uncles contended for this distinction. The King had not been long of age, when the frequent fits of lunacy, to which he was liable, again made him incapable of ruling except only at intervals. His brother Louis now put in his claim to a share in the government, and

in the disputes which ensued between him and two of the uncles, the Dukes of Berri and Burgundy, Louis was assassinated by the orders of the latter in the Rue Barbette at Paris, on the 23rd of November, 1407. A formal and feigned reconciliation took place at Chartres in a year or two after between the families of the murderer and the murdered; but Valentina died of grief at seeing the death of her husband unrevenged. A tissue of odious intrigues is entangled with these horrors. The Duke of Burgundy was supposed to be partly instigated by jealousy of his wife to the commission of his crime, for which there was the less excuse as that very wife was the favourite of the King, as he himself was the paramour of the Queen, the infamous Isabel.

At the age of sixteen, Charles of Orleans had married a daughter of this King and Queen, of the same name with her mother, and widow of Richard II. of England. In three years after (1409) his consort died. Thus before the age of twenty he found himself not only an orphan but a widower. A second marriage with Bonne, daughter of the Count of Armagnac, involved him in new troubles. The Count had put himself at the head of a faction opposed to the Duke of Burgundy, and from him called the Armagnacs. A short truce for a while suspended these differences; till the Count de Saint Pol, who was governor of Paris, determined on driving out of

the capital all those who were not in the interest of the Duke of Burgundy, and for that purpose united a band of 500 bravoes who were called the *Cabochiens*, from Caboche, a butcher, one of the principal amongst them. In an evil hour, either Charles of Orleans or his father-in-law sought assistance from the English.* The consequence of this ill-advised measure was the battle of Agincourt, in which it so happened that the Duke himself fell into the hands of the invaders; for the King of France had, in the meantime, declared against the Duke of Burgundy, and Charles was therefore now fighting on the side of the King against those very enemies whom he had himself invited. In the field of Agincourt he was found lying amongst a heap of slain, with some signs of life in him, by a valiant soldier of the name of Richard Waller who brought him to Henry V. Waller being desired by that monarch to take charge of his prisoner, on their return to England, confined him in his own mansion at Groombridge, near Tunbridge, in Kent. This misfortune did not come alone, for at the same time he lost his second wife, Bonne of Armagnac. How long

* In the paper by the Abbé Sallier, inserted in the Memoires de l'Academie des Inscriptions, tom. xv. p. 795, are some curious particulars of an embassy by Jacques le Grant into England, sent by the Orleans or Armagnac party.

he remained in Waller's custody is not known; but he had time enough to rebuild the house that was assigned for his habitation. His piety also led him to contribute to the repairs of the neighbouring church of Speldhurst, over the porch of which we are told by the historians of the county that the arms of the Duke carved in stone are still to be seen.* From John, the second son of this Richard Waller, were descended the Wallers of Beconsfield, of whom I conclude the poet Edmund to have been one.

Before the eighth year of Henry VI. as Hasted, in his History of Kent informs us, the Duke had been committed to other custody; for it was that year enacted in Parliament that the Duke of Orleans, the King's cousin, then in the keeping of Sir Thomas Chamberworth, Knight, should be delivered to Sir John Cornwall, Knight, to be by him safely kept. There is even some doubt as to the time which his captivity in this country lasted; but the best accounts, I think, make it twenty-five years in all. During this time he acquired such a taste for our language, as to compose some verses in it. The Abbé Sallier mentions his having written only two short pieces in English; but in the manuscript of his poems in the

* See Harris's History of Kent, vol. i. p. 292, and Hasted's History of Kent, vol. i. p. 431.

British Museum I have found three.* They are as follows. I give them not as being particularly good, but because any verses written in our language by a foreigner at so early a time, that is, very soon after the death of Chaucer, may be regarded as a curiosity.

Go forth, my hert, with my lady;
Loke that ye spar no bysines
To serve her with such lolyness,
That ye gette her oftyme prively
That she kepe truly her promes.
Go forth, &c.

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* A large collection of English poems attributed to Charles, Duke of Orleans, is among the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum, (No. 682); they were printed by Mr. Watson Taylor for the Roxburgh Club, in 1827, as appears by an article on these poems in the Gentleman's Magazine for May 1842, p. 459. The writer of that article is mistaken: he says, "We have only to add that the opinion of Sir Thomas Croft that the English poems now printed in the Roxburgh volume, are *not* by Charles, but are translations from his French poems by another bard, is not, as far as we can learn, received by the learned in these matters:" for in the "Collection des Documens inédits sur l'histoire de France, p. 70, (4° Par. 1835.) it is observed of this MS. "Ce manuscrit contient la traduction Anglaise de la plupart des poésies de Charles d'Orleans, executée par un contemporain. L'on n'y trouve rien qui puisse autoriser à croire qu'elle soit du prince lui-même; ainsi M. Watson Taylor, qui a publié ce recueil, n'a-t-il aucune raison solide à apporter pour justifier le titre qu'il lui a donné, titre que nous avons rapporté ci-devant."—ED.

I must, as a helis body,
Abyde alone in hevynes;
And ye shal dwell with your mastris
In plaisaunce glad and mery.
Go forth, &c.

By *helis body*, I suppose is meant *one deprived of health or happiness*. The word occurs in Chaucer, but with a difference in the spelling and quantity.

—— A wight in torment and in drede
And *healelesse*.

Troilus and Creseide,
Book v. fol. 180, Ed. 1602.

My hertly love is in your governās,
And ever shal whill that I live may.
I pray to God I may see that day
That ye be knyt with trouthful alyans.
Ye shal not fynd feyning or variaunce
As in my part; that wyl I truly say.
My hertly, &c.

Bewere, my trewe innocent hert,
How ye hold with her aliauns,
That somtym with word of plesūns
Resceyved you under covert.
Thynke how the stroke of love comsmert*
Without warnyng or deffiauns.
Bewere my, &c.

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* Query, for *can smart*, or *comes smart*.

And ye shall pryvely* or appert
See her by me in loves dauns,
With her faire femenyn contenauns
Ye shall never fro her astert.†
Bewere my, &c.

From these strains, it would appear as if the young widower had been smitten by some English lady, during his long abode amongst us. Soon after his release, he married Mary, Princess of Cleves, by whom he had one son, Louis XII. of France, and two daughters, Mary, the wife of Jean de Foix Vicomte de Narbonne, and Joan, Abbess of Fontevrault. He had another daughter by his first wife, who was also named Joan, and was married to the Duke of Alençon. Among those who most joyfully welcomed his return to his native country, was his illegitimate brother John, the brave Count of Dunois, by whom the English were expelled from Normandy.

On the death of Filippo Maria Visconti, Duke of Milan, (in 1447) Charles made an ineffectual attempt to recover that inheritance in right of his mother, who was sister to the Duke.

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* *Prive and apert* is in Chaucer, Cant. T. 6696. *In private and in public.* Tyrwhitt's Glossary.

† *Astert.* Chaucer Cant. T. 1597, 6550. *To escape,* Tyrwhitt's Glossary.

At the accession of Louis XI. to the crown of France, he was so mortified by the dissimulation of that monarch, that he retired in disgust from the court. He died on the first of January, 1466, in his 75th year.

Besides his poems and the speech delivered in favour of the Duke of Alençon, there are remaining some of his letters, addressed to the "good cities" of France, or to the king. They are dated from Gergeau sur Loire, July 14, 1411, and are thus described by Juvenal des Ursins, who refers to them in the History of Charles VI. "Lettres longues et assez prolixes, et faites en bel et doux langage."*

The writer of a memoir, prefixed to his poems, adds that his tomb, which was in a chapel of the Celestines, at Paris, has escaped the ravages of time and of the revolution, and is to be found in the depository of French monuments, in the Rue des Petits Augustins.

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* See the paper by the Abbé Sallier. Memoires de l'Academie des Inscriptions, t. xvii. Mars. 1742.

FRANCOIS VILLON.

THE praise bestowed by Boileau on Villon, and still more the pains taken by Clement Marot, at the instance of Francis the First, to edit his poems, would lead us to expect great things from them; but in this expectation most English readers will probably be disappointed. For while Alain Chartier is full as intelligible as Chaucer, and Charles Duke of Orleans more so, Villon (who wrote after both) can scarcely be made out by the help of a glossary. Even his editor, Marot, who, as he tells us in the preface, had corrected a vast number of passages in his poems, partly from the old editions, partly from the recital of old people who had got them by heart, and partly from his own conjectures, was forced to leave several others untouched, which he could neither correct nor explain. One cause of the difficulty, which we find in reading Villon, is assigned by Marot, in a sentence that shows his knowledge of the true principles of criticism. "Quant à l'industrie des lays qu'il feit en ses testamens pour suffisamment la congnoistre et entendre, il faudroit avoir esté de son temps à Paris, et avoir congneu les lieux, les choses et les hommes

dont il parle; la memoire desquelz tant plus se passera, tant moins se congnoistra icelle industrie des ses lays dictz. Pour ceste cause qui voudra faire une œuvre de lougue durée, ne preigne son soubject, sur telles choses basses et particulieres." Les Œuvres de François Villon, à Paris, 1723, small 8vo. "As to the address with which he has distributed his legacies, in the poems called his Wills, to understand it sufficiently one should have been at Paris in his time, and have been acquainted with the places, the things, and the persons of whom he speaks; for by how much more the memory of these shall have been lost, so much less shall we be able to discover his dexterity in the distribution of these bequests. He who would compose a work that shall last, ought not to choose his subject in circumstances thus mean and particular."

The truth is, that Villon appears to have been one of the first French writers who excelled in what they call Badinage, for which I do not know any adequate term in our language. It is something between wit and buffoonery. Less intellectual and refined than the one, and not so gross and personal as the other, in reconciling, it in some degree neutralizes both. To an Englishman it is apt to appear either ridiculous or insipid; to a Frenchman it is almost enough to make the charm of life.

One of the chief causes of Villon's popularity

must however have arisen in the great number of French families whom he has mentioned in his two Wills, generally for the purpose of ridiculing certain individuals who belonged to them. A list of these, containing upwards of eighty names, is prefixed to these two poems.

His "Petit Testament," which was written in 1456, he supposes to have been made on the following occasion. Being heartily tired of love, and thinking there was no other cure for it but death, he represents himself as determined on leaving this world, and accordingly draws up his will.

His "Grand Testament" was framed in a more serious conjuncture. In 1461 he was committed to prison at Melun, together with five accomplices, for a crime, the nature of which is not known. But whatever it were, he intimates that he was tempted into it by his mistress, who afterwards deserted him. He remained in a dungeon and in chains, on an allowance of bread and water, during a whole summer, and was condemned to be hung; but Louis XI. (who had then newly succeeded to the throne), in consideration, as it is said, of his poetical abilities, mercifully commuted his punishment into exile. He is, perhaps, the only man whom the muse has rescued from the gallows. The hardships he had suffered during his confinement brought on a premature old age; but they taught him, he says, more

wisdom than he could have learned from a commentary on Aristotle's ethics.

> Travail mes lubres sentimens
> Aguisa (ronds comme pelote)
> Me monstrant plus que les commens
> Sur le sens moral d'Aristote.—*Ib.* p. 14.

"Trouble has sharpened my lubberly thoughts (before as round as a bullet); shewing me more than the comments on Aristotle's Ethics could have done."

The first place at which he found a refuge was St. Genou, near St. Julien, on the road leading from Poitou into Bretagne. Here he was reduced to such extremity, that he was forced to beg his bread; and if the fear of his Maker had not restrained him, he declares he should have put an end to himself.

There is little known of what happened to him afterwards. He probably met with some lucky turn of fortune; for Rabelais mentions his having been in favour with Edward V. of England, and his dying at an advanced age.

From what has been said of the peculiar vein of his genius, the reader will perceive, that it is scarcely capable of being fairly represented in another language. His happy turns of expression, smart personalities, and witty inuendoes, would tell very indifferently at second hand. A short ballad out of the

Grand Testament, being more general, may be attempted.

Ballade, des Dames du Temps Jadis.

Dictes moy, ou, ne en quel pays
Est Flora la belle Romaine,
Archipiada, ne Thais
Qui fut sa cousine Germaine?
Echo parlant quand bruyt on maine
Dessus riviere, ou sus estan
Qui beaulté eut trop plus que humaine?
Mais ou sont les neiges d'antan?

Ou est la tressage Heloïs?
Pour qui fut chastré (et puy Moyne)
Pierre Esbaillart à Sainct Denys
Pour son amour eut cest essoyne.
Semblablement ou est la Royne,
Qui commanda que Buridan
Fut jetté en ung sac en Seine?
Mais ou sont les neiges d'antan?

La Royne blanche comme ung lys
Qui chantoit à voix de Sereine,
Berthe au grand pied, Bietris, Allys,
Harembouges qui tint le Mayne,
Et Jehanne la bonne Lorraine
Que Angloys bruslerent à Rouen.
Ou sont ilz, vierge souveraine?
Mais ou sont les neiges d'antan?

Prince n'enquerez de sepmaine
Ou elles sont, ne de cest an,
Que ce refrain ne vous remaine
Mais ou sont les neiges d'antan ?

BALLAD, OF THE LADIES OF PAST TIMES.

Tell me where, or in what clime,
Is that mistress of the prime,
Roman Flora ? she of Greece,
Thais ? or that maid so fond,
That, an ye shout o'er stream and pond,
Answering holdeth not her peace ?
—Where are they ?—Tell me, if ye know;
What is come of last year's snow ?

Where is Heloise the wise,
For whom Abelard was fain,
Mangled in such cruel wise,
To turn a monk instead of man ?
Where the Queen, who into Seine
Bade them cast poor Buridan ?
—Where are they ?—Tell me, if ye know ;
What is come of last year's snow ?

The Queen, that was as lily fair,
Whose songs were sweet as linnets' are,
Bertha, or she who govern'd Maine ?
Alice, Beatrix, or Joan,
That good damsel of Loraine,
Whom the English burnt at Roan ?
—Where are they ?—Tell me, if ye know ;
What is come of last year's snow ?

Prince, question by the month or year;
The burden of my song is here:
—Where are they?—Tell me, if ye know;
What is come of last year's snow?

While he was under sentence of death, he wrote some verses in which there is strange mixture of pathos and humour. They begin thus:

Freres humains qui après nous vivez,
N'ayez les cueurs contre nous endurcis,
Car si pitié de nous pouvres avez,
Dieu en aura plustost de vous merciz;
Vous nous voyez cy attachez, cinq, six,
Quant de la chair, que trop avons nourrie
Elle est pieça devoree et pourrie,
Et nous les os, devenons cendre et pouldre;
De nostre mal personne ne s'en rie,
Mais priez Dieu que tous nous vueille absouldre.
(P. 93.)

O brethren, ye who live when we are gone,
Let not your hearts against us harden'd be;
For e'en as ye do pity us each one,
So gracious God be sure will pity ye;
Here hanging five or six of us you see;
As to our fleah, which once too well we fed,
That now is rotten quite, and mouldered;
And we, the bones, do turn to dust and clay:
None laugh at us that are so ill bested,
But pray ye God to do our sins away.

The epigram on himself, when he was condemned, is more ludicrous.

> Je suis François (dont ce me poise)
> Né de Paris, emprés Ponthoise,
> Or d'une corde d'une toise
> Sçaura mon col que mon cul poise.

Let us hope that it was no heinous offence for which he could suffer with so much gaiety.

The Petit Testament is very short, not much more than 200 verses. In the drollery, such as it is, of this fancied disposal of property, made with no other view than that of raising a laugh at the legatees, he has had a crowd of imitators. The Grand Testament, besides many items of the same kind, includes several ballads and rondels, which one of his commentators not unreasonably supposes to have been written separately, and afterwards classed under this common title, for they have no apparent connexion with the main subject.

His other writings consist chiefly of a few ballads in the language D'Argot, or as we should call it, slang. Clement Marot found them unintelligible, and left them to be expounded by Villon's successors in the art of knavery. I have not heard that any of them have undertaken the task. Indeed it would be a betrayal of their secrets, as little for their common good, as if a Romish priest were to translate the in-

vocation of the Saints, or a physician his recipes, out of the Latin into the vernacular tongue. Of the Repuës Franches, which has been sometimes attributed to him, it is decided that he is not the author but the hero.

Villon was born at Paris, in 1431, of mean parentage, as appears from the following stanza in his Grand Testament:

Pauvre je suys de ma jeunesse
De pauvre et de petite extrace,
Mon pere, n'eut onq' grand' richesse,
Ne son ayeul nommé Erace,
Pauvreté tous nous suyt et trace,
Sur les tumbeaulx de mes ancestres
(Les ames desquelz Dieu embrasse)
On n'y voyt couronnes ne sceptres. (P 21.)

Poor am I, poor have alway been,
And poor before me were my race:
No wealth my sire possess'd, I ween,
And none his grandsire, hight Erace:
Poortith our steps doth ever trace:
O'er my forefathers' humble graves
(The souls of whom may God embrace)
No crown is hung, no sceptre waves.

The time of his death is not known.

FRESNAIE VAUQUELIN.

It is one strong mark of difference between the poets who wrote under the Valois race of kings and those under the Bourbons, that the former have much more of individual character than the latter. Fresnaie Vauquelin is an instance of this among many others. He lived, indeed, a few years after the accession of Henry IV., the first of the Bourbons, but he belongs properly to the Valois. His name is now scarcely known; yet his works may be read with pleasure, if it were for nothing else than the insight they give into his manners, his way of thinking, and his fortunes in life; for he was no common man.

At a very early age, he wrote and published his Foresterie, in which, as he boasts more than once, he was among the first to set his countrymen the example of mingling verse with prose.

> ———toutefois dire j'ose.
> Que des premiers aux vers j'avoy meslé la prose.
> Les Diverses Poesies du Sieur de la Fresnaie Vauquelin. A Caen, par Charles Macé, Imprimeur du Roy, 1612, small 8vo. p. 90, and p. 621.

Some years after, in a bookseller's shop, he accidentally met with this juvenile production, which he

had supposed to be lost (p. 621). In the Idyl, addressed to Saint François, Bishop of Bayeux, where the incident is mentioned, he speaks of his intending to reprint it. I know not whether he ever did so; nor whether any copy of the first impression is yet remaining. His volume of poems, to which I have referred, is closely printed, and consists of the Art Poetique, in three books; Satires, Idyls, Epigrams, Epitaphs, and Sonnets. His Art Poetique, or Art of Poetry, is more than three times as long as Boileau's. It was undertaken at the command of Henry III. to whom at the end he addresses it, in a few modest verses, that contrast strongly with the rhetorical flourish sounded by Boileau at his conclusion to Louis XIV.

Je composoy cet art pour donner aux François:
Quand vous, Sire, quittant le parler Polonnois,
Voulutes reposant dessous le bel ombrages
De vos lauriers gagnez, polir vostre langage,
Ouir parler des vers parmi le dous loisir
De ces Cloestres devots ou vous prenez plaisir.
(P. 120.)

These strains preceptive I for Gallia sung,
When you, Sire, quitting Poland's harsher tongue,
Wish'd, as beneath your laurels you recline,
With a new grace our language to refine,
Well pleased to hear the muse recite her tale
In the loved leisure of your cloister'd pale.

It must sound something like profaneness to a Frenchman to hear these two writers spoken of together: yet I would venture to say, that with all Boileau's good sense and flowing numbers, there is very little to be found in his Art of Poetry which had not been said quite as well before by Horace; and that rude as Vauquelin may appear in the comparison, he gives us at least, what we have some right to expect in a French Art of Poetry, more information concerning the vernacular poetry of France.

I shall notice a few particulars of this sort, which are the most remarkable as coming from a writer of his time.

He claims for the Troubadours or Provençal poets the invention of the sonnet.

Ces Trouveres alloient par toutes les Provinces
Sonner, chanter, danser leur rimes chez les princes.
Des Grecs et des Romains cet art renouvelé,
Aux François les premiers ainsi fut revelé:
A leur exemple prist le bien disant Petrarque
De leurs graves Sonnets l'ancienne remarque,
En recompence il fait memoire de Rembaud,
De Fouques, de Remon, de Hugues et d'Aarnaud.
Mais il marche si bien sur cette vielle trace,
Qu'il orna le Sonnet de sa premiere grace:
Tant que l'Italien est estimé l'autheur,
De ce dont le François est le premier inventeur.
(P. 20.)

These minstrels went with dance, and song, and sport,
Through every province to each prince's court.
The art, recover'd thus from Greece and Rome,
First gain'd in joyful France another home.
From their example Petrarch learnt to chime
With no new round the Sonnet's varying rhime.
In recompense he keeps remembrance due
Of Raymond, Arnault, Rambauld, Fulk, and Hugh;
But trod so deftly in their ancient trace,
He gave the Sonnet a peculiar grace.
And hence doth Italy her claim advance
To that which owes indeed its birth to France.

He then proceeds to compliment Ponthus de Thiard, Maurice Sceve, Saint Gelais, Bellay, Ronsard, Baïf, and Desportes. His zeal for the honour of his country leads him yet further in the following lines.

De nostre Cathelane ou langue Provençalle
La langue d'Italie et d'Espagne est vassalle:
Et ce qui fist priser Petrarque le mignon,
Fut la grace des vers qu'il prist en Avignon,
Et Bembe reconnoist qu'ils ont pris en Sicille
La premiere façon de la rime gentille,
Que l'on y fut planter avecques nos Romants,
Quand conquise elle fut pas nos Gaulois Normands,
Qui faisoient de leurs faits inventer aux Trouverres
Les vers que leurs Jouglours, leurs Contours et Chanterres
Rechantoient par apres.—(P. 21.)

Thus are the tongues of Italy and Spain
Vassals to our Provence and Catalaine;
And darling Petrarch his chief honour won
From that sweet verse he learnt in Avignon.
And learned Bembo from Sicilia owns
His country took the rhyme's alternate tones,
Which thither first our old romancers bore,
When Gallia's Normans sought the fruitful shore:
Conquering, the bade the Troubadours rehearse
Their feats of prowess, which in answering verse
Their own rude jugglers gave them back again,
And wandering fablers caught the heroic vein.

Another species of poem, called the Syrventez, which he claims for the Provençals, will be more readily conceded to them than the sonnet, which is now generally allowed to be of Italian origin.

Et comme nos François les premiers en Provence
Du Sonnet amoureux, chanterent l'excelence
D'avant l'Italien, ils ont aussi chantez
Les Satyres qu'alors ils nommoient Syrventez,
Ou Sylventois, un nom qui des Sylves Romaines
A pris son origine en nos forests lointaines.—(P. 65.)

"And as our French in Provence first brought the amorous sonnet to perfection, before the Italians, so were they the inventors of the satirical poems, which they then called Syrventez, or Sylventois, a name that in our sequestered forests took its origin from the Sylvæ of the Romans."

Gray, in his Observations on English Metre, speaking of the Italian Terza Rima, observes that it was probably the invention of the Provençals, who used it in their Syrvientes (or Satires) whence the Italians have commonly called it Serventese.*

Vauquelin considers the verses of eight feet as best adapted to French comedy. His account of the Alexandrine metre is the same as that which is commonly given.

Nos longs vers on appelle Alexandrins, d'autant
Que le Roman qui va les prouesses contant
D'Alexandre le grand, l'un de neuf preux de l'age,
En ces vers fut escrit d'un Romanze langage. (P. 22.)

"Our long verses they call Alexandrines, because the Romance which recounted the exploits of Alexander the Great, one of the nine worthies of the age, was written in this measure."

The old Romances of the French, he observes, had been returned to them by the Italians and Spaniards, like a stolen horse, that has had his mane trimmed, and his tail and ears cut, and is then sold to the right owner for a new one. (P. 73.)

He recommends to the French poets the occasional use of provincial words, a licence at which the whole

* Works of Thomas Gray, 2 vols. 4to. London, 1814, vol. ii. p. 21.

court of Louis XIV. would have shuddered (p. 13); but the advice is afterwards qualified. (P. 71.)

In speaking of the tragic writers, he mentions his having been present at the representation of Jodelle's Cleopatre. (P. 76.)

The manner in which he describes the difference between the ode and the song, has, I think, been imitated by Boileau. (P. 23.)

In one point he differs widely from Boileau, and that is that he earnestly recommends sacred subjects for poetry, whereas Boileau is as urgent on the other side, and would have his disciples confine themselves to the heathen mythology. A strong religious feeling is indeed one of the most striking features in the character of this poet. What shall we say to his presentiment of the evils which were afterwards to befal his country from the prevalence of atheism?

France, faut il encor que ces debordements
Troublent de tes François les beaux entendements?
Et que cela te soit un menaçant presage
De te voir saccagee un jour par quelque orage,
Tout ainsi que la Grece? arriere ces mortels
Qui vont de l'Eternel blamant les saints autels.
Et vrayment tu serois, O France, bien ingrate
(Toy qui n'as seulement, un Platon, un Socrate,
Ains l'Evangile saint, que le grand Denis
D'Athenes aporta qui nous a tous benis)

Ne remerciant Dieu, qui dedans ta poitrine
A gravé de son doy cette sainte doctrine.
Satyre à Charles de Bourgueville Escuyer, &c. sur un Livre de l'Immortalité de l'Ame. (P. 414.)

And shall these wild excesses, France, infest
Thy noble sons, and shake their firmer breast?
A threat'ning presage, that some direful storm
One day shall far and wide thy realm deform,
As erst in Greece! Avaunt, ye baser crew,
That rob the Eternal of his honour due.
O France, what vile ingratitude were thine,
(On whom not only doth the radiance shine
From Socrates derived and Plato's page,
Those lights vouchsafed to a less favour'd age,
But that thrice blessed Gospel, which of yore
Saint Denis brought from Athens to thy shore,)
If thou thankst not thy Maker, who hath graved
This holy doctrine in the heart he saved.

In the satire addressed to his poetical friend, Ponthus de Thiard, Bishop of Châlons, (p. 422) he speaks with much freedom of the enormities that prevailed among the higher orders of the clergy, whose luxury, avarice, and ambition, he considered as the chief cause of the evils which had arisen from the Lutherans.

To his piety was joined its proper accompaniment, a manly and independent spirit that would not suffer him to comply with the arbitrary maxims of the day.

Amongst other hindrances to his advancement at court, he mentions it as one,

I could not tax one Brutus for the deed
That from a Tarquin's pride his country freed,
Nor so commend great Cæsar, as to blame
The second patriot of that noble name.

Je na sçauroy blamer du premier Brute
Contre Tarquin la vengeance tres-juste:
Je ne sçauroy louer Cesar si fort
Que d'avouer que l'autre Brute eut tort.

Satyre à Ph. de Nolent Chevalier Sr. de Bombanville. (P. 267.)

In his satires he has borrowed largely from Horace and Ariosto. From the eighth satire of the latter, he has got that ludicrous, but licentious tale, which Prior copied in his Hans Carvel (p. 363); from his third satire, the lively story of the mag-pie (p. 208); and a good deal more; this among the rest:

Le chardronnet fredonne sa chanson
Bien enfermé comme dans un buisson:
Le rossignol dure à peine en le cage:
Et l'arondelle en un jour meurt de rage. (P. 204.)

Mal può durar il rosignuolo in gabbia;
Più vi sta'l cardellino, e più il fanello;
La rondine in un dì vi muor di rabbia.

The nightingale but ill endures the cage:
The linnet and the finch live longer there:
But in one day the swallow dies of rage.

To the "Beatus Ille" of Horace he is indebted for the mould into which he has cast a very pleasing description of the life of a French country gentleman (p. 223); and to his Epistles (l. i. 7) for the story of the weasel (p. 232). I take these as the first instances that occur to me of his numerous imitations.

He complains bitterly of the little esteem in which the best verses were held in his time.

Puis que les grands au jambon de Mayence,
Au cervelat, donnent la preference
Sur mile vers qui leurs sont presentez,
Ne rendans pas leurs esprits contentez:
Qu'ils prisent plus la poire bergamote,
La parpudelle et la bonne ricote,
Le marzepain et le biscuit bien fait,
Que de Ronsard le carme plus parfait.
Satyre à J. A. De Baïf. (P. 292.)

Since now our great men give the preference
To a rich sausage or a ham from Mentz,
O'er all the bard can offer, who in vain
May strive to soothe them with his dulcet strain:
For more they prize a pear, sweet bergamot,
Or jargonel; a luscious apricot;
Marchpane, or biscuit nicely baked, by far,
Than the most perfect measures of Ronsard.

I take *parpudelle*, which is not found in the French glossaries, to be the name of some fruit known in Normandy, where Vauquelin lived. The word *marzepain, marchpane,* is also to be observed as being employed by our own writers of that age, though the French lexicographers have it not. In one of his Idyls (p. 590), he repeatedly uses the exclamation 'off, off,' in the same manner as we do.

Like the rest of his poetical brethren, he everywhere acknowledges the supremacy of Ronsard, though Malherbe, who introduced a new style, had by this time got a great name. I remember one place, though I cannot refer to it, where he thus distinguishes them.

La douceur de Malherbe, et l'ardeur de Ronsard.

The satire addressed to Scaevole de Sainte Marthe (p. 173) contains an interesting view of their early friendship and studies, when they strayed together on the banks of the Clain; his regrets for the quiet and innocence of the past, and his impatience of the chicanery in which the profession of the law had engaged him. In that preceding it, he describes himself as glad to escape from Caen, where his legal employment usually confined him, and to wander in the woods and listen to the nightingales beyond Falaise.

Je ne pourroy jamais estre à mon aise
Si bien souvent traversant par Falaise,

Je ne quittoy de Caen le beau sejour,
Pour mieux ouir de Rossingols l'amour
Dedans nos bois, visiter nos ombrages,
Et les detours de nos sentiers sauvages:
Et remarquer des Peres anciens
L'innocent âge en nos Parroissiens.
Satire à Monsieur de Tiron. (P. 163.)

The first satire of the fifth book is very animated. At the conclusion of it he unexpectedly passes to the gay and pleasant. In the next but one, addressed to Monsieur de la Boderie (p. 391), the miseries of the war with the Huguenots are depicted with a strong pencil and much feeling. The last of the satires, to Bertaud the poet, gives an affecting account of the author's state of mind, occasioned by the condition to which France was then reduced.

Regnier is the only Frenchman whom Boileau has thought worthy of being enumerated among his predecessors in the art of writing satire. It would have been no disparagement of his own dignity, if he had vouchsafed a word of Vauquelin. He might, at least, have said of him what Horace did of Lucilius.

Ille velut fidis arcana sodalibus olim
Credebat libris; neque, si malè cesserat, usquam
Decurrens aliò, neque si bene: quo fit ut omnis
Votivâ pateat veluti descripta tabellâ
Vita senis.

In him as certain to be loved as seen,
The soul stood forth, nor kept a thought within.
Pope.

But it is on his Idyls that this writer should rest his pretensions as a poet. They are often touched with a light and delicate hand. In the preface to them he has, in his simplicity, laid down a definition of the Idyllium, at which one cannot help smiling. He says, it represents Nature 'en chemise.' I am sorry to say he has not always left her even this slight covering, and that there are things from which a stricter eye must turn aside. Inquiring once of a young and amiable French scholar, who seldom went without a volume of Plato, or some book of divinity, in his pocket, which of the modern poets were accounted the best, I was told that Parny was the one who excelled all others in elegy. Accordingly on my next visit to Paris, I got a Parny; but had not turned over many leaves, before I charged my informant with having recommended to me a book that was not fit to be read. His answer was that Parny was not at all worse than some of the Greek and Latin poets, whom he knew no scholar scrupled to read; and I could plainly perceive that he thought there was something of puritanism in the objection. I could not however agree with him in ranking his favourite modern among such good company. The voluptuousness of Parny is covered with a veil of sentiment

that renders it more dangerous than theirs. They have no fine arts of seduction. Their grossness is too palpable to slide into the mind unperceived. So it is also with Vauquelin. He is not rotten at the core. His lovers, in spite of all their excesses, are still, as he call them, 'fermes et loyaux amants!'

But I have no thoughts of entertaining my reader with any thing in this way. To the following (the 77th Idyl of the first book) no exception can be made.

Ombreux vallons, claires fontaines,
Ruisseaux coulants, forests hautaines,
Ou Philanon eut doucement
De Philis maint embrassement;
Vivez heureux, et la froidure
Ne vous depouille de verdure;
Ne jamais, beaux vallons, l'Esté
Ne vous nuise, en son apreté:
Jamais les bestes pasturantes,
Fontaines, ne vous soient nuisantes:
Ne jamais, Ruisseaux, vostre cours
Ne tarisse dans vos detours;
Ni jamais sur vous la coignee
Ne soit, Forests, embesognee:
Et jamais ne naissent aussi
Les lous à nos troupeaux ici:
Mais tousiours la bande sacree
Des Nymphes en vous se recree:
Tousiours, Pan pour vous habiter,
Veuille son Menale quitter.

Shady valleys, tumbling floods,
Crystal fountains, lofty woods,
Where Philanon hath often prest
Loved Phillis to his panting breast,
Blessed be ye: never air
Of winter strip your branches bare;
Lovely valleys, parching heat
Never soil your green retreat:
Never hoof of herd uncouth,
Fountains, break your margin smooth:
Streams, your windings never lie
By the dog-star scorch'd and dry:
Nor ever woodman's axe intrude,
Forests, on your solitude:
Nor the wolf be ever here
To scare your flocks with nightly fear:
But still the Nymphs, a holy quire,
To your haunts for peace retire:
And Pan himself, with you to dwell,
Bid his Mænalus farewell.

There is something very like this in Fletcher's Faithful Shepherdess,* which I think Warton has commended as conveying images more natural and more proper to this country than Milton's imitation in the Comus.

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* But the scene of the Faithful Shepherdess is laid in Thessaly.

The three last Idyls of this book are religious. The concluding one is addressed to Phillis (who it appears was his own wife), after a union of forty years. I have compared his version of Virgil's first Eclogue (p. 534) with part of it translated by Malfilatre (who was also a native of Caen) and by Gresset; and am persuaded that he has caught the tone of the Mantuan better than those moderns.

A sonnet in praise of Virgil, or rather of two brothers of the name of Chevalier who had translated Virgil, will not so well stand the comparison with that by Angelo Costanzo, from whom he has borrowed it.

Cette douce Musette, ou sur les claires eaux
Du beau Mince jadis Dafnis et Mœlibee
Chantoient des chants si beaux, qu'onques Alfesibee
N'en ouit sur Menale entonner de si beaux:
Depuis qu'avecques voix et tons un peu plus hauts
Elle eut celebré Pale et l'heureux Aristee,
Et du bon fils d'Anchise eut la gloire chantee,
L'exil et le voyage et les divers travaux,
A ce chesne elle fut par son pasteur sacree,
Ou le vent luy fait dire: aucun plus ne m'agree,
De mon seul grand Tytire est mon desir content:
Mais estant toutefois des Chevaliers touchee,
Elle permet que d'eux soit son anche embouchee:
Et sous leurs vers François, Françoise elle s'entend.
(P. 623.)

Quella cetra gentil, che in su la riva
Cantò di Mincio Dafni e Melibeo,
Si che non so, se in Menalo, o in Liceo
In quella, o in altra età simil s'udiva;
Poichè con voce più canora, e viva
Celebrato ebbe Pale, e Aristeo,
E le grand' opre, che in esilio feo
Il gran figliuol d'Anchise e della Diva:
Dal suo pastore in una quercia ombrosa
Sacrata pende, e se la muove il vento,
Par che dica superba e disdegnosa:
Non sia chi di toccarmi abbia ardimento;
Che, se non spero aver man si famosa,
Del gran Titiro mio sol mi contento.

For a translation of this I must refer to the London Magazine, for July, 1821.

Amongst his epitaphs are found inscriptions for Budæus; Paulus Jovius; the poet Marullus; Pico da Mirandola; la Peruse; Tahureau* (a poet of those times whom he has celebrated elsewhere); Bellay; Belleau; Dorat; Ronsard; Baïf; Toutain (another poet who lived at Falaise, and died about 1585); Roussel (whose excellence in Latin poetry he has highly extolled in his Art Poetique, p. 105, and

* Jacques Tahureau was born at Mans in 1525, and died there in 1555. I have not seen any of his productions, which are said to consist of odes, sonnets, and facetious dialogues.

who was a lawyer at Caen); Charles IX.; the two brothers Chevalier, who translated Virgil; N. Michel (a physician, a Greek and Latin poet), and Garnier.

Thirty-three of his sonnets are on a young lady accidentally burnt to death at a festival at Rouen. The concluding sonnets are on sacred subjects. Among these there is one fine one on the star in the east. P. 741.

From one of his satires (p. 181), written in his forty-fifth year, we collect the following particulars concerning this poet. He was born in the year when Francis I. conquered Savoy, that is, in 1535. His family name was perhaps derived from the Val d'Eclin, then corrupted to Vauc-Elin, where his ancestors had lived. They followed William the Conqueror into England; as their names left in Gloucester and Clarence, and their armorial achievements to be found in those places, testified. They afterwards intermarried with many noble families in France, the names of which he recounts. His father died at thirty years of age, and left him an only child and heir to an estate deeply involved, which his mother freed from all incumbrances. He was sent for his education to Paris, where he studied under Turnebus and Muretus. He knew Baïf, adored Ronsard, and honoured du Bellay, with whom he was better acquainted. In his eighteenth year he made an excursion in the company of Grimoult and Toutain, to the banks of the Loire, the Sarte and the

Mayenne; in Angers, he saw Tahureau; and in Poitou, Sainte Marthe; both of whom he speaks of with much enthusiasm. He now wrote his Foresterie, as has been before mentioned; but soon after deserted his poetical studies for the law, married a virtuous lady, and succeeded to a good property that had belonged to her father. During the troubles in France, he was employed confidentially by the governors of the province (Normandy), chiefly on the recommendation of Desportes. He was of a moderate stature; of a disposition somewhat jovial; bald; a little inclined to be choleric, but soon pacified. This is what he tells of himself. He was afterwards made president of a court of judicature, called the *Présidial*, at Caen; and died in 1606. Like our Congreve and Gray, he had no ambition to be known as an author.

De tout temps j'ay häy de Pöete le nom,
N'estant assez sçavant pour avoir ce renom. (P. 308.)

In the preface to his satires, written a little before his death, he speaks with contempt of the antithetic and pointed style, which had lately grown into esteem in France.

AMADIS JAMYN.

It is entertaining enough, after reading the poems of Ronsard, to look into those of Amadis Jamyn, his page, who has quite as much of the airs of his master as one in that station ought to have. In imitation of his master, he has three mistresses, after whom he names three of his books, (there are five books in all,)—Oriana, christened after the mistress of Amadis of Gaul; Artemis, and Callirhoe. Like Ronsard, he pays his compliments in verse to the French monarchs, Charles IX. and Henry III.; the former of whom, I believe, appointed him his secretary. Through great part of the first book, he is lavish in his encomiums on these princes, particularly on Charles, whom he praises equally for his wisdom, poetry, beauty, and courage. The Poeme sur la Chasse au Roy Charles IX., being an animated description of the chase, may be read with more pleasure than the rest of these pieces of flattery. Like Ronsard, he dresses himself out in patches that he has purloined from the Greek, Latin, and Italian poets. His best things indeed are translations; such are those from Horace, at fol. 68, O navire dans

la mer.—Fol. 69, Où où mechans vous ruez-vous ainsi?—Fol. 95, L'aspre Hyver se deslie au gracieux retour.—Fol. iii, Une horrible tempeste a ridé tous les cieux.—From Petrarch, at fol. 138, En quelle idee estoit l'exemple beau.*—And fol. 148, Fleurs, campagnes et prez que vous estes heureux.† There is a pretty description of a valley, into which he has transplanted the flowers and the nymphs from Theocritus.

La s'habilloit de bleu l'Eclaire arondeliere,
L'Adiante non moite et le Gramen noüeux
Et le Trefle croissant par les pastis herbeux.
* * * * * *
Là dansoit Calliree et Eunice et Malis,
Qui blanches effaçoient les marbres bien polis.

(Les Oeuvres Poetiques d'Amadis Jamyn. au Roy de France et de Pologne. a Paris de l'Imprimerie de Robert Estienne, Par Mamert Patisson M.D.LXXV. 4to. fol. 126 and 127.

Περὶ δὲ θρύα πολλὰ πεφύκη,
Κνάνεόν τε χελιδόνιον, χλοερόν τ' ἄδίαντον,
Καὶ θάλλοντα σέλινα, καὶ εἰλιτενὴς ἄγρωστις·
Ὑδατι δὲν μέσσῳ Νύμφαι χορὸν ἀρτίζοντο,
Νύμφαι ἀκοίμητοι, δειναὶ θεαὶ ἀγροίωταις,
Εὐνείκα, καὶ Μαλὶς, ἔαρθ' ὁρόωσα Νυχεία.

Idyll, 13, v. 45.

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* In qual parte del ciel, in quale idea.
† Lieti fiori, e felici e ben nate erbe.

There sprang each herb of scent or colour fine,
Green maidenhair and bluish celandine,
The tufted parsley and lush meadowsweet.
And many a nymph a choral round did beat
Amid the waters, footing it amain;
The sleepless nymphs, dreaded by shepherd swain;
Eunice, Malis, and Nycheia fair
As springtime.

He has at times even a livelier flow of numbers than Ronsard; but he has not near the same depth, learning, or variety. I have seen only a few lines extracted from his translation of the Iliad and Odyssey. They have his usual freedom and facility of verse. More might have been said for him, if he had left many such productions as the following sonnet:

POUR UN JEU DE BALLE FORCEE.

Voyant les combatans de la Balle forcee
Merquez de jaune et blanc l'un l'autre terracee,
Pesle-mesle courir, se battre, se pousser,
Pour gaigner la victoire en la foule pressee.
Je pense que la Terre à l'égal balancee
Dedans l'air toute ronde, ainsi fait amasser
Les hommes aux combats, à fin de renverser
Ses nourissons brulans d'une gloire insensee.
La Balle ha sa rondeur toute pleine de vent:
Pour du vent les Mortels font la guerre souvent,
Ne remportant du jeu que la Mort qui les domte.

Car tout ce monde bas n'est qu'un flus et reflus,
Et n'aprennent jamais à toute fin de conte,
Sinon que cette vie est un songe et rien plus.
(Fol. 77.)

When I behold a foot-ball to and fro
Urged by a throng of players equally,
Who run pell-mell, and thrust and push and throw,
Each party bent alike on victory;
Methinks I see, resembled in that show,
This round earth poised in the vacant sky,
Where all are fain to lay each other low,
Striving by might and main for mastery.
The ball is filled with wind: and even so
It is for wind most times that mortals war;
Death the sole prize they all are struggling for:
And all the world is but an ebb and flow;
And all we learn, when as the game is o'er,
That life is but a dream, and nothing more.

Amadis Jamyn died in 1578.

PIERRE GRINGORE.

I AM half inclined to hand over Pierre Gringore to the lovers of the Gothic letter. There are three of his volumes before me, which would probably have great attractions for them. Their titles are as follows.

1. Les Abus du mõde nouvellement Imprimes a Paris. 8vo. (no date.)

2. Contreditz du Prince des Sots autrement dit Songecreux. On les vend a Paris en la rue neufue nostre dame lenseigne sainct Nicolas. The table of contents is wanting at the conclusion of this copy; and with it the date also, which according to De Bure is 1530.

3. Notables enseignemẽs Adages et proverbes faitz et composez par Pierre Gringore dit Dauldemont Herault darmes de hault & puissant seigneur monsieur le Duc de Lorraine, Nouvellemẽt reveuz et corrigez. Avecques plusieurs austres adjoustez oultre la precedente Impression. On les vend a Lyon cheulx Olivier Arnoullet. 16mo. 1538.

De Bure gives the titles of twelve more of these treasures; and on one of them, for its rarity the most precious of all, he expatiates at great length. It is No. 3269 in his catalogue, and is called, Le Jeu du Prince des Sots et Mere Sotte, mis en rime Françoise; par Pierre Gringore, ou Gringoire; et joué par personnaiges, aux Halles de Paris, le Mardy gras de l'année, 1511. in 16 gotiq. From the account given of it, it appears to have been a sort of comedy, or rather farce, divided into four separate parts. A copy of it, preserved in the King's Library at Paris, is said to be the only one then known. I have not discovered whether a Duessa has since appeared to dispute the homage paid to this Una. In the Bibliotheca Parisiana, No. 252, there is at least a manuscript copy of it.

Besides all these, there is yet another book attributed to Pierre, which is not in black letter, and which in De Bure, No. 3036 with an asterisk, is erroneously said to bear the name of Octavien de St. Gelais in the title-page, unless indeed the title-pages of all the copies were not the same. This is Le Chasteau de Labour, auquel est contenu ladresse de richesse, et chemin de pouurete. Les faintises du monde. Imprime a Paris pour Galliot du Pre, 1532. 8vo.

After a prologue setting forth the author's design, he thus enters on his subject.

En ung beau jardin delectable
Rempli d'arbres, derbes, de fleurs
Vis ung jeune enfant amiable
Sentir, fleurer, gouster odeurs,
Fleurettes de plusieurs couleurs
Luy presentoit dame Jeunesse,
Question nestoit de douleurs,
Mais de tout plaisir et liesse.

Pres de luy estoit Chastiement,
Ung maistre descolle dhonneur,
Qui luy remonstroit doulcement
Comme au disciple le recteur,
Et disoit qui ne prent labeur
Il vit comme une brute beste.
Le jeune enfant du bon du cueur
Descouter Chastiement sapreste. (Fol. 4.)

"In a fair pleasant garden, filled with trees, herbs, and flowers, I saw a lovely young child enjoying the sweet odours. Dame Youth presented to him many a floweret of divers hue. Of sorrow there was no thought, but all was pleasure and gladness. Near him was Chastisement, a master of a school of honour, who remonstrated with him gently, as a teacher with his scholar. He told him, that one who labours not, lives like a brute beast. The young child sets himself with good heart to listen to the words of Chastisement."

Jeune Enfant, in spite of this good advice, gets into many difficulties, which are described as allegorical

personages, and some of them touched not without spirit.

The dress of Jeune Enfant himself is thus painted:

Il estoit vestu de vert gay
En facon de gorre nouvelle,
Aussi gent comme ung papegay
Est, quant le prin temps renouvelle.
(*Fol.* 10.)

Yclad in a green mantle gay
Of newly fangled gore was he,
As gent as is a popingay
That sits in springtide on the tree.

Here we have four Chaucerian words in as many lines; "gore," "gent," "popingay," and "renovelen." The first of these gave Tyrwhitt some trouble to explain. He does not seem to have been aware of the manner in which the old French writers used it. It occurs again in this poem.

Vit venir ung homme de nom
Abille en *gorre* nouvelle,
Et tenoit ce gentil mignon
Par la main une damoyselle.

Gorrierement le saluerent
Et il leur rendit leur salut.—(*Fol.* 8.)

La femme met l'homme a raison,
Il luy fault riches paremens,
En *gorre* selon la saison.—(*Fol.* 19.)

Favin, in his Théatre d'Honneur, tom. i. p. 714, (as quoted by Roquefort, in the Glossary of the Romance tongue) gives the name of Grande Gorre to Isabeau, of Baviere, "pour se bobander en habits à l'Allemande," "from her flaunting in clothes made after the German fashion."

The last verses I have cited, are in the description which Franc Arbitre, Free-Will, gives the Jeune Enfant of a wife, when he is obstinately bent on marriage. Marry, however, he will; and, as the lady proves a "Grande Gorre," "a lady of fashion," according to Franc Arbitre's prediction of her, the difficulties of Jeune Enfant are thus completed. When he is ready to sink under them, there appears to him a lady, quite of another sort, who delivers him out of them all. This is no less than the Blessed Virgin, whom the author calls also "Reason."

At the beginning of the French Revolution, the philosophers thought they were freeing themselves from all their old superstitions when they worshipped, in the person as it is said of a common woman, the Goddess of Reason; though they were, in fact, relapsing into a very old superstition, only stripped of all that was decorous and affecting to the imagination. The Virgin, or Reason, gives Jeune Enfant some excellent advice; which is further enforced by the admonitions of a grave old man, called "Entendement," "Understanding;" but all

is like to prove of no avail, in consequence of the arrival of one who comes up dressed in the garb of a lawyer.

Ce seigneur que je diz, estoit
Vestu comme ces advocatz;
Ung Chapperon forre pourtoit,
Robbe trainante jusque en bas.—(*Fol.* 51.)

This lord of whom I spake was clad
In likeness of an advocate;
On head a cope of fur he had,
And trail'd behind a robe of state.

This is "Barat," "Barrateria," Ital. "Baratry" in our old law language, accompanied by his clerk "Tricherie" "Treachery," and his valet "Hoquellerie" "Chicanery." "Hoker" and "Hokerly" are words in Chaucer, which, as well as our word "Hukster," are probably of the same stock with this. This goodly trio are endeavouring to seduce Jeune Enfant from his duty, but their ill intentions are defeated by "Reason," who is reinforced by a man and woman in plain garb, the one named "Bon Cueur," the other "Bonne Voulente;" "Good Heart," and "Good Will;" bringing with them "Tallent de bien faire" "Desire of Well-doing." These lead him to the castle of Labour. "Peine" "Pain," the lady of the castle, inquires of "Soing" "Carefulness," the porter, who the new comer is, and from whence.

Vient il d'Angleterre ou de Romme?—*Fol.* 77.
"Comes he from England or from Rome?"

He declares his willingness to be employed; and "Peine" tells him that her husband "Travail" "Work" will see how he executes his task, and reward him accordingly. He has much to do, and fares hard; but is well satisfied with his lot, till, at last, finding his hunger grow importunate, he is told by "Work" that he may go for a while to "Repose," who will feed him better, and allow him a little pastime. "Soing" and "Cure," "Carefulness" and "Heed," let him out of the castle, not without some good advice, and a pluck of the ear from each. He tells his wife of all that had befallen him, speaking of it as if it were a dream. She would fain dissuade him from his good resolutions, but he determines not to listen to her, and concludes with a prayer that he may have firmness to persevere.

The style is of the homeliest throughout; but there is the good meaning of the writer, worthy the age of Louis the Just, and here and there an arch phrase, or a quaint old word, cunningly set, to repay the reader for his trouble.

Much the same may be said of his three other books which I mentioned before.

The first, "Les Abus du Mōde Nouvel," is a strange farrago. Near the beginning, indeed, (leaf the third, for the book is not paged) there is some-

thing better. It is the description of his musing himself to sleep at a little village, lulled by the song of a nightingale; and is quite in the taste of Chaucer. At waking, he hears most dreadful cries, uttered by many "honourable persons;" and "a gay spirit," named "Entendement," "Understanding" appears, and furnishing him with pen, ink, and paper, bids him commit to writing the visions he sees. A church then rises before him, built in strange guise; through the door of which a cruel and dangerous man is thrusting himself by force. He holds a spit "broche" with crosses, mitres, abbeys, and bishoprics on it, which two women are endeavouring by force or sleight to drive into the church. "Entendement" launches forth into an invective against the abuses of the clergy. This is followed by a satire on the other vices of the time. At length, Louis XII. appears to him with Justice at his side; and he sees in a vision the conquest obtained by that monarch over the Venetians in 1509; and is proceeding to enlarge on the affairs of Italy, when Entendement says to him properly enough:

> Laisse ses guerres et puissantes victoires
> Aux croniqueurs pour mettre par histoire.

"Leave his wars and mighty conquests for chroniclers to record."

He then goes on to satirize the hypocrites (or

bigots as he calls them) of both sexes; and, from them, passes to the barbers, physicians, apothecaries, dancers, mummers, astrologers, gamesters, chemists, searchers after the philosopher's stone, forgers, priests, notaries, &c. &c. In the last leaf, the book is presented to Jaques nomme de Touteville, counsellor and chamberlain to the king.

The next, the Contreditz du Prince des Sots, &c. consists of arguments for and against the different trades, professions, and modes of life. These are introduced by Fantasy's conducting him to the forgery of Pallas, where he sees the apparatus that had been used for fabricating all the great writings in ancient times; among the rest, the Speculum Vitæ of Roderic Zamora.

Oultreplus je trouvay encore
Ce feu tout chault ou puis naguere
Avoit fait Roderic Zamore
Ce mirouer humain par sainct pere
De lespaignol je prins matiere
Si parfond et si largement
Que jen ay faict le fondement.—(*Fol.* 4.)

And furthermore still there I found
The fire all hot, where not long since
Roderic of Zamora did found
His human mirror: by heaven's prince,
Matter so large and so profound
I from that Spaniard's learning took,
That I thereon have wrought my book.

There were no less than five editions of the Speculum Vitæ Humanæ, besides a French translation of it, before the conclusion of the fifteenth century.

The arguments on Merchandise, fol. 37, are in prose; as is great part of the second book, de l'Estat civil. The tyranny of fashion over the Courtier's life is one of the most entertaining things in this work:—Fol. 171.

Towards the end, there is a brief eulogy on Saint Louis, and on the reigning monarch, Louis XII.

The last of the above-mentioned books, the Notables enseignemēs, &c. is, as the title imports, a collection of adages and proverbs: all of these are in quatrains. I should take this edition to be scarce: for De Bure has only the first (No. 3028 with an asterisk, in his Bibliographie) printed at Paris, without date: but this has many additions. There is much wisdom in these, as there is in most sayings of this kind; but few readers I doubt are now willing to be at the trouble of "understanding a proverb, and the interpretation; the words of the wise and their dark sayings." A scantling of these therefore will suffice, and they shall be such as, to make them the more palatable, contain some curious intimation of the manners and customs of those times.

Aucuns plaisirs preñent de estre servilles
Par trop aymer champs villages et bourgs
Autres desir ont frequenter les cours
Mais benistz sont les habitans es villes. (*Not paged.*)

Some choose the lowly villain's servile state,
Their love of fields, and thorps and burghs so great ;
Others prefer the court: but blest are they
Who safe in towns do pass their lives away.

Aucuns y a sans raison ne propos
Qui es maisons escrissvent leurs devises
Noms et surnoms en differentes guises ;
Murailles sont paintes des mains des sots.

There are who fondly do their houses paint
With signs armorial trick'd in colours quaint,
And names and surnames mark'd in divers scrolls ;
These are walls pictured by the hands of fools.

Limprudent meine et tient dessus ses mains
Chiens et oyseaux oyant messe a leglise
En ce faisant dieu servir ne se advise
Devotion trouble aux autres humains.

Unwise the man who heareth mass, I wist,
With hound in leash, or hawk upon his fist;
He comes not into church to worship there,
But to disturb his neighbours at their prayer.

A la cliquette on congnoist les lepreux,
Et au pourceau lymage sainct Anthoine,
Lhabit bigot ne fait le devot moyne,
Ne le harnoys lhomme hardy et preux.

The lepers by the warning clack are known,
As by his pig Saint Anthony is shown ;
The inky cloak makes not the monk devout,
Nor trappings proud the soldier brave and stout.

Qui veut scavoir au soir et au matin
Les differens des noyses ou querelles
Il doit aller pour ouyr des nouvelles
Ches les barbiers au four ou au moulin.

He who at morn and eve would duly know
How news and scandal with his neighbours go,
May of such idle chit-chat have his fill
At barbers' shops, the oven, or the mill.

Pierre Gringore died about the year 1545.

THE END.

G. NORMAN, PRINTER, MAIDEN LANE, COVENT GARDEN.

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By the same Author,

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